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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

TWICE AS SEXY: THE TASSIE TWINS

IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL

HOLY JOH

THE QLD PREMIER'S FINAL SERMON?

FOOTBALL'S WALKING WOUNDED

HOW OUR HEROES ARE PATCHED UP

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE TITAN OF TERROR

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Peter
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25
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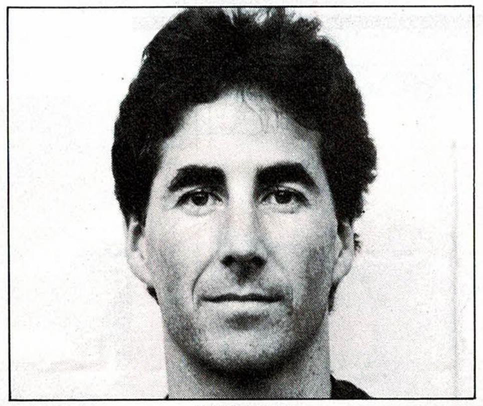
PLAYBILL

AS THE FOOTBALL season heads for the finals wrap-up and the climax of all that sweat and aggression, we peruse one of the inevitable by-products of contact sports. In Beating The Casualty Count, associate editor **Neil Jameson** examines how sophisticated medical techniques are helping overcome some of the most crippling injuries. **Neil Vavoi** supplied the athletic artwork. If you thought you were seeing double when you clapped eyes on our cover girls, turn to our terrific twins pictorial for proof. When Denise Robinson featured as our February Playmate and cover girl we learned that this beauty was just one half of an identical pair. Knowing you wouldn't believe it unless we presented the proof, PLAYBOY assigned staff photographer **Rico Mettbach** to reveal the twins in tandem. With Labor ruling the roost in Canberra and all but two states, Joh Bjelke-Petersen's brand of conservatism is seemingly on its last legs. The tough Queensland Premier faces the electorate this year in what might be the toughest showdown in his political career. Freelance journalist **Christopher Morris** took the microscope to Joh's style of leadership and in examining the style and guile of Queensland's top dog, wonders just how much longer Joh can prevail. **Yvonne Sutherland's** illustration profiles the Premier. With economic recovery and easy times seemingly around the corner, it's appropriate to recall the halcyon days of the early '70s, when Gough ruled this continent and great men strode the political vista. Such a man was **Clyde Strange,** whose role in the (un)making of our times had never been properly recorded until he volunteered the information. In How I Brought The Brown Rice To Nimbin, Strange breaks the silence on his clandestine role in the key events of the day. **Frants Kantor's** artwork graphically recaptures the mood of the times. Turning to more serious matters, PLAYBOY publisher and movie fan **Philip Mason** cornered the backbone of the British film renaissance, David Puttnam, for a hard-hitting 20 Questions. What Puttnam says about production, direction and the Australian film industry is as pointed as we'd ever want it to be. If sophisticated audio systems were the home toys of the '70s, then video gets the guernsey for the '80s. Galloping development threatens to supersede the video you wanted to buy yesterday (or tomorrow), so by way of keeping you abreast of the times, **Anthony O'Grady** has filed an update on the new, trick items in video hardware. Speaking of hardware, motoring editor **Rob Luck** has flung his frame behind the wheel of a Pontiac TransAm Firebird to show that the American automotive industry is capable of producing a machine that looks fine, goes like the powers in a straight line and corners like a bobsled. **Bill Bachman** drove the Pontiac into the fire zone to shoot the 'bird in its finery. The master of gore and terror and the one leading fiction writer who translates most successfully to film is Stephen King, and he's the subject of this month's PLAYBOY Interview. As King tells interviewer **Eric Nordern,** there is a limit to how horrific you can get: it's the point when you start scaring yourself. Not everybody wants to haunt houses after dark but it is okay to head out at nightfall and kick out the jams. If you're like this editor and can't tear yourself away from work in time to slip into the night-time clobber, what you need is the clues on how to transfer that daytime drab into after dark finery — all with just a subtle touch. Styled by fashion editor **Vitek** and photographed by **Robert Butcher,** Day For Night is a quick flash on how to make it work — in or out of hours. When beautiful Mignon Carrington walked within lens range of **Brent Melton's** camera, the photographer knew he would capture one of PLAYBOY's more exotic Playmates. Mignon of the athletic persuasion stood still long enough for Melton to snare one of our most alluring pictorials. They don't give out Oscars for advertising actors. . . but maybe they should. Freelance writer and sometime advert actor **Peter Bills** takes a first-hand look at the inner sanctum of advertising auditions and emerges with a light-hearted tale of selling everything, especially yourself. And if that sounds like a pitch —you're right. The best can be found inside. Happy September.



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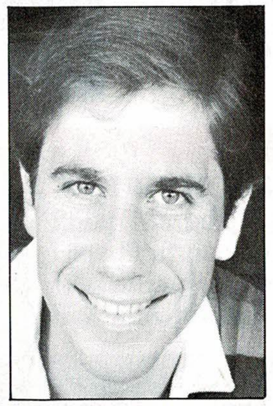

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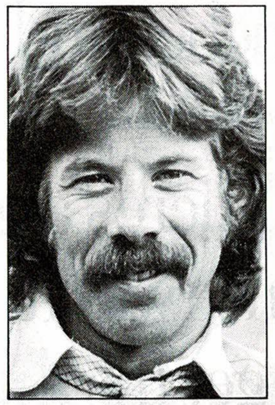

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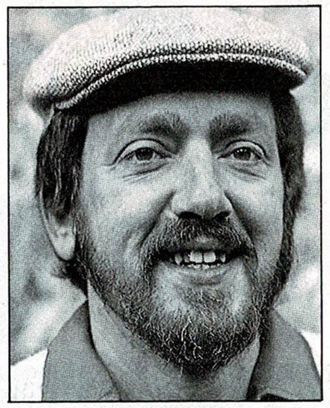

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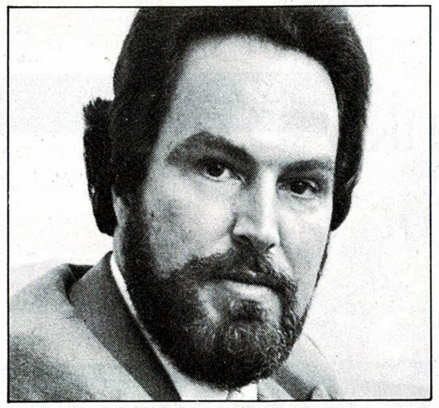

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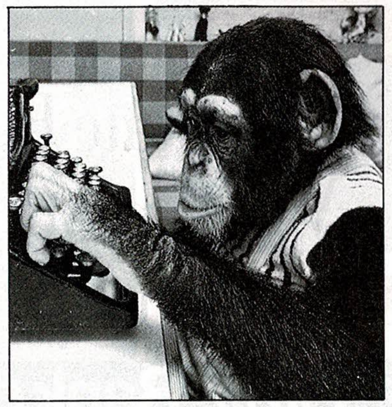

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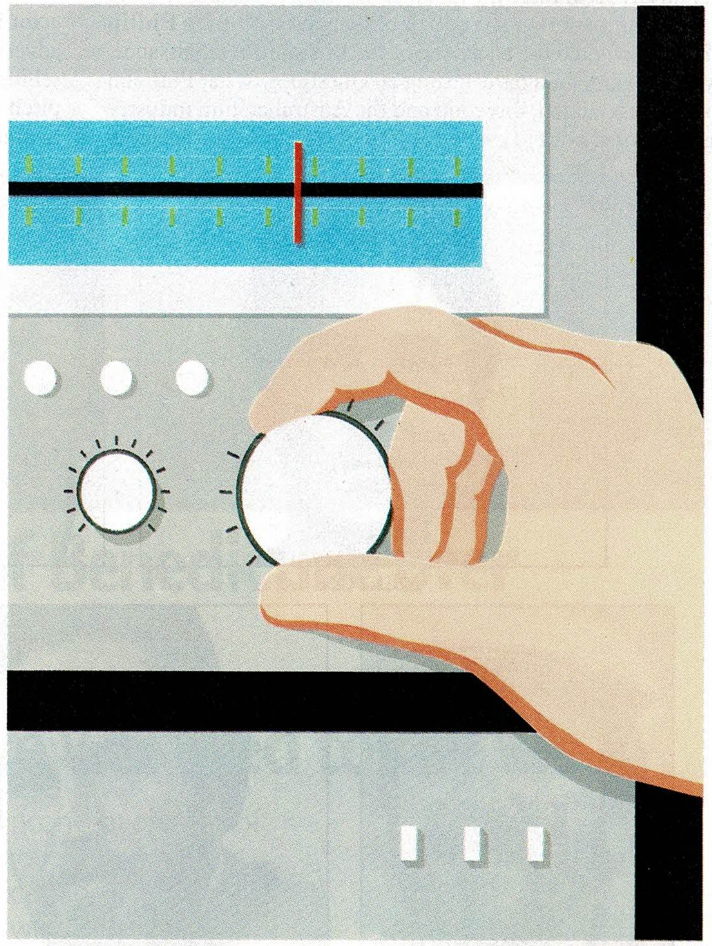

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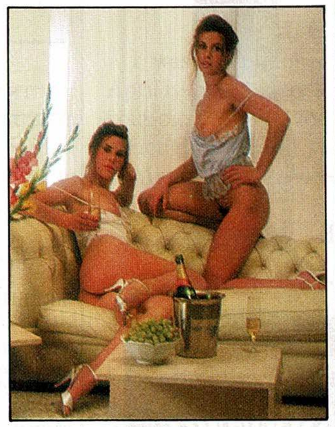

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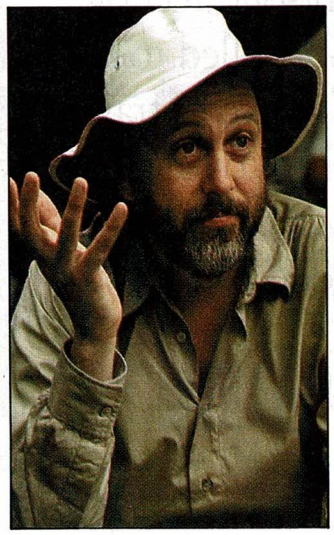

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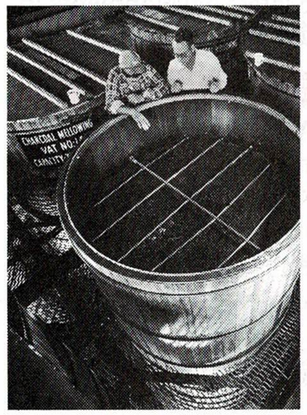
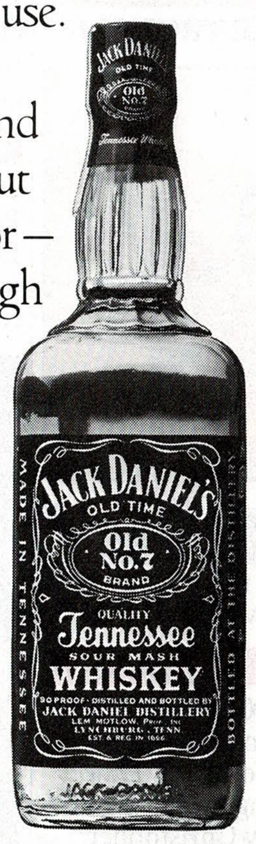
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

IF YOU COULD VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, you would discover how the world's smoothest whiskey is made.



Filtered through ten feet of charcoal

You could taste the pure, iron-free water we use. Inspect our choice American grain. And watch us smooth out our whiskey's flavor—by filtering it through ten solid feet of charcoal before it is barrelled to age. Of course, you don't have to travel all the way to America to learn this. You can discover Jack Daniel's rareness wherever good whiskey is sold.



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1904
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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

REVEALING FIGURES

First time for a long, long time, I would not have any objections to going to bed with a girl with her shoes on. I refer to the Playmate of the Year pictorial in your April issue. I hope it is not significant that Amanda is not smiling in any of the photos: she has so much to smile about!

Your comprehensive Sex Survey (March, 1983) is of real interest and debate. Perhaps your resident Ms Arndt could comment as to the relevance these figures have with various ethnic groups — to wit, are these figures likely to be consistent with a similar survey embracing non-Caucasians? To *some,* the figures revealed are suspect and reflect *only* Caucasian practices.

Maybe an Asian centrefold would dispel some long-held misconceptions? In the meantime, think I'll apply for the Dole.

K.T.,
Townsville, Qld.

NORTHERN BELLES

What do you have against beautiful Queensland girls? Denise Newey, who appeared as your January cover girl and pictorial, definitely merited centrefold status. If the southern States rate centrefolds, I think the northerners deserve a go.

"Disgusted",
Cremorne, NSW.

We hope the appearance of Queensland's Kelly Ryland (Miss May) and our Girls of the Gold Coast feature in August help to dilute your disgust! — Ed.

GOLDEN OLDIES

I am a regular subscriber to Australian PLAYBOY and cannot fault the standard of your nude pictorials. But I would like to make a few suggestions for your consideration.

Firstly, I would suggest, if possible, that you include a Golden Oldie pictorial. Most subscribers to Australian PLAYBOY would not have seen any editions of US PLAYBOY — they probably have never seen the Elke Sommer, Jayne Mansfield and Kim Novak pictorials. I think that a repeat of these "old" pictorials (I presume they were first featured in the US edition) would be a real selling point for you, even though they would be modest by today's standards.

Secondly, I think you should consider including pictorials of women in the 30-plus age bracket. Not everyone prefers the perfect figure of an immature female. There must be many women in the 30-40 age group who have not let their bodies deteriorate.

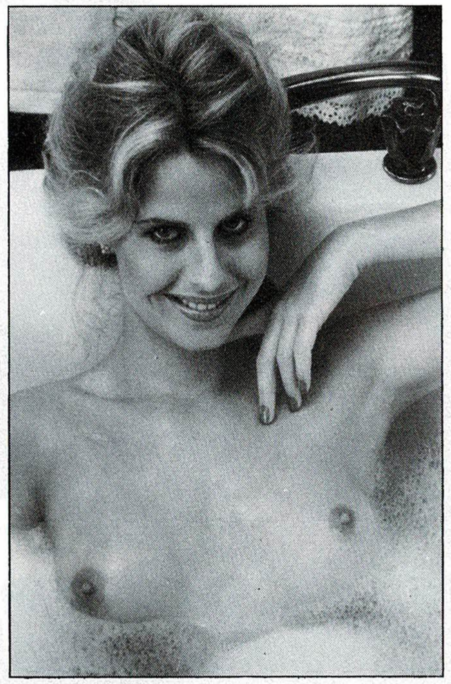
G.S.,
Chermside, Qld.

BEWITCHED

On the Dear Playboy page you often feature black and white photos of girls who've already appeared in the magazine. So how about another look at Miss May? Your description of Kelly as "bewitching" was right on target.

Joel Nesbitt,
Rutherglen, Vic.

Our May Flower is still in full bloom: here she is — Ed.



A REAL CHARMER

I was a bit stoned when reading your April issue but there's no way I could ignore your pictorial with zoologist Liz Penbrooke. I thought, my God, what a beautiful snake!

My congratulations and thanks to the lady.

Name and address
withheld

LUST AND LECHERY

Paul Mann's City of Churches and Carnage (June PLAYBOY) did better than any other article I've read to illustrate the double-layered complexity of Adelaide. While this syndrome might appear outrageous to anyone who hasn't lived in Adelaide, and even more horrifying to those who still live there, it is not without its precedents.

Whenever taste and propriety are pushed (aggressively) to the fore, a society will create a seamier counter-balance. Check the police files of Bath, Cologne or even Oxford and you will find a large dose of sex and violence to offset all that civilisation and learning. Cambridge has had its share of weirdos: not least the masked rapist who terrorised female students during 1973-74.

It almost makes one suspect that Sodom and Gomorrah were founded as havens of trade and culture before the route to destruction via lust and lechery.

P. Bashford,
Horsham, Vic.

BAILING OUT

I enjoyed the sentiment behind A Free Man's Guide (June PLAYBOY), but was amazed to realise some guys have to be pointed in the right direction. I imagine that most blokes wanting to bail out of a dead-end relationship would spend countless idle hours fantasising where they might go and what they might do once they're off the leash.

When the time came to untie the knot, they would have a ready supply of ideas and plenty of energy with which to put them into action.

G. Wallis,
Queens Park, WA.

COLD PASSION

As ardent connoisseurs of your publication, we extend to you and 28 Playmates an invitation to attend our mid-winter celebrations and festivities at Davis Base, Antarctica. The 28 members of the 1983 Davis Wintering Party look forward to your acceptance with rising anticipation.

P. Briggs,
Antarctica.

Sorry we can't risk our Bunnies getting (frost)bitten, but we hope you have a ball — Ed.

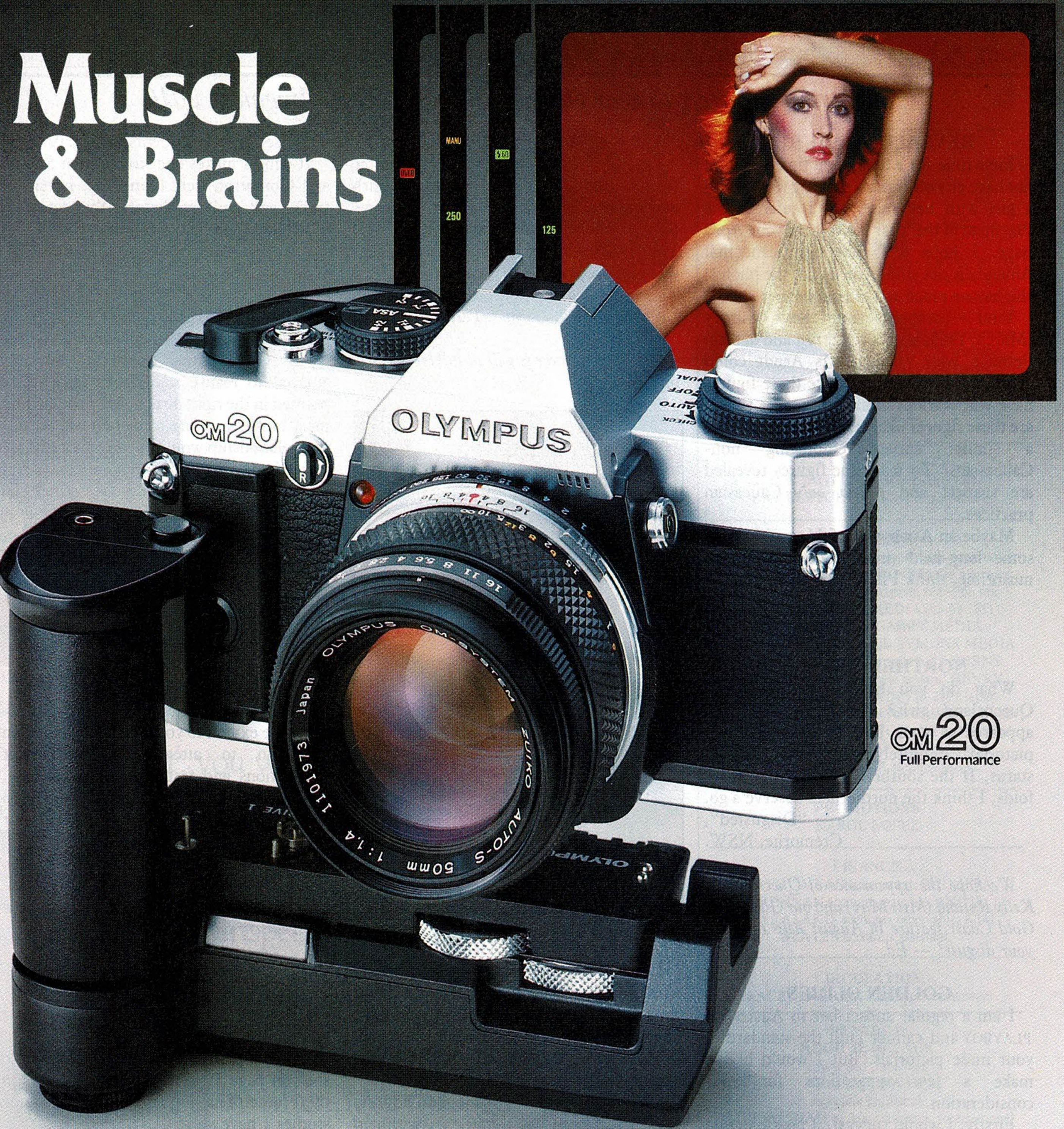
NUDE FOR THOUGHT

I'm very impressed by some of the studies of Sonia Shepherd featured in your May issue, and in particular, the full-length shot on page 55 with the drape flowing in the breeze. This is one of the finest nude studies I have seen.

In my view, too many nude studies set out to make the model exude sex in a variety of ways, many completely lacking in good taste and quite ignoring the basic impersonal requirements of a nude study. To paraphrase Gertrude Stein, a girl with her clothes off is a girl with her clothes off is a girl. . .

The shot to which I refer illustrates the technical skill and artistic sensitivity of the photographer and the beauty, grace and poise of the model. The end result is marred only ever so slightly by the fact that even the most minuscule bikini cannot help but interfere with an otherwise overall suntan.

F.T. Baldwin,
Mission Beach, Qld.



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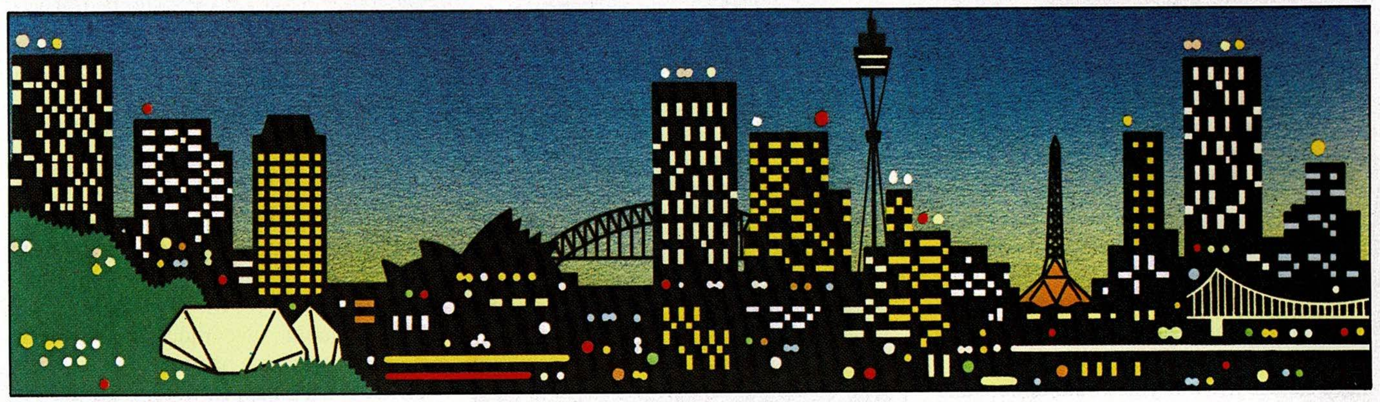
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FIRE HAZARD

Civil police are unable to explain the plight of a portly Beirut fireman who was blown into an open sewer vent by the force of a street bomb. As his crew rushed to his rescue, they were interrupted by the arrival of a neighboring fire team hurrying to the site of the explosion. The racing fire wagon dispersed the rescue team and dislodged broken pavement, which further wedged the man in the hole. His mates immediately abandoned the rescue attempt and engaged the transgressors in a street brawl.

Meanwhile, the sewer victim was trying to extract himself before another vehicle arrived to possibly kill him. He succeeded and was later found by police wandering around dazed and minus his trousers. How he managed to escape and what happened to his trousers remain a mystery.

CHECKING IN

The year was 1883. A bloke called The Mahdi was stirring up trouble for the poms in the Sudan, a mob of nihilists botched an attempt to assassinate Bismarck in Germany, and in Rangiriri, New Zealand, a pretty 10-year-old girl was propositioned for the first time. Only the girl is still alive to talk about it.

At 110, **May "Rihi" Thompson** *is believed to be the oldest person in Australia. She was born on April 5, 1873, the only daughter of a Japanese sea captain who had married a Maori woman and settled in Rangiriri on New Zealand's South Island. May is a living bridge to the past. Those of us who want to know what life was really like in the last century usually have to rely on history books which gloss over the best bits. Like sex.*

May can tell us. She was there. An eyewitness to the final quarter of the 19th Century. By the time the First World War started, May was already 43 and the mother of seven children. To meet her is a writer's dream: the dream of talking to someone from another age.

Today she lives in the Adelaide suburb of Flinders Park with her grandson, a 56-year-old whipper-snapper called Les. She is bright, friendly, laughs easily and looks at least 10 years younger. She is forthcoming on any subject whether it is courtship rituals of the late 19th Century or Maori land rights in the late 20th Century.

She married twice but is vague about the dates. The first marriage was to the son of a Maori chief which elevated her to Maori royalty and enabled her to sit on the tribal throne from 1893 until 1949. Her second marriage to a white farmer ended in divorce because of his cruelty.

She busies herself with crochet work, grows strawberries in the backyard and potters about the house with the use of a walking stick. She likes television and especially enjoys the multi-racial American sitcom, Diff'rent Strokes.

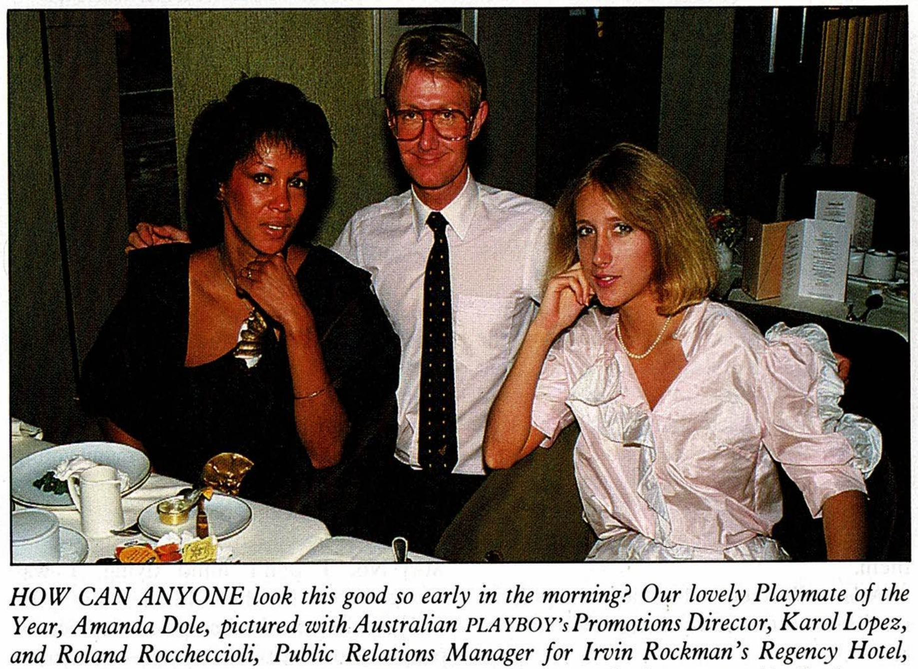
Far from being bored with life she says she would like to stick around for another 100 years. She intends to visit New Zealand at Christmas and make known her disapproval of Prime Minister Muldoon's record on Maori land rights, currently a hot topic in the Land of the Long White Cloud. Which seemed like a good place to begin. . .

PLAYBOY: How important to you is your Maori heritage?

MAY: Oh, very important. I came to Australia 30 years ago because of my grandchildren but I still own land in New Zealand. I would like that land to stay in Maori hands. I'm not happy with what Mr Muldoon is doing, I think he's rubbish. He is cheating the Maori people, using the government to take away sacred land. That makes me mad. I'm going back to New Zealand at Christmas for a visit and I'll have a few things to say about what is going on there. I think the Maori people are right to fight Mr Muldoon.

PLAYBOY: Were you discriminated against when you grew up in New Zealand because of your mixed blood?

MAY: No. There was less discrimination then than there is now. The white people in Rangiriri were very good. There were no problems. We were accepted. We could go anywhere.



HOW CAN ANYONE look this good so early in the morning? Our lovely Playmate of the Year, Amanda Dole, pictured with Australian PLAYBOY*'s Promotions Director, Karol Lopez, and Roland Rocchecciolo, Public Relations Manager for Irvin Rockman's Regency Hotel, Melbourne. The occasion was a special breakfast and press gathering arranged by Rockman to welcome Amanda to Melbourne. This function was one of the first official engagements for Amanda during her reign as Playmate of the Year.*

PLAYBOY: What kind of home did you grow up in?

MAY: Well, my father was quite well off. He owned his ship and when he settled he bought a mill, a pumice mill. He employed a lot of Maori people. We had a nice house and quite a lot of land. There was no electricity, of course. The house was lit by oil lamps and I can remember the old Dover stove in the kitchen. We went everywhere by horse and buggy.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents strict?

MAY: I suppose they were by today's standards but that was the way things were done then. I was brought up a Methodist. The church played an important part in the family. I went to a church school. I didn't have classes the way you would understand classes today. Everything came from the Bible, that was all we studied, nothing else. My parents believed in the Bible. I wasn't allowed to mix with silly children, you know. . .children who smoke, drink and go looking for trouble. There were silly children then just like there are now. But that was all right, I wasn't interested in those children anyway, I was choosy about my friends. I respected my parents and I loved my father. He never hit me. He always talked to me. That was something I carried over to my children. I believe children will do what you want if you talk to them properly. I remember when my father died. His nephew came from Japan to take my father back for burial. He said my father had to be buried in Japan with his people. I told him I wasn't having any of that. My father was staying. . . and he did. The nephew went back to Japan without him.

PLAYBOY: Were you interested in boys when you were a young girl?

MAY: No. [*Laughs*] I couldn't be bothered with them.

PLAYBOY: Were they interested in you?

MAY: Some of them were. I was quite a pretty girl. I remember one cousin who asked me to go with him. I was only 10 years old but I knew what he wanted. He was a bit cheeky. My name "Rihi" means "dish" in Maori. He told me, "You're a dish I'd like to eat out of." It was a very bad thing to say. We were standing at the door of our house and there were some turnips on the ground. I picked a turnip up and hit him in the face as hard as I could. There was blood everywhere and he ran home holding his nose. When his mother came to find out what had happened I thought I was in trouble for sure. [*Laughs*] But I told her what he had said to me and she said I was right to hit him.

PLAYBOY: At what age did you start courting?

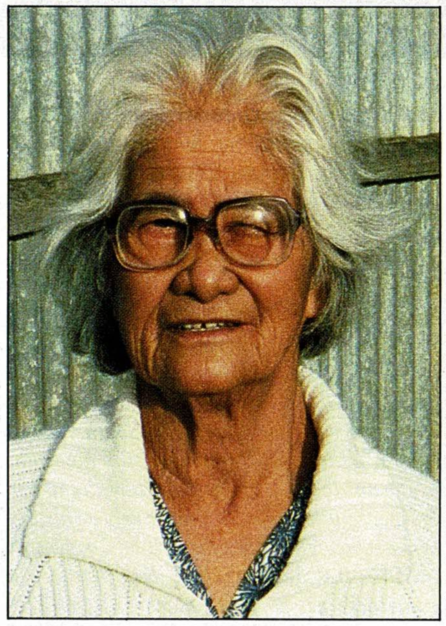
MAY: I didn't court. When I was 18 a man came and asked my father for permission to marry me. It was an arranged marriage. I didn't want to get married and I thought about it for a long time. I knew the man's family and I didn't like them. My father told me, "There's only two answers — yes or no." So I said if that man could build me a house, I would marry him. I didn't mind him so much but I wasn't going to live with his family. He was a good man my first husband. He was a hard worker. He had 30 acres of his own land and I think it was hard work that killed him. He died quite young.

PLAYBOY: Did you know anything about sex before you got married?

MAY: No. I knew nothing. We didn't talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Even among your girlfriends?

MAY: No. We weren't that interested in boys, I told you. We were interested in fashion, clothes. We used to go to the football matches to look at the fashions. We wanted to see what the women were wearing.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL MANN

PLAYBOY: What did you wear?

MAY: My grandmother was a good dressmaker; she made most of my dresses. My favorite was a long navy blue dress with lace collar and cuffs. I wore my hair in long plaits tied with navy blue and pink ribbons. My hair was very black and long. When I went to the football matches with my girlfriends the boys would say, "Hello Madame Butterfly." [*Laughs*] I used to hate that name.

PLAYBOY: Was it really that important for a woman to be a virgin when she married back then?

MAY: Oh yes. Once you had slept with a man, you had to be married. That was the way it was among respectable people. You weren't supposed to sleep together until after you were married and if you did sleep together, it usually meant you had to get married. Or there was a scandal. Some couples would go off together but we didn't talk about them. You wouldn't even talk to them.

PLAYBOY: Women's liberation, the pill, the sexual revolution have changed all that you know.

MAY: Yes. That's all right. It's better than making a bad marriage. My first marriage was all right, he was a good man but the second marriage was bad. If I had known more about the second one, I wouldn't have married him. He was a good worker but he used to hit me. I told him I was going to get a divorce and he laughed, he didn't believe me. I got a good lawyer and it went to court. My husband got a lawyer and we had a real battle over the kids. I had three children by my first husband and four by my second. I wanted to keep them all. My husband said I couldn't. All the time we were in court I behaved well and it went in my favor. The lawyers got together and worked it out. You know how they stick together. My husband got nothing. He complained to me about losing his right to see the children and I told him he should have thought about that before he raised his hand to me.

PLAYBOY: On a happier note, what did you do for entertainment in Rangiriri?

MAY: My cousin played the accordion.

PLAYBOY: That was it?

MAY: Yes. There wasn't a band in Rangiriri. There were no dances. There wasn't even a piano. I never went to a dance until after I was married. Rangiriri was just a little place in the country, you know. A nice place but there wasn't a lot to do. You worked to keep busy.

PLAYBOY: You weren't driven to drink?

MAY: [*Laughs*] No. I never liked alcohol. Never smoked cigarettes or drank like some girls. I think people get silly on drink. I've never liked drunks.

PLAYBOY: What changes in the world affected you most?

MAY: I liked it when the pictures came to Rangiriri. I would go and see everything, I liked them all. I still like to go to the pictures, I'll watch anything.

PLAYBOY: Do you like rock and roll?

MAY: Yes I do. It's quite good. I like most music.

PLAYBOY: What about modern fashions?

MAY: I think men wearing earrings is stupid. But I like the clothes for women, they're much more comfortable. In the old days the dresses were very long, you had this awful weight dragging behind you when you walked and dresses were always getting mud on them.

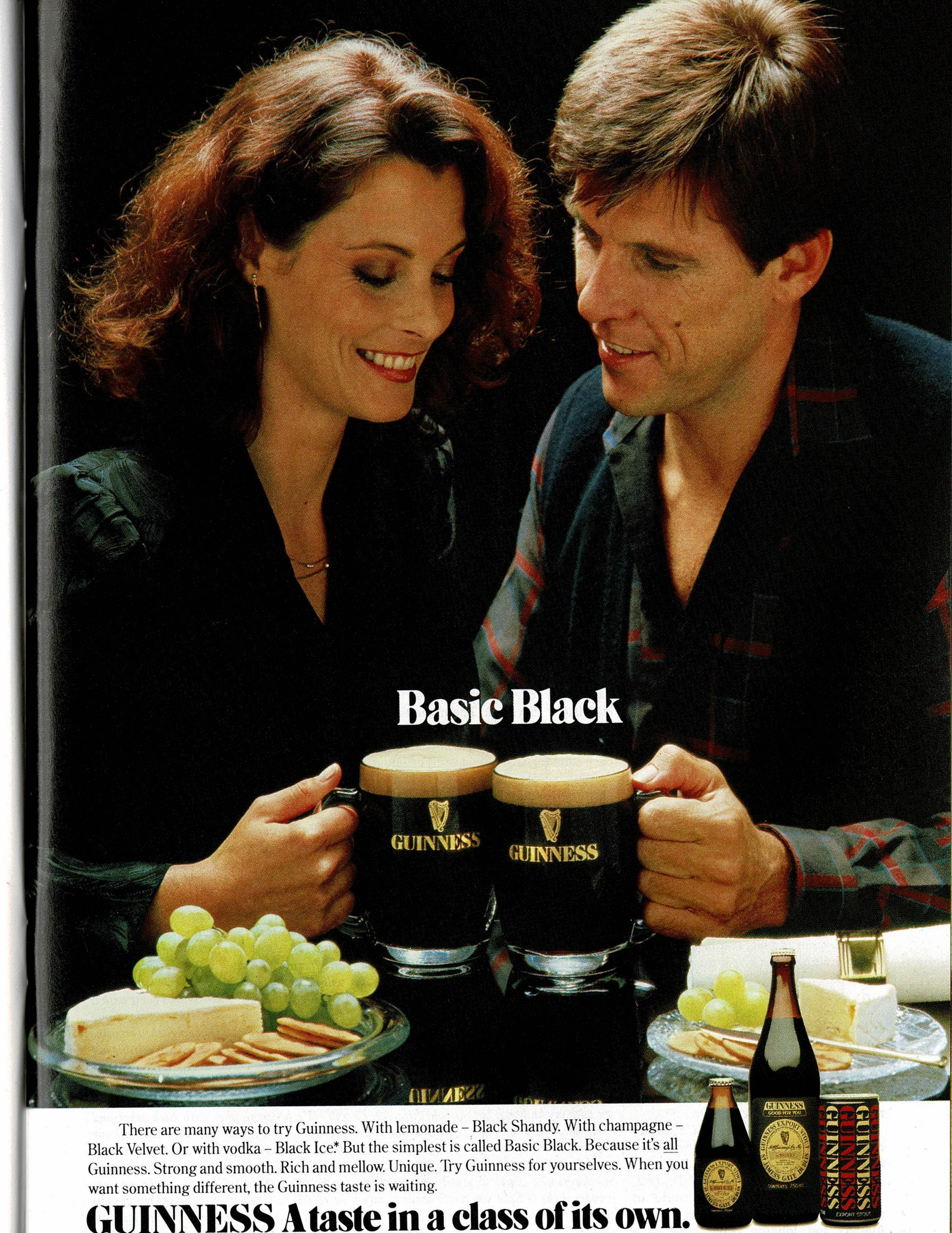
PLAYBOY: What about more profound change, the wars. . . were you affected personally by the war with Japan because of your Japanese father?

MAY: No. When the Second World War started, no one was around who remembered my father was Japanese. Nobody knew. I remember the First World War. I think that was the worst. It was a very sad time for us because so many young men went away. A lot of my cousins went to war and never came back.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of dying?

MAY: No, I don't mind dying. I was brought up on the Bible, I believe my spirit will go to heaven. I have a piece of advice for people who are afraid of dying — remember God. If you don't remember Him, He won't remember you.

— PAUL MANN



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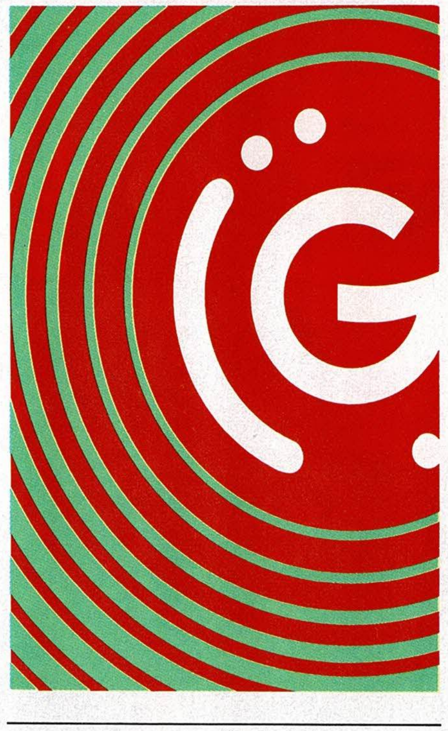

g spot research stirs readers' imaginations

I am writing regarding the G Spot and female ejaculation. I had an experience with a girl about two years ago while on holidays. Unfortunately we made love only one night and I haven't seen her since.

We started off by kissing and then I moved down to her breasts, running my tongue over her nipples. She seemed very excited so I moved my other hand down and played with her vagina. She was very wet and I then gave her some oral stimulation. Anyway, I was down there for just a few seconds when she pulled my head away and asked me to enter her. This surprised me as most girls seem to want cunnilingus for a long time. We made love twice and each time the bed seemed to become very wet. In fact, the sheet on the mattress was absolutely soaking and it couldn't have been just my ejaculate; it was a cool night so it wasn't sweat, either.

I have often wondered about this experience. Could the fact that she wanted my penis inside her more than cunnilingus suggest that she had a G Spot and the unusual wetness meant that she had ejaculated?

— G.L., NSW.

Yes, it is quite possible she had a G Spot and she could have ejaculated. Remember, though, that the two factors are not necessarily connected. It appears some women ejaculate through clitoral stimulation. Some women who have no sign of having a specific sensitive area in the vagina such as the G Spot also reach orgasm through vaginal stimulation (intercourse). At the moment, we don't know very much about how all these factors may be connected.

The first time I realised that my girlfriends were having better orgasms happened about two years ago when, during intercourse, I rubbed the glans of my penis along the top of the vaginal canal during thrusting. It was slightly painful for the first couple of strokes, but the girls demanded that I kept on as it was very exciting and they had deeper and more violent orgasms. I found that they ejaculated more fluid when the G Spot was stimulated than with clitoral orgasm.

As they "came", I could feel a hot fluid along the top of my thrusting penis and a later examination showed that this definitely was not urine. Immediately after intercourse, I have examined the urethra and found, by applying slight pressure, a few more drops of the fluid. It is clear, watery and becomes tacky when pressed between the fingers.

We still make love other ways, including clitoral stimulation, but they prefer contact with the G Spot.

— J.R. McD., Qld.

The latest news from the world of sexology is that William Masters (of Masters and Johnson fame) spoke at a recent sex therapy conference and said he had conducted chemical analysis of the ejaculate of 15 women. The amount of fluid released had varied considerably from woman to woman, but one woman released over 30ml (or six teaspoonsful) of liquid.

Masters stated he found the liquid to be chemically quite different from urine, containing far more acid phosphate. It turned out to be quite similar to the chemical composition of male ejaculate, minus the sperm.

So there you are: more evidence in favor of a special type of female ejaculate. Since I have been talking publicly about the G Spot, I have spoken to many other men and women who confirm the ejaculate seems quite different from urine. Now all we have to work out is what exactly it is, where it comes from, and how it is released!

I'm 32 years old with two children and a very straight person. At the end of last year, I met a really great guy. Of all his great qualities, a large penis was one of the least. I reach orgasm almost every time when having sex with my husband, but this was different: I experienced an intense orgasm inside the vagina.

The article that prompted this letter was in my husband's copy of April PLAYBOY. *I wonder if the G Spot you wrote about is only reached by a good-sized penis. What do you think?*

— E.R., Qld.

I'm not sure if penis size is a particularly important factor when it comes to stimulating the G Spot. In the book by Alice Kahn Ladas, Beverly Whipple and John D. Perry, called *The G Spot* (Corgi and Bantam), a number of women discuss penis size and most conclude the length is less important than the shape of the penis and the way the sexual anatomy of the male and female fits together.

Depending on the shape of the woman's vagina and the exact position of her G Spot (if she has one), it may be possible for a variety of different shaped and sized penises to be right on target. In fact, a number of women mention a smaller penis suits them best and when the man is larger, it is necessary for the penis to be inserted only half-way into the vagina to stimulate the G Spot. Since the G Spot is usually located about half-way between the cervix and the entrance to the vagina, this does make sense:

"I have always had orgasms but I have never had much stimulation when the penis was completely inside my vagina. In fact, sometimes my excitement and arousal would end abruptly when the penis entered me completely. I have always been most excitable when the penis was only one half or one third its way into my vagina. Now I know why — at that point it hit my 'magic spot'."

Since the G Spot is on the top wall of the vagina (the surface nearest the woman's navel), what may be more important is the *shape* of the penis. I suspect a penis which curves towards the man's stomach may have an advantage in initially locating the G Spot. But once a woman learns to respond to stimulation of this area, she can usually manoeuvre herself into a position where the G Spot is in the firing line, no matter what shape or size the man's penis may be. It just takes a bit of practice — and who would complain about this type of homework?

I'm writing in response to your article about female ejaculation, in the April edition of PLAYBOY. *I would like to contribute an experience I had several years ago and one I will never forget.*

It began in 1975, I was 17 and going with a girl of the same age. Sex was a regular thing for us but my girlfriend never reached orgasm, and she didn't know what she was missing out on.

Two years later at my parents' house, we were watching television and everybody was out. We began to play with each other and became quite excited. We then took all our clothes off and took up a 69 position in front of the open fireplace and performed oral sex on each other. That night my girlfriend was extremely wet and excited and she began some pelvic thrusts that nearly took my jaw off. Then, all of a sudden (I thought she was

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pissing on me), this liquid began to squirt from her vagina all over my face. It was fantastic: I knew it wasn't urine because the taste was sweet, the smell was different and the color was like watered-down milk. It came out with considerable force and I'm sure that if my face hadn't stopped it, it would have put the fire out.

My girlfriend said it was the best thing that had ever happened to her. We then talked about it because neither of us understood what had happened. Our sex life improved immensely after that magic night as we increased the regularity in search of that mystery fluid, and we found regular success in intercourse, oral sex and sometimes just by using the fingers, the thumb being most effective.

Two years after that magic night we broke up, she is now happily married, and I've been around the traps with many girls but never have I found one that has ejaculation. I used to think that my old girlfriend was a freak, but thanks to your article and many like it, I know she wasn't, so I'll continue to look for the rare ones that do ejaculate.

— J.L., WA.

We all know about "lighting my fire" but as for putting it out, well, that's a real turnabout. I'm pleased to hear the discovery of female ejaculation gave you and your girlfriend so much pleasure but don't let yourself become too obsessed by hunting for other female ejaculators. There are thousands of sensuous, sexually-responsive women who never ejaculate, who have wonderful orgasms and give as good as they get. The reason books are now being written on G Spots and female ejaculation is to reassure women like your girlfriend that they are *not* freaks. The last thing we want to do is make other women who respond differently feel they are missing out. There are plenty of ways of skinning a cat, and of having orgasms.

I have heard that some people are less susceptible to genital herpes than others, and that this applies particularly to people who had cold sores as children.

Can you tell me if this is true?

—K.M., ACT.

It appears that some people *are* less susceptible to genital herpes than others. In some cases where a person shows apparent immunity — where, for instance, they have had intercourse with a partner with active herpes lesions with no sign that they subsequently contracted the disease — it has turned out they already had the virus present in their bodies but simply showed no symptoms of the disease and no lesions ever appeared.

But there are other lucky people who appear to have some sort of resistance to catching the genital herpes virus, while some manage to avoid viruses altogether. According to the experts, we still don't know much about why this should be — but research is still being carried out.

As for the effect of cold sores — a cold sore is a symptom of Herpes Simplex Type 1. The genital herpes I have been talking about is Herpes Simplex Type II which is *normally* found on the genitals (but is sometimes found on the mouth and can also cause blisters on the lips similar to cold sores). To confuse matters still further, Herpes Type I can also appear on the genitals!

If, in the past, you have had cold sores (Herpes Type I) and contract Herpes Type II, it appears the initial attack of the disease is likely to be less severe. The presence of the first virus in the body does seem to lessen the initial effect of the second.

The point that should be stressed about herpes is that even though there is no cure as yet for the virus, it usually isn't as ghastly as people make it out to be. You don't die of herpes — unlike other epidemics which have wiped out vast populations — and even though the herpes virus will continue to live inside your system, as time goes on you tend to experience milder attacks, less frequently. The essence of living with the herpes virus is to try not to worry about it. Stress is really a red rag to a bull as far as the virus is concerned and the more you panic, the more attacks you are likely to experience. Of course you have to be sensible about herpes: it can be a very nasty disease and not the sort of thing you would wish on your friends, let alone your lovers. But provided you take care not to have intercourse when active lesions are present, herpes need not cripple your sex life nor turn you into a social leper.

> *The essense of living with herpes is to try not to worry about it. Stress is really a red rag to a bull as far as the virus is concerned.*

It might be the age of the sexually aggressive female, but she is one lady I've yet to encounter. The single greatest disillusionment for the male is having to be the sexual instigator. It took me eight months to find out what my girlfriend really enjoys during sex, but instead of her coming right out and telling me what turns her on, it was a painful process of trial and error.

Meanwhile, there was no effort on her part to find out what I might enjoy myself, but instead an accepted attitude that being the male half of the arrangement I was expected to "do it" to her.

What I'm seeking is some process whereby I can encourage my girl to be as adventurous and inquiring as she expects me to be. When I hear stories of what some guys are enjoying in their sexual encounters, it makes me think I'm really missing out.

— B.F., NSW.

So, what's wrong with trial and error? Even the best horse trainers use a little of that. Training a man is never all smooth sailing. After that ghastly mixed metaphor, I'd better concentrate on the ultimate recreational sport. Sex really wasn't meant to be that easy. It takes time to learn to express your needs with a new partner. It takes time to learn to read each other's sexual messages, to know when to keep going, when to change direction.

But having said that, you do have my sympathy. It must be a pain in the neck, let alone the wrist or jaw, for males to always have to take the initiative and receive so little in return. Unfortunately, most females still seem to expect males to know what to do.

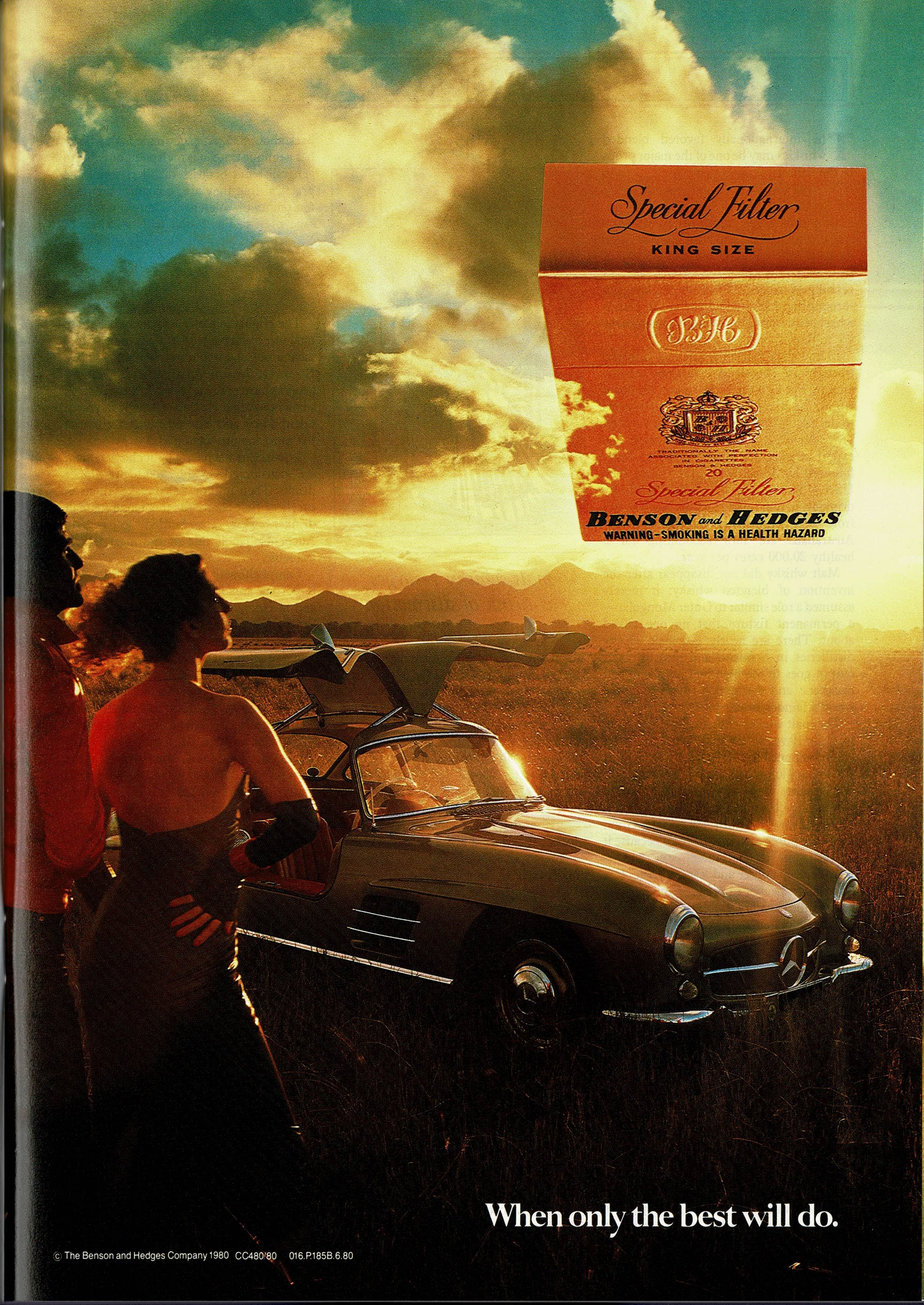
Sometimes this is due to a concern for the male ego — they think he thinks he ought to know. So they are reluctant to let him know that they know he doesn't know what to do!

Doesn't make sense? Well, neither does this sort of sexual guesswork. Women need to be taught that the man can't be expected to know what to do, and neither should he be forced to *guess* whether or not he's on the right track.

There's another problem. Often women who have never really enjoyed sex and have never climaxed even through self-stimulation, really *don't* know what would arouse them. Women who have masturbated can usually be persuaded to show the man how they like to touch themselves. At least they know what they like, even if they are embarrassed admitting the fact. But many other women have never masturbated and may not even have looked at their own genitals.

With a woman like this, it may be best for the man to try to persuade her to learn first about herself by following a self-help program such as the one described in the book *Becoming Orgasmic* by Julia Heiman, Leslie & Joseph LoPiccolo (available from Private Collection, PO Box 118, Woollahra, 2025 for $9.95 postage paid). This is often far easier than trying to start from scratch, teaching her to become aroused totally through trial and error.

— BETTINA ARNDT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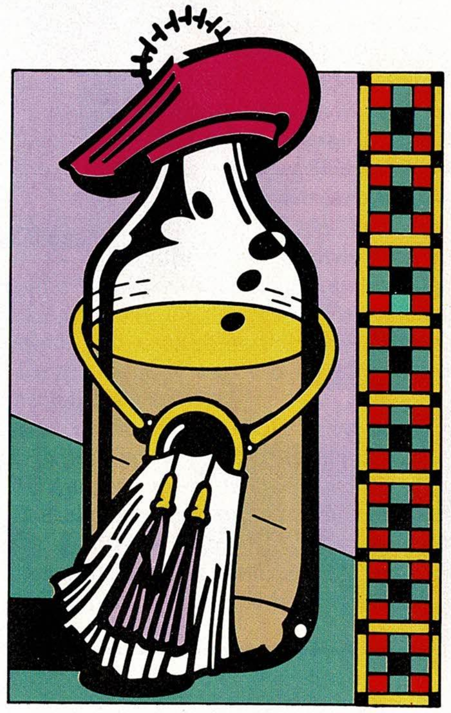


malt whisky resurges as drink of distinction

The internationally favored blended whiskies may be one of the major props of the national economy, but in the eyes of every true Scotsman, single malts remain the distilled essence of Scotland.

Hand-crafted by single producers from single unblended whiskies, they are the ultimate advertisement for the artistry of their particular distilleries. After nearly a century of neglect, connoisseurs are now recognising that single malts are to blends what prize-winning cabernet sauvignons are to flagon reds.

Malt whisky still constitutes only a minor fraction of Scotland's mighty whisky empire, but as is often the case in the spirit world, the countries everyone least expects to develop a taste for something invariably prove the experts wrong. The number one export market for malt whisky is Italy, followed by Brazil, Japan and France. The USA — like Australia, a traditional whisky drinking nation — is catching up fast and from a negligible start in the mid-'70s, Australians are now accounting for a healthy 20,000 cases per year.

Malt whisky did not disappear after the invention of blended whisky: it merely assumed a role similar to Outer Mongolia — a permanent fixture that no one talked about. There are nearly 120 malt whisky distilleries in Scotland and most of their output goes to the blending houses to add backbone and distinction to many of the world's famous brand name whiskies.

The malt whisky content of a blend is, in fact, the flavor factor that determines why you prefer one blend to another. What most Australians know as Scotch is blended from one or more malt whiskies and at least 60 percent of clear, neutrally flavored grain whisky made from corn, rye or oats. Grain whisky is purer than malt whisky because it is made in a continuous still and is considerably lighter and less aromatic. It is also much cheaper to produce and, despite cries to the contrary, that's the main reason whisky prices are as stable as they are.

Unlike blended Scotch, malt whisky simply cannot be produced outside Scotland and every single malt has its own definitive character. Despite the fact that certain ingredients and distillery techniques are common to all, variables such as the distiller's skill, the water used, how the barley is dried over the peat fires and the length of maturation all have a considerable impact on the final flavor. All scientific efforts to solve the mystery of why one distillery that is literally a stone's throw from another using the same techniques produces an entirely different product have failed.

Malt whisky is made entirely of barley, yeast and water in a pot still. The process begins when the barley is moistened in warm water to stimulate germination. After this "malting" process, the grain is dried over a peat fire. Although peat was originally used for the sake of economy, thriftiness also had the pleasant side-effect of adding the impossible-to-duplicate smokiness which makes malt whisky so unique. After drying, the grain is ground and re-moistened with warm water. Yeast is then added to the mixture to produce the "wort" and ferments the barley sugar to alcohol. The liquid is then double distilled in copper pot stills to produce a fiery 120% proof water-white whisky.

The colorless whisky is aged in used sherry or bourbon casks especially imported from Spain and America to impart flavor and mellowness and to deepen the color to pale gold. Although malt whisky can be legally sold after three years, different malts require different maturation periods. Some reach their best after five years while others need 8, 10, 12 or 15 years in the barrel.

After the ageing process is complete, the alcoholic strength of the single malt is generally reduced to 70-80% proof but some are bottled at 100% proof. A few manufacturers also blend several different malts and these comparative rarities are known as vatted malts. Due to the less economic pot still method of manufacture, and the lengthy maturing times, single malts are significantly more expensive than blended whiskies. A good brand will cost you about $25 a bottle and one of the greats will set you back about $35. As each single malt whisky has a unique taste, it is nigh on impossible to generalise but Scottish distillers, being the practical folk they are, recognise the need for points of reference. Therefore for the sake of expediency the malt whiskies of Scotland are loosely classified into four main groups: Highland, Lowland, Campbeltown and Islay.

Each classification has its own individual traits.

The Highland malts are generally light to medium in flavor with a delicate body and have a noticeable but not heavy peatiness. However, this category governs the largest geographical area and does in fact embrace some brews that are quite strongly flavored. Glenfiddich and The Glenlivet are two of the most famous examples.

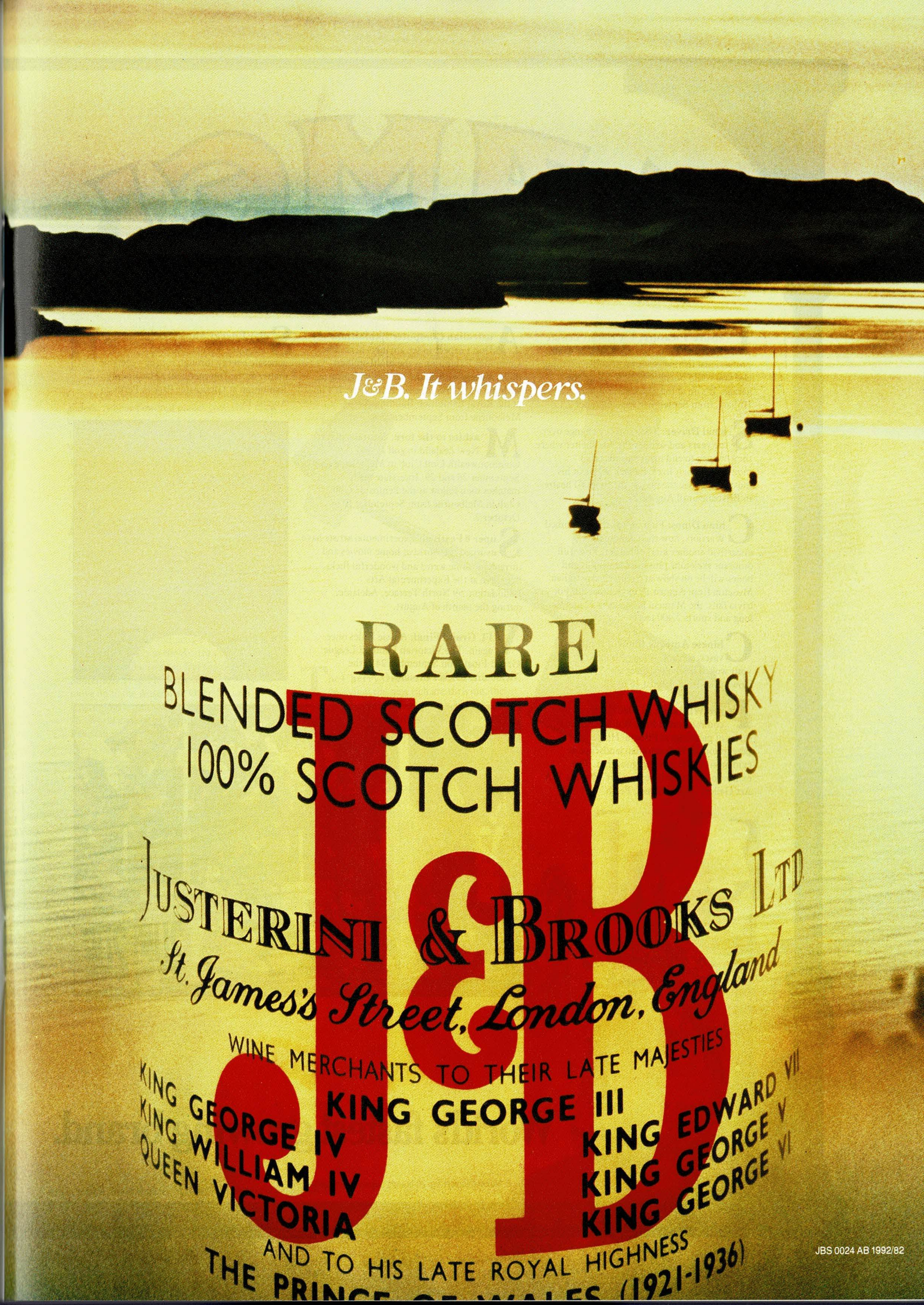
Lowland malts have a light character and are considered to be good pre-dinner drinks. Their mildness also makes them an excellent first choice for the neophyte malt drinker. Few are bottled as is and Auchentoshan is one of the most widely available.

Campbeltown is a significantly less important area now than it was previously and in fact now only boasts two distilleries — Springbank and Glen Scotin. Both produce whiskies that are rather full and pungent with a whisper of woodiness.

Islay, the fourth category, is rather confusing. Many people, in fact, refer to the classification as "Island" to include other whisky producing islands off the Scottish coast such as Jura, Mull and Skye. Islay (pronounced eye-la) is, however, by far the most important island for whisky lovers and master distillers say that it is impossible to make a good blended whisky without the presence of an Islay malt. Islay whiskies are considered to be among the really full-bodied types and have a characteristic heavy peatiness and a sea-breeze tang. The Bowmore brand is one of the least smoky and pungent and is an excellent one to start out with.

Although you can drink malt whisky as often as the blended variety, the modern trend is to view it as a sipping rather than a drinking whisky. Many people see it as whisky's answer to Cognac, and leading British and European restaurants now suggest a malt whisky as an after dinner digestive instead of brandy. For this purpose, the best glasses to use are brandy snifters or the specially-designed, thistle-shaped malt whisky glasses which allow you to warm the liquor in your hand and savor the bouquet. On other occasions, use plain tumblers and place a jug of water nearby for anyone who feels the need to dilute the liquid gold.

— ELISABETH KING



CAMEL CALENDAR

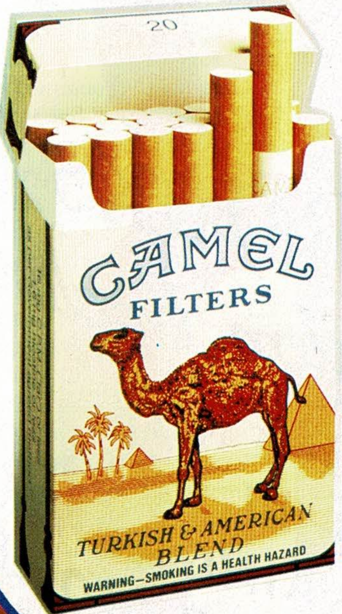
Leisure/Pleasure: The Hobart Leisure Pleasure Show features boats, caravans, professional fishing equipment and everything else you could possibly want to fill up the garage. It's on at the Macquarie Wharf, Hobart, from September 29 to October 2.

Signal Driver: Theo and Ivy change over the years and so does the bus shelter where they happen to end up at various crisis moments in their lives. Patrick White at his most biting. See the play at the SGIO Theatre in Brisbane until August 27.

China Dinos: First it was the Entombed Warriors, now the Chinese have unearthed another kind of battler. Four full dinosaur skeletons plus assorted skulls and bones will be on show at Sydney's Australian Museum from August 18 to October 30. For trivia fans: the Mamenchisaurus is 22 metres long and sports 2,400 teeth.

Chinese Antique Show: Furniture, vases, screens — everything to go with your wok. The show is on at the Adelaide Town Hall from August 18 to 21.

Fred Williams: In 1980 CRA commissioned Fred Williams to do a series of paintings at Pilbara. His unique perception of the Australian landscape is evident in the 31 oils and gouaches. The exhibition is on until September 18 at the WA Art Gallery, James Street, Perth.



Australian Computer Exhibition: Don't expect to see any toys here. The Computer Exhibition is the multi-million dollar variety with all the heavies weighing in with the latest in computer technology. It's on at the Royal Exhibition Buildings in Melbourne from September 27 to 30.

Mashies to the fore: Australia plays New Zealand in golf at the Commonwealth Golf Club in Melbourne on September 28 and 29. Interstate team matches then follow at the Peninsula Golf Club in Melbourne from September 30 to October 2.

Super 8 Festival: Experimental artists have usurped the world of home movies and turned out some weird and wonderful flicks. See them at the Experimental Arts Foundation, 59 North Terrace, Adelaide, during the month of August.

VFL Grand Final: Aussie Rules once again. The Victorian Football League Grand Final is on September 24 at the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

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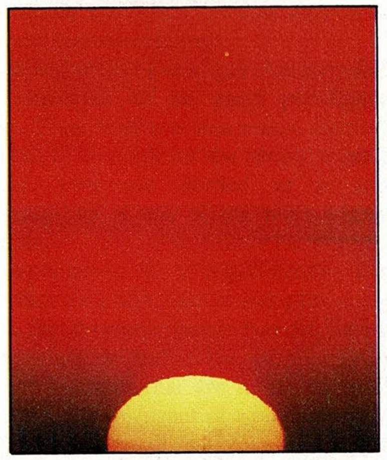
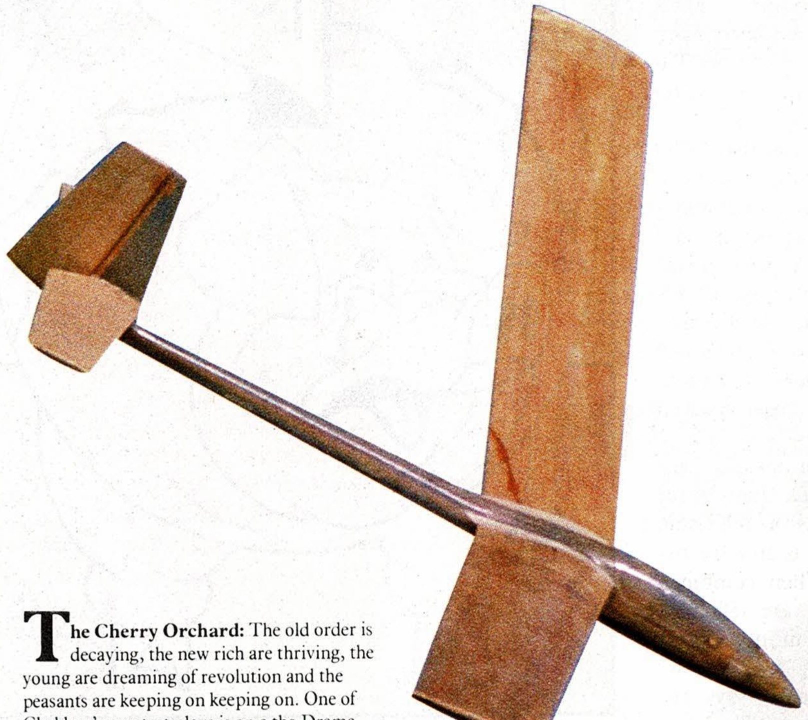
MOCO

Solar Energy Show: See the latest in solar hot water heaters, plus learn how to generate energy through rotting vegetable matter at the International Solar Energy Exhibition at Gloucester Park in Perth on August 18.

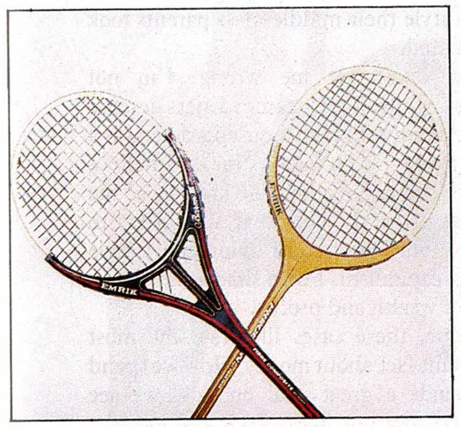


High Fliers: Those people who make little planes are holding their first world championship in Australia in Goulburn, NSW, from September 28 to October 4. Aeromodellers will be launching gliders, rubber powered planes (yes, they use a kind of rubber band) and planes with engines. They are free fliers — no strings attached. Winners are the ones which stay up in the air the longest. More than 13 countries will take part. At the moment, the USSR and China are the top world aeromodellers.



Motor Sport: Drivers will put their nerves to the test in the endurance race at Sandown in Victoria on September 11. Other competitions that day include a historical bash around the track and a round of the Formula One series. A round of the GT Championship will be held at Symmons Plains in Tasmania on September 18.

Squash: Balls and people will ricochet off the walls in the Australian Interstate Teams Championship in Darwin from September 11 to 17. Bruised bodies will then move on to the Australian Open Squash Championships in Adelaide from September 26. World champion Jihangar Khan from Pakistan is expected to take part.



The Cherry Orchard: The old order is decaying, the new rich are thriving, the young are dreaming of revolution and the peasants are keeping on keeping on. One of Chekhov's greatest plays is on a the Drama Theatre at the Sydney Opera House until September 24.

The Goodall Cup: Top Australian ice hockey teams will take part in this open Australian championship series in Sydney from September 30 to October 2.

Rugby Union: Watch the turf fly in the Sydney Rugby Union Grand Final at the Sydney Sports Ground on September 17.

Village People: You can't stop the Village People. This slipped disco group will charge through various Hiltons in August and September. Dates are August 24 to 30 at the Sydney Hilton, September 6 to 10 at the Adelaide Hilton and September 13 to 17 at the Melbourne Hilton.

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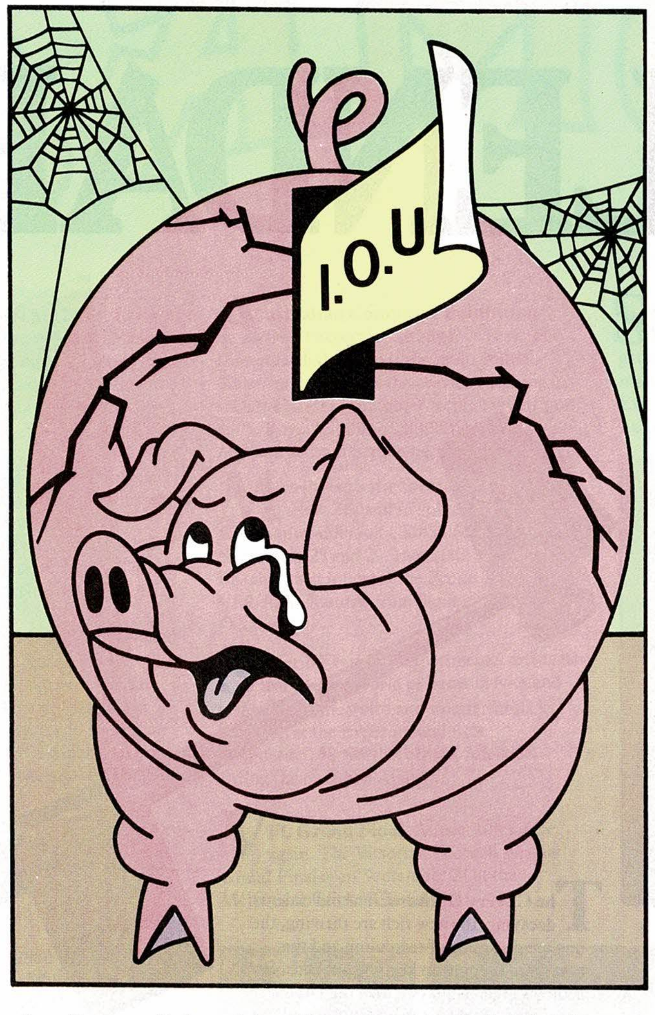
*Source: J. C. Maxwell Report Top 20 brands published November 1982.

In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's. CC1243/83

MONEY

the new social malaise is middle-class blues



If you think these are tough times for Australia, spare a thought for the Tasaday tribe of The Philippines. According to the Guinness Book of World Records, the Tasadays are the world's poorest people. They live in caves on the island of Mindanao without money, domesticated animals, agriculture, pottery, wheels or even clothes. Life in the raw. No videos, no food processors, no waterbeds, nothing.

This doesn't mean that Australia hasn't problems of its own. Prices keep rising, unemployment will not disappear and have you seen the price of soft toilet tissue lately? As if this were not enough, *The Weekend Australian* tells us a new social malaise is sweeping the nation. It's called "downward mobility".

The Australian describes the plight of a couple with three children. She is a television producer and he is an advertising executive. Their combined yearly earnings are $80,000. Nevertheless, money is a problem for them. "All our rows are about money," says the television producer. "We are on a treadmill and it gets harder all the time."

I know what you are thinking, but this is not a put-on. These people are serious. They are among the top income earners in the country (in the world, for that matter), but to them, their money problems are real, and worth looking into.

Where does their money go? Well, $30,000 or so must go to income tax. (The exact amount depends on how equal their salaries are and the size of their deductions). Still, this leaves them $50,000 to get by on.

After taxes, their biggest expense appears to be accommodation. You may think that a family on this income lives in an elaborate home, perhaps in one of the nation's more plush suburbs. They don't. Their house has "three bedrooms and a minute paved backyard". Nevertheless, they put themselves "in absolute hock" to buy their $200,000 house in a "trendy inner-city suburb".

They had to borrow from a finance company to make the required deposit and they are now burdened with monthly mortgage payments of $1200, or $14,400 per year. This leaves a mere $35,600 for the necessities of life and it's hardly enough. "What with the car lease and private school fees for three children, staying solvent is not easy," they claim. There must be a little left over, however, because he wears Pierre Cardin suits, a Cartier watch and hand-rolled ties, while she wears designer clothes. They have been thinking of economising (perhaps by giving up their annual skiing holiday), but they would like to be able to have a bottle of good wine with their meals.

And they have a point.

After all, what good is killing yourself to make $80,000 (they don't pay you those salaries for nothing), if you can't enjoy a few luxuries?

Lest you think this is an isolated case, *The Australian* has unearthed a number of similar stories. There is the writer and his management consultant wife who together earn $46,000 per year but who live in a small two-bedroom unit; the consultant engineer who must pay $900 per month rent for a house in a "smart suburb" and the doctor who lives in a one-bedroom bachelor unit and finds his predicament "disappointing and hurtful".

All these people look back with nostalgia on their childhoods. Thirty-five years ago, their middle-class parents bought large homes on big blocks for under $30,000 and a six percent mortgage. They paid their maids and gardeners almost nothing. Today, houses cost at least five times as much and mortgages are 13 percent or higher.

Fortunately, most houses come with "minute paved backyards" so gardeners — even if you can afford them — are unnecessary. In 1983, a short course of piano lessons costs $100. Thirty-five years ago, this was the price of a month at the seashore. Riding lessons, clothing, summer vacations — the story is the same. Costs are rising faster than salaries. The result is a reduction in living standards or "downward mobility". Inflation is largely to blame. Just as we all got used to paying 70 cents for a loaf of bread, suddenly the price was 80 cents. It is getting all but impossible to buy shoes for less than $70 per pair, or to get a haircut for under $10.

But the middle-class blues go deeper than inflation. An equally important cause is the expectation that earning a large salary means being able to live like one's parents. High earners find it difficult to accept limitations on what they can afford and the easy credit available to them is difficult to resist. Before long, many are in debt trying to maintain the lifestyle their middle-class parents took for granted.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not suggesting that high income earners deserve our sympathy. Eighty thousand dollars is a lot of money, even today. Nor do I believe that we should all adopt the lifestyle of the Tasaday tribe. I believe we should try to increase our standard of living and I have faith in capitalism. I own shares and I'm in favor of wealth and profits.

To me, these cases illustrate the most important fact about money. How we spend it depends a great deal on how we see ourselves and our lives. Trying to keep up with others, pleasing or imitating parents or just accumulating money for its own sake, assures that there will never be enough.

There is a certain futility to a life devoted to acquiring designer jeans, digital watches that are smarter than you are, automatic pool cleaners, ties with someone else's initials on them and all the other symbols of conspicuous consumption.

Life may not have been meant to be easy, but it *can* be, once money becomes a means rather than an end. — SETH GREGORY

Colt GSR illustrated

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*Figures for 1.4-litre engine with 'Supershift' in economy mode tested in accordance with AS2077-1979.

MEN

It's past 1 am as the taxi takes me up the last hill. The lights are still on in our flat. Chris must be waiting up for me. Christ! That means I'm in trouble. . . again. Once more I've cracked the double. First leg — late home. Second leg — pissed as a newt. Or that's what I'll be telling Chris when the interrogation starts. In fact, I've got the trifecta: late, pissed *and* working back with my secretary, Jennifer.

Yeah, I know that working late with the secretary is the oldest one in the book but it happens to be true; I'm just reluctant to mention it because Chris is jealous of the time I spend with Jenny. Hmn, thinks there's something funny going on. There's nothing sexual in our relationship. Jenny's just like a mate. But try telling Chris that. Jenny's prettier, but that's hardly relevant. When Jenny, I and drinking are involved, Chris suddenly becomes top weight in the nark's handicap.

But my conscience is clear. Jenny and I finished checking some page proofs at about 10. That's when we both should have called it a night. I felt too wound up to go home. So we went to the wine bar. Jenny's great company. She has a never-ending supply of accurate and scurrilous political gossip (her flatmate works at Parliament House). She also tells the filthiest jokes I've ever heard outside a locker-room. What with a bit of shop talk and a lot of jokes, the time always flies. When one of us is ready to fall off a bar stool, we go our separate ways.

That's what happened tonight. But I think I'll leave Jenny out of it when I give my formal excuses. Jesus, what a mess. I know I'll lose the argument. I'm hopeless when I'm pissed.

Have I been musing aloud? The cabbie's laughing and muttering something world-weary about wives.

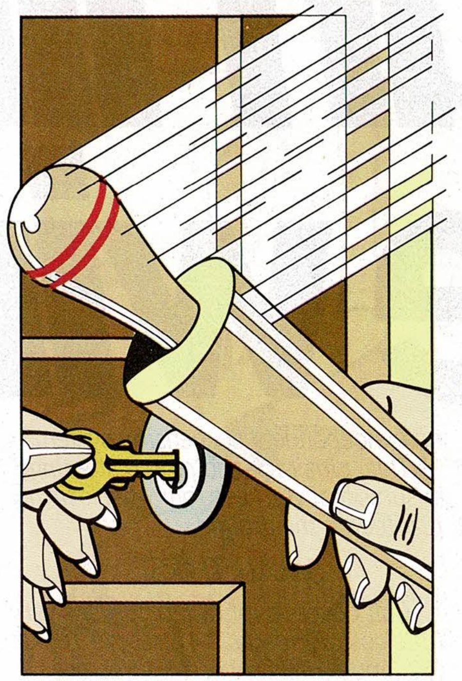
"Got any advice, mate?" I ask.

He laughs again and shrugs his shoulders. He's seen it all before. Taxi drivers get to see more than their fair share of domestic drama — anything from back-seat spats or trysts to spurned spouses bearing suitcases and tales of marital iniquity.

And I have to admit Chris and I have contributed to more than one driver's fund of silly passenger stories

Fortunately, we both simmer down before the deserting partner (in most cases, Chris) has unearthed the running-away-from-home essentials of toothbrush, clean underwear, reading material (must be gripping enough to distract from impending heartbreak), Bankcard (to pay for the motel room) and a few favored items of clothing (the rest to be collected later).

But this time was different. Having just returned from holidays, we were still packed. Before I knew what had happened, I was out in the street with my overnight bag. I flagged down a passing taxi, only to confront the driver who'd dropped us off at home 10 minutes earlier.



home late again, drunk again, facing the spouse

"Why didn't you say you weren't staying long?" he said, flashing his baboon-like grin. "I would have come in for a cup of coffee."

"Listen mate, just shut up and take me to the Hilton," I snarled.

The cabbie I have with me now is a philosopher by comparison. He's much more finely attuned to the melodrama of the matrimonial condition.

"The lights are on, but the door's not open," he remarks chirpily. "When they're waiting for you on the doorstep, you know you've really had it!"

Chris is certainly too dignified to argue on the doorstep. Instead, it's inside, door closed. . . and wham!

Last Friday, by force of habit, I trod lightly. Chris might have fallen asleep with the television on. But if not, I was ready to fight. I was as sober as a judge on Friday. And I had a complete and cross-examination proof account of the evening. I was just rehearsing my lines when a pink-eyed vision in a rumpled dressing gown materialised before me.

"Where the hell have you been? I've been worried sick," snapped Chris, then spun on one heel and huffed off to bed, muttering about the ease of divorce with the Family Law Act.

Bugger it, I'd been beaten again. They'd rung the bell before I'd even got my gloves on. Tonight I have no such hour-by-hour account of the evening to defend myself with. Essentially I have to plead that I got a bit pissed with a mate and forgot the time (or didn't choose to think of it). And even if I *did* have a good story, I'd be too drunk to carry it off with aplomb.

Let's face it: I'm only barely sober enough to negotiate the nightmare obstacle course of the lounge-room furniture. There is no way I could make it through one of Chris's famous eyeball-to-eyeball confrontations. Winning is out of the question.

Usually Chris and I communicate very well — as long as it's face to face or by telephone. But Chris refuses point blank to speak to the answerphone that minds my office when Jenny or I are out. I'm not too fond of speaking to tape-recorders either. But this week the little machine and I have found something in common. . . Chris isn't speaking to either of us.

This hasn't been the best week in our three-year marriage. And I have to admit it's mostly been my fault. The other night I was in trouble for not doing my share of the housework. I'd missed doing the dishes for two days in a row, which meant that Chris couldn't start cooking. (No demarcation disputes in our house. We only do one another's tasks in cases of illness, depression or excitement.)

Then last night I was late again. I wasn't drunk and didn't mean to be late. I'm working on a pilot television script with three colleagues. We usually finish by 10.30. At 10.35, I said I'd better go. But then the others started having a go at me about being a clockwatcher — and being under Chris's thumb. Bullshit, I said. And in the ensuing debate about who was under whose thumb, time passed very quickly.

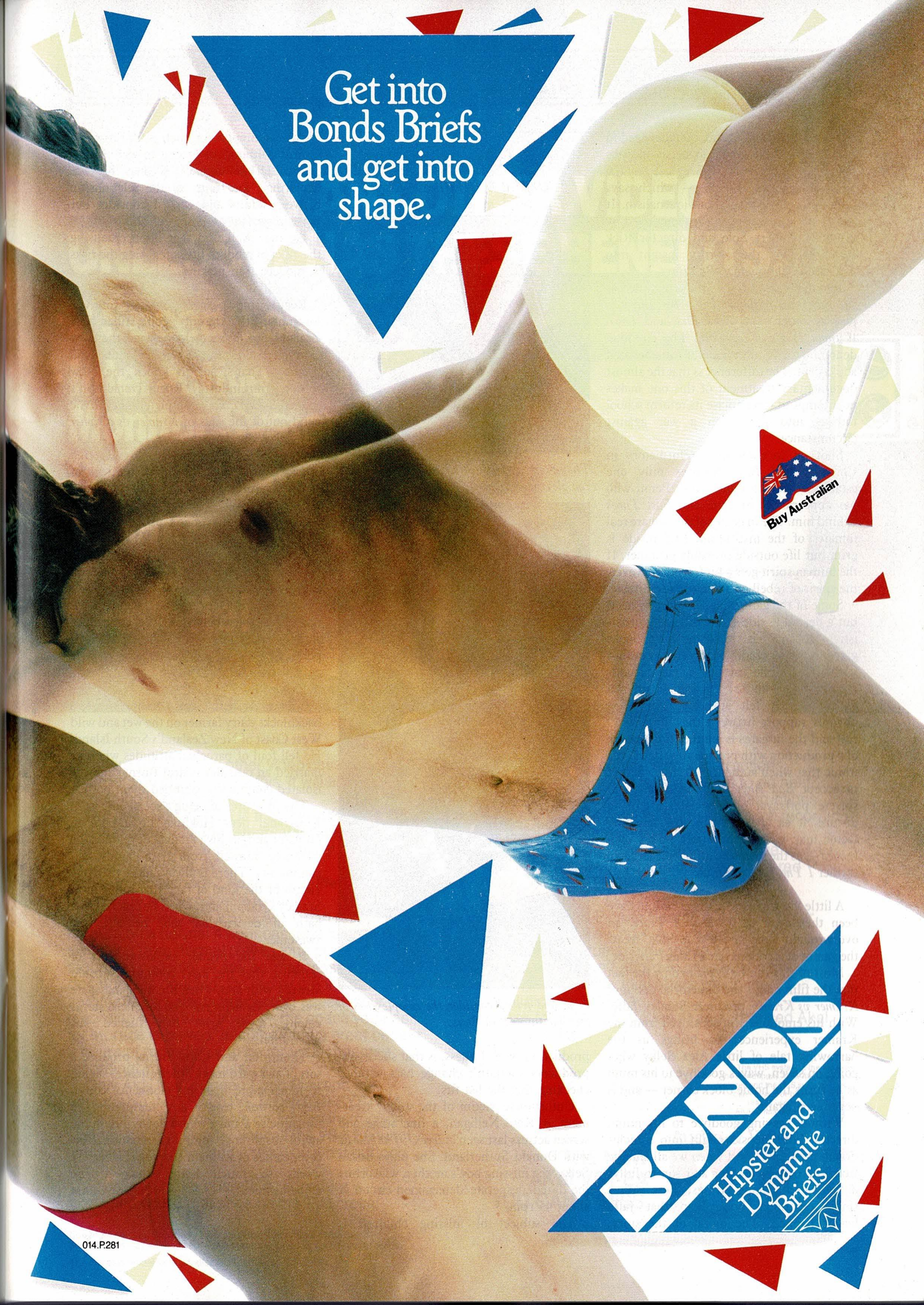
Chris says we could have these sessions at our place. But how can I explain that our script draws on certain autobiographical material — little sexual adventures that are great to discuss in front of mates, but not with spouses present. I don't want any of those escapades to fall into the pool of past resentments that Chris always fishes when an argument needs to be picked.

Last night, like tonight, I just didn't feel like coming home early. Hell, it's your mates, isn't it? There's nothing like it. The shared outlook, the lack of sexual tension, the sameness.

But I wouldn't swap them for Chris. I should try to be more considerate. Good husbands don't grow on trees — and Chris is one of the best — as other women keep reminding me.

He is a sweetheart. Maybe he's fallen asleep with the lights on. I'll slip my high heels off and tiptoe up, just in case.

— E.C. PORTER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MOVIES

two of three films score in the realism stakes

Social realism is a term that managed to become a cliche in about six months flat. It seems destined to be replaced by the term journalistic realism — which says something disturbing about journalism. It is also the unusual treatment employed by producer Robert Solo and director Rick Rosenthal for their gritty insight into American delinquency, *Bad Boys.*

Inevitably, *Bad Boys* will be regarded as the *Blackboard Jungle* of the '80s, but it is just as much *The Wild One* and *Rebel Without A Cause,* as well. The common denominator is the theme of the alienated adolescent. The difference is that the almost documentary treatment of this one makes no attempt to romanticise its reform school ratbags into heroes in a war against circumstance.

Shot on location in a reformatory in Chicago, *Bad Boys* features only one established screen name, Sean Penn, who has appearances in *Taps* and *Fast Times* behind him. The majority of the cast are real inmates of the institution. Life inside is grim but life outside probably grimmer. If the human spirit gets a bit frayed, however, the spirit of rebellion remains indomitable.

Some of the gang violence is pretty lurid but a desirable side-effect of the "journalistic realism" is that nothing looks gratuitous, just credible. Screenplay author Richard DiLello makes a conspicuous contribution with a script that his riff-raff cast obviously felt at home with. The obvious rapport between the "imported" cast and the inmates is another tidy feature of a production with precious few flaws. It's ironic that when audiences decide whether to accept *Bad Boys* as a significant and sincere portrayal of a social scar, or to dismiss it as cheap thrills, the deciding factor may well be producer Solo's own record — as the man who inflicted the cheap thriller *I The Jury* upon us.

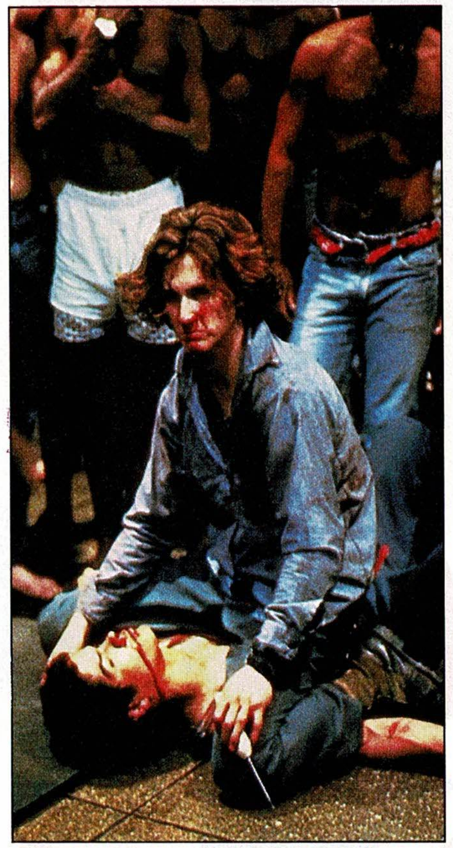
●

A little "journalistic realism" would have been the savior of *Without A Trace,* an overwrought epic-in-a-teacup that treats the gamut of emotions like a Luna Park ride.

Most of this can be explained by the fact that the film marks the directorial debut of *Kramer vs Kramer* producer Stanley Jaffe. With his emotions still sensitised from the Kramer experience, he brings us the harrowing tale of little Alex Selky who, going on seven, waves goodbye to his mum as he turns the home block corner — and is never seen again.

Without waving goodbye to his mum, director Jaffe steps straight into a melodrama minefield. And when we all emerge from the ordeal, mother and son to fully-orchestrated singing strings, there isn't a single emotional booby-trap that Jaffe hasn't tripped. The moral of the story, production-wise, I guess, is that successful producers shouldn't change hats without checking that the hat fits.

Thompson and Burns have mastered the complexities of growing up in Bad Blood.



Penn and friend consider the complexities of growing up in Bad Boys.

Unfortunate victim of the weepy treatment is Kate Nelligan, a fine stage and screen actress last seen in *Eye Of The Needle* with Donald Sutherland. She plays Susan Selky, the missing boy's mother, who orbits the dazed/desperate/determined circuit at about 45 rpm.

The subject of missing children is terrifying enough for such a film to make impact without resorting to full soapie status. Jaffe's defence is that he was exploring "the frailty of the relationship between adults and what I consider our most important asset. . . our children".

He may well find that intellectualising the risks of modern life is realising the risks of modern film-making.

●

Regular movie-goers could be forgiven for thinking that the only people still in New Zealand are being held hostage there by emotional cripples in boiler suits and beanies. That's not to knock the New Zealand film industry. Roger Donaldson's rugged *Smash Palace* completely sucked the wind out of the sails of *Kramer vs Kramer* and *Shoot The Moon.*

Now we get to see Mike Newell's *Bad Blood,* another macabre little sideshow of remote, rural life that puts *Smash Palace's* Al Shaw in the shade in the temporary insanity stakes by giving us the multiple murders of Stanley Graham. At best, these guys are anti-heroes in wars against circumstance, and the fascination of both films is in their ability to send us in search of our own perimeters of understandable, if not acceptable, behavior. We concede a slightly-disturbing macho appeal in these persecuted souls who, rather than shake a defiant fist at society, blaze away at it with both barrels.

Stanley Graham (Jack Thompson) was a backblocks dairy farmer on the wet and wild West Coast of New Zealand's South Island. He fell foul of parochial attitudes when he married an outsider (Carol Burns) and the isolated community snubbed them both.

The pressures of being a social outcast in Koiterangi near Hokitika finally got to Graham and, as his paranoia developed, he distanced himself from both family and community. There is always more than one victim of the kind of rage that built up in Stanley Graham and, when he cracked, the path of destruction that he left was awesome.

It was the brutal, explosive sort of response that the local community could identify with and, when the mini-massacre was over, Graham enjoyed folk hero status among those who had fuelled his frustration.

Thompson and Carol Burns produce a sort of awkward magic, their silences saying so much more than any eloquence could. And Newell resists any temptation to romanticise a story whose power lies in the awful stumbling, fumbling, emotional incompetence of its main character. Integrity works so much better than artistic embellishment.

— ROBIN INGRAM

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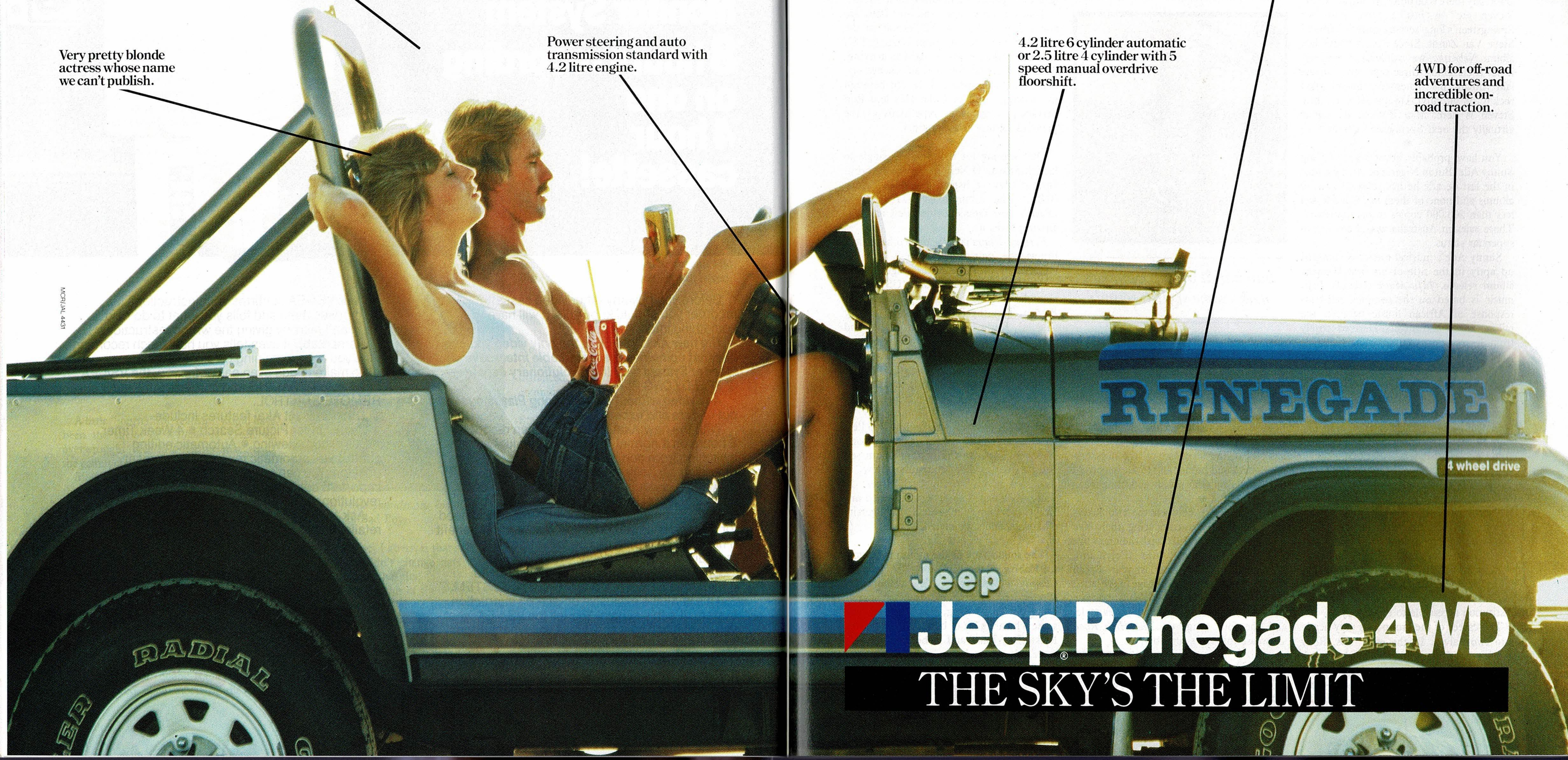
But you'd leave them behind once you're off it.
They get admiring looks. Until you come along.
No wonder they hate you.


Now, this is really a sun roof! (Detachable hardtop comes as standard equipment.)
Very pretty blonde actress whose name we can't publish.
Power steering and auto transmission standard with 4.2 litre engine.
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MUSIC

Bruce Springsteen is the boss of American rock'n'roll. The future has become the present. His epic concerts are legendary, his albums sell in the millions and his multitude of fans are devotees in the true sense. Springsteen's music has left an indelible stamp on mainstream rock. His influence can be heard in numerous artists, such as Tom Petty, plus one-off monster hits like Eye Of The Tiger. Undoubtedly Springsteen is to American music what Bowie is to English. They rule, okay?

So it is probably a little unkind to single out Little Steven And The Disciples Of Soul's album, *Men Without Women* (EMI), to review purely in terms of Springsteen. But really there is no other option, as "Little Steven etc" is just a pseudonym for Springsteen's long-serving guitarist, Miami Steve Van Zandt. Since Springsteen's last album, *Nebraska,* was a doleful acoustic set, it has been almost three years since he last laid down his patented supercharged rock'n'roll on vinyl. Do not despair, Little Steven is here. *Men Without Women* is virtually the next Springsteen album.

●

You have probably never heard of King Sunny Ade. But in Nigeria he is a huge star: in the last decade he has released over 40 albums and none of them has failed to sell less than 200,000 copies in his homeland. Those sales in Australia would amount to superstar status.

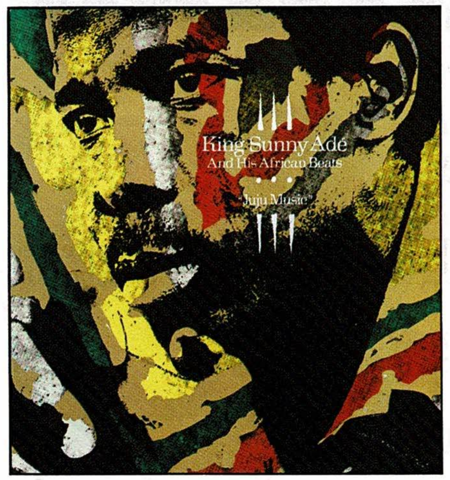
Sunny Ade's musical metier is summed up aptly in the title of his first Western album release, *JuJu Music* (Island). JuJu music is based on the complex call-and-response of African music between the talking drums and singers. Derived loosely from the traditions of the Yoruba, Nigeria's largest tribe, the music first took form in the '20s. But its present sound really began in the '50s when Western instruments such as keyboards and, in particular, the electric guitar were introduced. Sunny Ade has taken this cross-cultural assimilation one step further by utilising Hawaiian steel guitar and synthesisers.

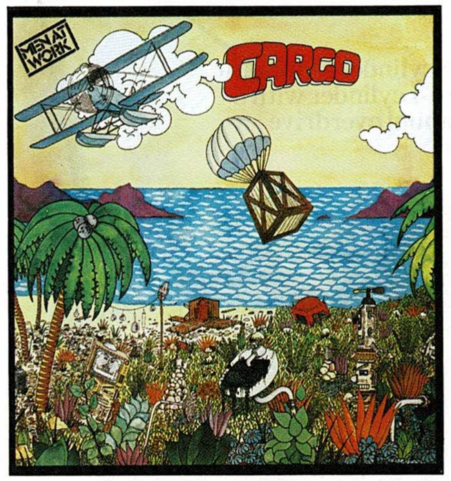
King Sunny Ade will probably not gain the success in the West that he enjoys in Nigeria, but the release of this album must be lauded. It is the most stimulating and pleasurable lesson in cultural ethnography that you may ever receive.

●

Roxy Music are a classic example of a group who at their outset are iconoclasts, but a decade later have become an institution accessible to everybody.

The career of the group falls very neatly into two halves. In the early '70s, Roxy Music were the epitome of English art rock and their albums — such as *For Your Pleasure, Stranded* and *Country Life* — still stand up as supreme creations despite the passing years. The band's lack of success in America and conflicting personal ambitions led to their breakup in the late '70s. But after the relative failure of their solo projects, the core trio of Ferry, Manzanera and Mackay reformed in 1979. The new Roxy Music instantly achieved the widespread popular success that was denied the old — at the expense of the former's excitement and humor and to the benefit of the latter's musical polish and craftsmanship.





van zandt and roxy music make some stylish sounds

The difference between the two Roxys can be gauged by comparing their live album, *Viva!*, from 1976 with their new live mini-LP, *The High Road* (Polygram), recorded in Glasgow late last year. Bryan Ferry now believes in his image of the jaded lounge lizard. The parody has become reality. But he still positively oozes style, and the four songs on *The High Road* showcase this asset superbly.

— KENT GODDARD

●

You've heard the sports stories of the kid who gets that dream elevation from the obscurity of the suburban league and suddenly finds himself in the heavyweight company of the top players. Naturally, he becomes the overnight sensation, and press and fans take him to their hearts: particularly when he blitzes the opposition in the Big Encounter. The butt end of the yarn is that nobody mentions that most of these "rails-run" kids don't survive in the Big League.

Just such a passage appeared for Melbourne pub band Men At Work when they arrived in the US market with their *Business As Usual* album. You know the story: they cleaned up with Number One single and album and everybody wanted to take their pictures and shake their hands.

That's history now, and the boys are attempting to stay in this league on the merits of their second album, *Cargo* (CBS). If staying there is just as hard as arriving, Men At Work (as the football coaches say) don't cut the mustard. Balanced between the writing input of Colin Hay and Ron Strykert, *Cargo* is as repetitious as the previous album was original.

●

Quit waiting for the next big single to launch Sharon O'Neill into far-flung orbit. Instead, have a listen to *Foreign Affairs* (CBS). The diminutive Kiwi is Australasia's best female all-rounder, and this album proves it.

Foreign Affairs is aptly named because it brings the pairing of O'Neill and her guitarist Brent Thomas into league with a talented corps of West Coast (US) artists, all under the guidance of ace producer John Boylan. Timothy B. Schmit, Don Henley (Eagles), Karla Bonoff, David Lasley and even the revered Tom Scott on sax amount to a powerful guest line. And it's the sort of support O'Neill deserves because it is *her* writing, vocals and keyboards that give the work its fabric, substance and direction.

●

Blessed is the man who bundled up Pete Townshend's off-cuts and demo tapes and presented them as the double album set, *Scoop* (Atco). It's a regular stew of discarded ideas running back almost 15 years. As a collection, it crackles with raw vitality, revealing the sources and diversity of Townshend's creative drive.

●

The soundtrack of the month prize goes to Robbie Robertson for *The King of Comedy* (Warner). It's some new (Pretenders, Talking Heads, Ric Ocasek), some old (B.B. King, Ray Charles), and some who are a bit of both (Van Morrison, Rickie Lee Jones and Robertson). What's more, it's all good.

— NEIL JAMESON

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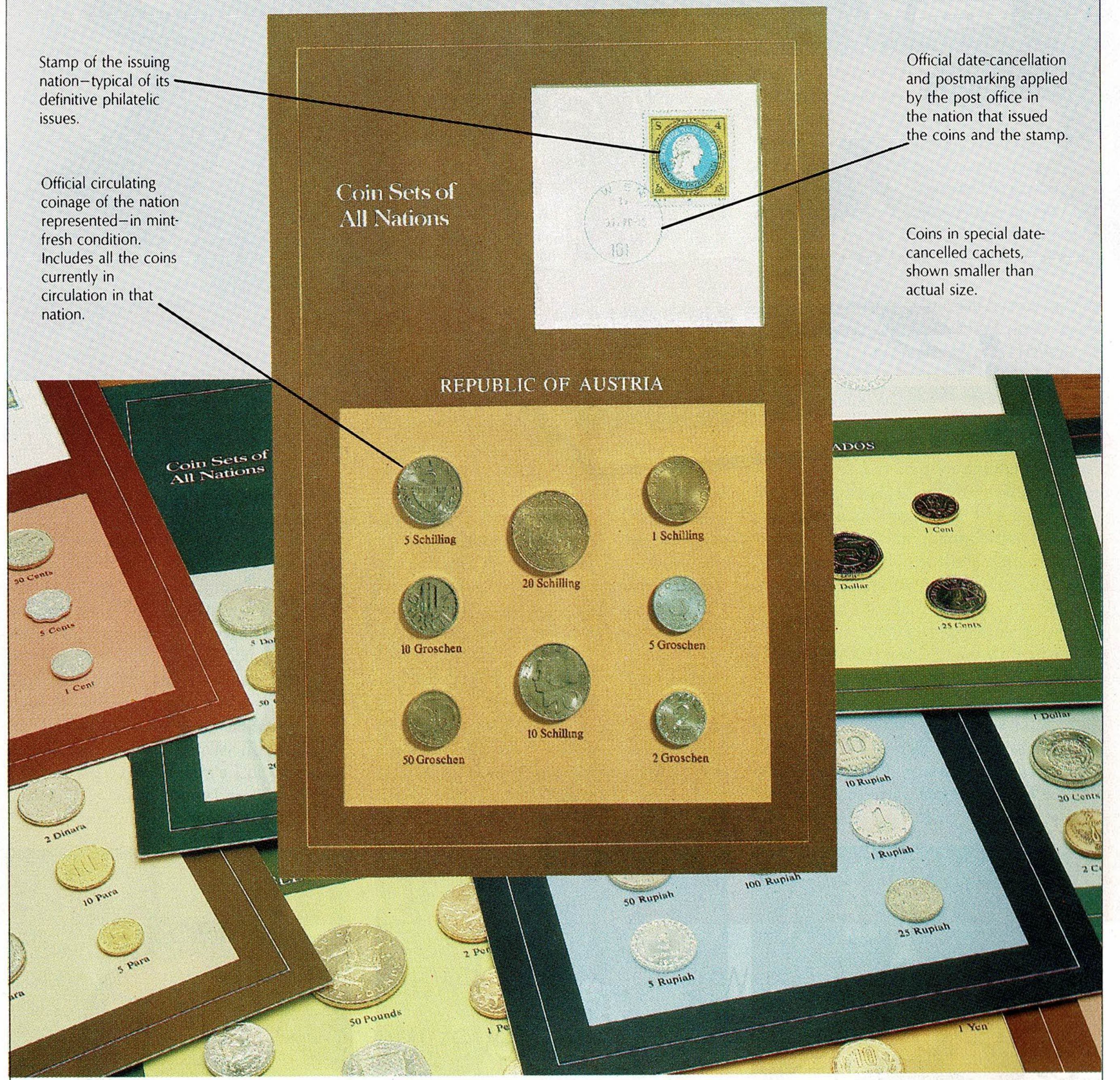

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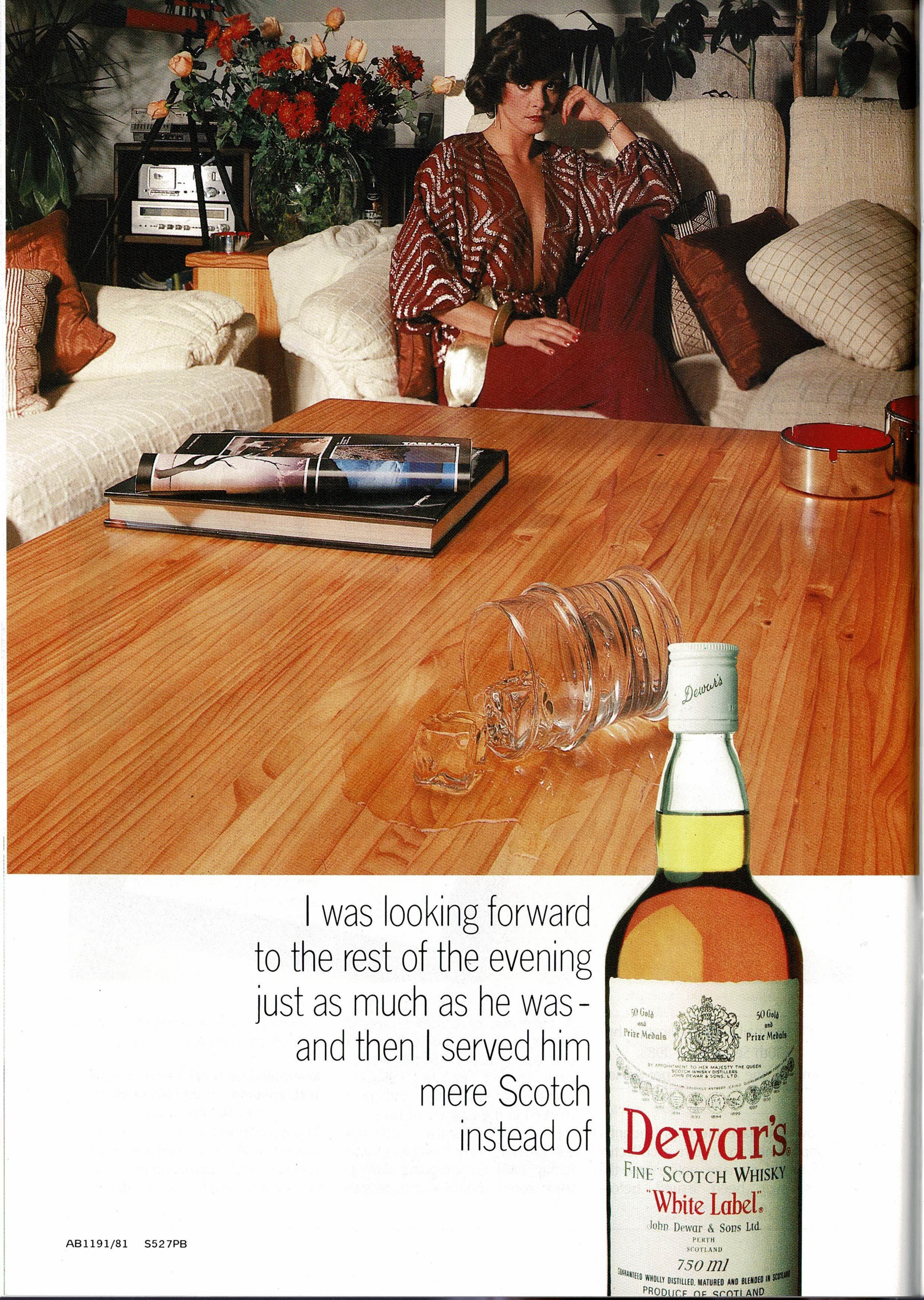

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEPHEN KING

a candid conversation with the author of "carrie" and "the shining" about ghosts, vampires, big bucks and other gruesome tales of horror

In the early winter of 1972, a Maine housewife dusting her husband's makeshift study fished a discarded manuscript out of the waste-basket and sat down to read it. When Stephen King returned from teaching high school English that evening, his wife, Tabitha, persuaded him to resume work on the abandoned novel, despite his conviction "that I had written the world's all-time loser". Several months later, he submitted the revised version to Doubleday & Company in New York. Carrie, *a twisted fairy tale about an ugly-duckling adolescent transformed into a merciless engine of psychic destruction, was purchased by Doubleday in March 1973 for a $2500 advance and subsequently sold a modest 13,000 copies in hardcover. Reviews were both sparse and mixed; some dismissed the novel as a potboiler, but* New York Times *critic Newgate Callendar hailed it as "brilliant. . . A first novel guaranteed to give you a chill." Screen rights were purchased by United Artists, and Brian De Palma's 1976 film version, starring Sissy Spacek and John Travolta, was a critical and commercial success, while New American Library paid $400,000 for paperback rights and subsequently sold more than 2,500,000 copies. King, dubbed "the modern master of horror" by the* New York Times, *had exploded on to the publishing scene and had begun his meteoric rise on the best-seller lists.*

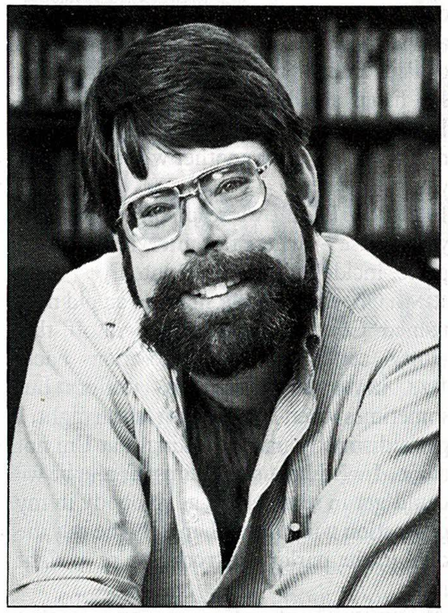
His second novel, 'Salem's Lot *(originally titled* The Second Coming*), was published in 1975 and dealt with a plague of vampires that terrorised and ultimately overwhelmed a small Maine community.*

The paperback edition sold 3,000,000 copies and swept King to the number-one spot on the New York Times *paperback best-seller list. Film rights were also sold to Warner Bros, which released it in 1979 as a two-part, four-hour, made-for-television movie starring David Soul. Of all his books,* 'Salem's Lot *remains King's personal favorite, and he is planning a sequel.*

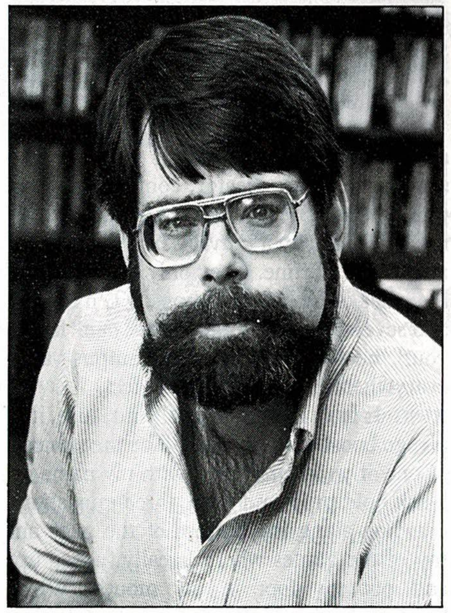
In rapid succession, King published The Shining *(1977),* The Stand *(1978) and* Night Shift *(1978), a Grand Guignol-style collection of short stories.* The Shining *sold more than 50,000 copies and was his first hardback best seller. A harrowing account of a family's destruction by an old hotel that has become a repository of supernatural evil, the novel was greeted favorably by critics who had previously either ignored King or dismissed him as another shockmeister. In 1980, Stanley Kubrick's lavish $18,000,000 film production of the book, starring Jack Nicholson, was roundly panned by critics, though it was a solid box-office hit and ranks among the 20 most profitable films ever released by Warner Bros.*

With the publication of The Dead Zone *in 1979, King might have been disturbed by the divided critical reaction to his work, but he could also afford to cry all the way to the bank. He had left Doubleday and had signed a three-novel, $3,000,000 contract with New American Library. Working at the prolific clip of a book a year, King followed* The Dead Zone *with* Firestarter *in 1980,* Cujo *in 1981 and, in 1982, a collection of four novellas,* Different Seasons, *that sold to the Book-of-the-Month Club for $500,000 and was among the top selling hardcover novels in the USA in 1982.* Danse Macabre, *a nonfiction survey of horror in literature, film and the mass media, was published by Everest House in 1981 and was hailed by the* Philadelphia Inquirer *as "one of the best books on American popular culture in the late 20th Century".*

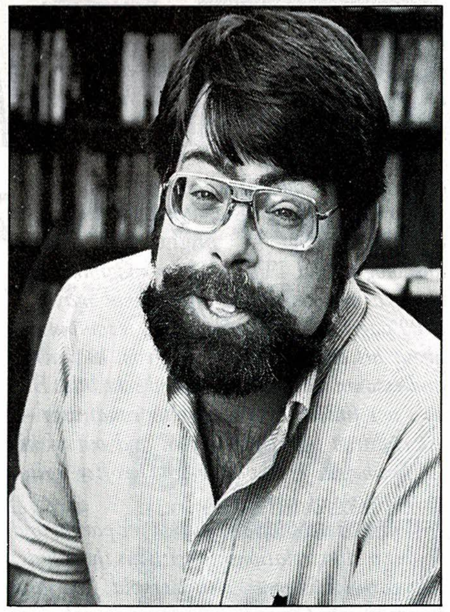
By the early '80s, King had become the only author in history to have three books simultaneously on the New York Times *hardcover and softcover best-seller lists. With the publication in April 1983 of* Christine, *the saga of a boy and his haunted 1958 Plymouth Fury, an estimated 40,000,000 copies of King's books were in print around the world. He also branched out and wrote the screenplay and starred in one of the five segments of George (*Night of the Living Dead*) Romero's seriocomic film* Creepshow. *According to Douglas Winter, author of a recent critical study,* The Reader's Guide to Stephen King, *"In less than 10 years, King has become the most popular writer of horror fiction of all time, a publishing phenomenon whose success, a conjoining of talent and timing, was seemingly inevitable." To examine the work and probe the psyche of this master of the macabre,* PLAYBOY *sent novelist* ***Eric Norden*** *to Bangor, Maine, where King lives with his wife and three children. Norden*



"I love to burn things up — on paper, at least. I don't think arson would be half as much fun in real life as it is in fiction."



"If I can get it down on paper without puking all over the word processor, then it's fit to see the light of day."



"I'm very careful to see that the blankets are tucked tight under my legs so I won't wake up with a clammy hand clutching my ankle."

reports: "It was a foggy, drizzling morning when I showed up at King's sprawling 24-room Victorian mansion, replete with brooding twin turrets and black-wrought-iron fence. The grillework on the imposing front gate was fashioned into an intricate spider web surmounted by two perching metal bats as big and about as inviting as vultures. It was a fittingly sinister lair for the writer one hostile critic had called the 'Wizard of Ooze'. But the gate didn't creak, and when King shambled out into the rain to greet me, his appearance was disarming.

"He is a strapping 6'4" and weighs in at 200 pounds, a genial bear of a man with an infectious grin and disconcertingly gentle blue eyes behind thick horn-rimmed glasses. His jet-black hair commas over one eyebrow and curls at the nape of his neck, and his beard is thick but neatly trimmed. (A dedicated baseball fan, he grows it every year at the end of the World Series and shaves when the spring season begins.) He was dressed casually in a faded-blue Levi's work shirt, jeans, black-leather motorcycle jacket and scuffed-suede pukka boots — his everyday uniform in Bangor, which he describes affectionately as 'a hard town, a hard-drinking working-man's town'.

"The interior of the house quickly dispels the Charles Addams facade; it is a series of large, airy rooms tastefully decorated in traditional New England style and presided over by a full-time housekeeper. Two secretaries staff King's office, where he hammers out 1500 words between 8.30 and 11.30 every morning of the year except Christmas, the Fourth of July and his birthday. The preserved head of a rattlesnake encased in a glass globe has a place of honor on his desk, and he's fond of telling interviewers that he writes as he does because he has the heart of a small boy: 'In fact, I keep it at home in a jar on my desk, as Robert Bloch, the author of Psycho*, was fond of saying.'*

*"King works on a Wang word processor, which is currently linked by telephone hookup to an IBM model belonging to writer Peter (*Ghost Story*) Straub, with whom he is collaborating on a forthcoming horror novel titled* The Talisman*, scheduled for publication in 1984. (Other works in progress include a novel about burial customs,* Pet Sematary *— no typos in the title, it's derived from a child's spelling —* Night Moves*, an anthology, and* IT*, a horror magnum opus about a monster in the sewers that may top 2000 pages on completion.) King is compulsive about his output and suffers from headaches and insomnia if he falls behind schedule. But he's not finicky about working conditions — his children wander freely in and out of his study when he's composing, and he often writes to the blare of hard rock.*

"King is a loving and protective parent and enjoys a close relationship with his three kids, 12-year-old Naomi, 10-year-old Joe and five-year-old Owen. They often watch horror films together on King's 4'x3' Panasonic Cinemavision video-beam console, which dominates a corner of the toy-strewn den. (One memorable lunchtime midway through our interviews, King sent out for Big Macs while he screened Blood Feast*, a particularly gory '60s cut-and-slasher, and kept telling me, 'Go ahead and have another burger' while a starlet was being disembowelled and her blood-dripping liver was being devoured in living color.)*

"King's relationship with Tabitha is equally close. They met when both were students at the University of Maine and were married in 1971. An attractive brunette in her early 30s, Tabitha is a talented author in her own right, and her blackly humorous fantasy novel, Small World*, was published in 1981. Warm and supportive, Tabby is also a no-nonsense woman, a fact King welcomes and credits for helping him avoid the pitfalls of celebrity. His children are no more overwhelmed by their father's fame than their mother is: 'When I'm about to go out on a publicity tour for one of the books', King observes ruefully, 'Owen just says, "Oh, Daddy's going out to be Stephen King again."'*

"King seems sincerely unimpressed about being a multi-millionaire; all his money is handled by a New York accountant, who doles out $200 to him for walking-around money every week. 'The rest is all on paper', he explains, 'and I don't even know how much I'm worth.' His lifestyle is simple and unpretentious — he loves his weekly bowling night out with the boys and an occasional bout of cross-country skiing — with the exception of a few extravagances, such as the family's two Mercedes. One notable luxury is a modern 11-room summer house on a hilltop overlooking lonely Lake Kezar in the foothills of the White Mountains. That was the scene where much of our interview was conducted to avoid the ubiquitous long-distance telephone calls from publishers, agents, editors and Hollywood producers that plague King in Bangor.

"As banks of autumnal mist rolled in across the lake on the first day of the two weeks I would spend interviewing King, I began by asking him how it felt to see a fantasy fulfilled."

PLAYBOY: The protagonist of *'Salem's Lot*, a struggling young author with a resemblance to his creator, confesses at one point, "Sometimes when I'm lying in bed at night, I make up a *Playboy Interview* about me. Waste of time. They only do authors if their books are big on campus." Ten novels and several million dollars in the bank later, your books *are* big on campus and everywhere else. How does it feel?

KING: It feels great. I love it! And, sure, it's an ego boost to think that I'll be the subject of one of your *Interviews*, with my name in black bold print and those three mug shots crawling along the bottom of the page on top of the quotes where I really fucked up and put my foot in my mouth. What happened, couldn't you get Charles Manson?

PLAYBOY: We picked you as our scary guy for this year. The vote wasn't even close.

KING: Okay, truce. Actually, I am pleased, because when I was trying, without much apparent success, to make it as a writer, I'd read your *Interviews* and they always represented a visible symbol of achievement as well as celebrity. Like most writers, I dredge my memory for material, but I'm seldom really explicitly autobiographical. That passage you quote from *'Salem's Lot* is an exception, and it reflects my state of mind in those days before I sold my first book, when nothing seemed to be going right. When I couldn't sleep, in that black hole of the night when all your doubts and fears and insecurities surge in at you, snarling, from the dark — what the Scandinavians call the wolf hour — I used to lie in bed alternately wondering if I shouldn't throw in the creative towel and spinning out masturbatory wish-fulfilment fantasies in which I was a successful and respected author. And that's where my imaginary *Playboy Interview* came in. I'd picture myself calm and composed, magisterial, responding with lucidly reasoned answers to the toughest questions, bouncing brilliant *apercus* off the walls like tennis balls. Now that you're here, I'll probably do nothing but spew out incoherencies! But I suppose it was good therapy. It got me through the night.

PLAYBOY: How you got through your nights is going to be a major topic of this interview. Were you intrigued by ghost stories as a child?

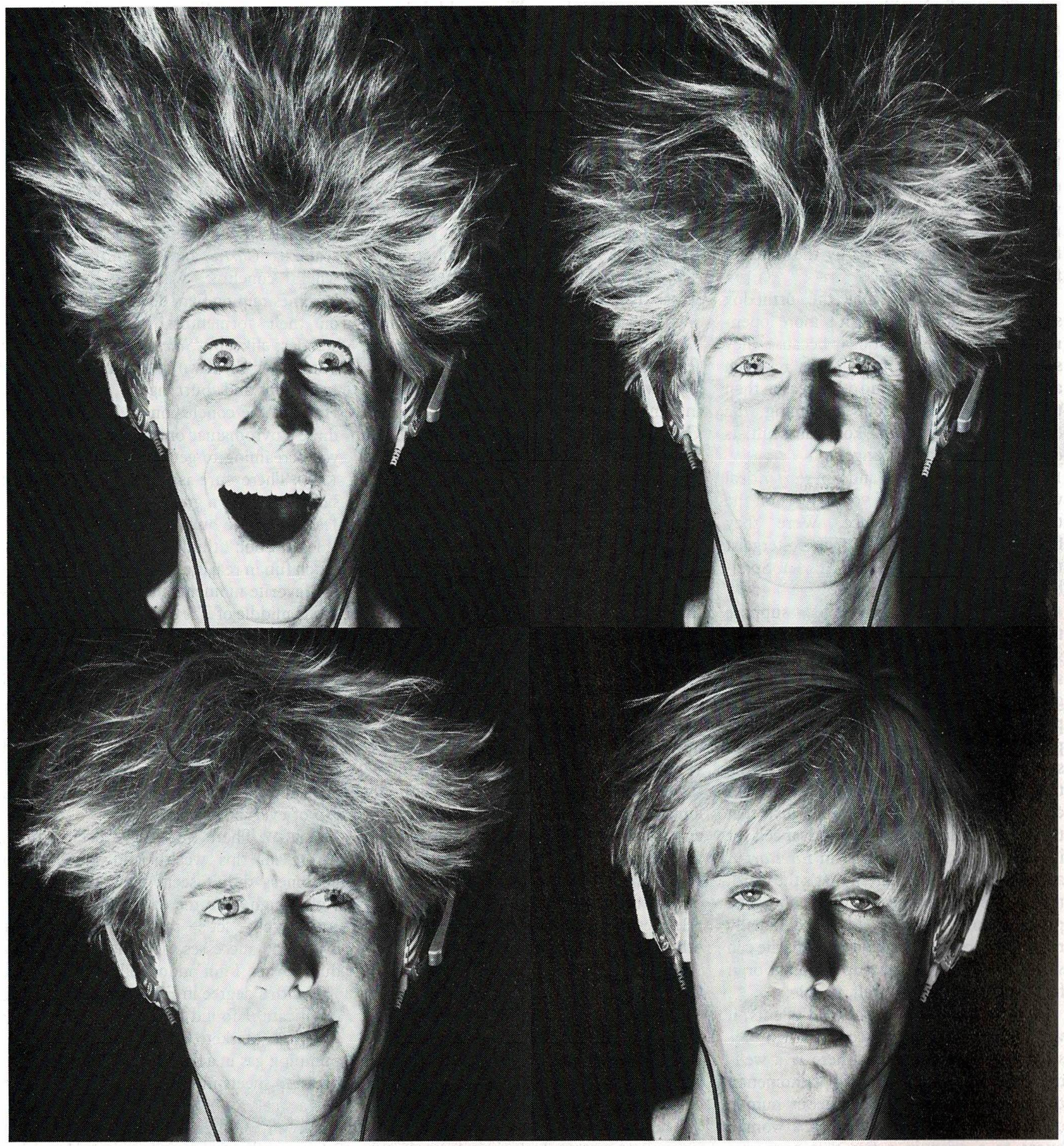
KING: Ghoulies and ghosties and things that go bump in the night — you name 'em, I loved 'em! Some of the best yarns in those days were spun by my uncle Clayton, a great old character who had never lost his childlike sense of wonder. Uncle Clayt would cock his hunting cap back on his mane of white hair, roll a Bugler cigarette with one liver-spotted hand, light up with a Diamond match he'd scratch on the sole of his boot and launch into great stories, not only about ghosts but about local legends and scandals, family goings-on, the exploits of Paul Bunyan, everything under the sun. I'd listen spellbound to that slow down-East drawl of his on the porch of a summer night, and I'd be in another world. A better world, maybe.

PLAYBOY: Didn't we read somewhere that your house — where this interview is taking place, incidentally — is haunted?

KING: Oh, sure, by the shade of an old man named Conquest, who shuffled off this mortal coil about four generations back. I've never seen the old duffer, but sometimes when I'm working late at night, I get a distinctly uneasy feeling that I'm not alone. I wish he'd show himself; maybe we could get in some cribbage. Nobody in my generation will play with me. By the way, he died in the parlor, the room we're in right now.

PLAYBOY: Thanks. Can we take it that you're a believer in extrasensory perception and in psychic phenomena in general?

KING: I wouldn't say I believe in them. The



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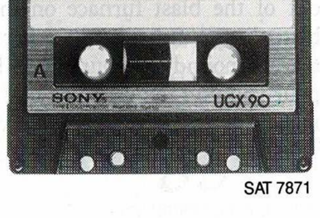

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scientific verdict's still out on most of those things, and they're certainly nothing to accept as an article of faith. But I don't think we should dismiss them out of hand just because we can't as yet understand how and why they operate and according to what rules. There's a big and vital difference between the unexplained and the inexplicable, and we should keep that in mind when discussing so-called psychic phenomena. Actually, I prefer the term wild talents, which was coined by the science-fiction writer Jack Vance.

But it's too bad that the orthodox scientific establishment isn't more open-minded on those questions, because they should be subjected to rigorous research and evaluation — if for no other reason than to prevent them from becoming the exclusive property of the kooks and cultists on the occult lunatic fringe.

PLAYBOY: Both *Carrie* and *Firestarter* deal with the wild talents of young girls on the threshold of adolescence. Were they fictional reworkings of the poltergeist theme, as popularised by Steven Spielberg's recent film *Poltergeist?*

KING: Not directly, though I suppose there's a similarity. Poltergeist activity is supposed to be a sudden manifestation of semi-hysterical psychic power in kids, generally girls who are just entering puberty. So in that sense, Carrie, in particular, could be said to be a kind of super-poltergeist. Again, I'm not saying there's anything objectively valid to the so-called poltergeist phenomenon, just that that's one of the explanations advanced for it. Charlie McGee, the girl in *Firestarter*, actually has a specific gift, if that's the word, that goes beyond the poltergeist phenomenon, though it's occasionally reported in conjunction with it. Charlie can start fires — she can burn up buildings or, if her back's against the wall, people.

On this whole subject of wild talents, it was fascinating to discover when researching *Firestarter* that there is a well-documented if totally baffling phenomenon called pyrokinesis, or spontaneous human combustion, in which a man or a woman burns to a crisp in a fire that generates almost inconceivable temperatures — a fire that seems to come from *inside* the victim. There have been medically documented cases from all over the world in which a corpse has been found burned beyond recognition while the chair or the bed on which it was found wasn't even charred. Sometimes, the victims are actually reduced to ash, and I know from researching burial customs for a forthcoming book that the heat required to do that is tremendous. You can't even manage it in a crematorium, you know; which is why, after your body comes out of the blast furnace on the conveyor belt, there's a guy at the other end with a rake to pound up your bones before they pour you into the little urn that goes on the mantlepiece. There's a lot of mystery in the world, a lot of dark, shadowy corners we haven't explored yet. We shouldn't be too smug about dismissing out of hand everything we can't understand. The dark can have *teeth*, man!

PLAYBOY: The dark has also been very lucrative for you. Aside from the phenomenal sales of the books themselves, *'Salem's Lot* was sold to television as a mini-series, and both *Carrie* and *The Shining* have been made into feature films. Were you pleased with the results?

KING: Well, considering the limitations of TV, *'Salem's Lot* could have turned out a lot worse than it did. The two-part TV special was directed by Tobe Hooper of *Texas Chain-Saw Massacre* fame, and outside of a few boners — such as making my vampire Barlow look exactly like the cadaverously inhuman night stalker in the famous German silent film *Nosferatu* — he did a pretty good job. I breathed a hearty sigh of relief, however, when some plans to turn it into a network series fell apart, because today's television is just too institutionally fainthearted and unimaginative to handle real horror.

Brian De Palma's *Carrie* was terrific. He handled the material deftly and artistically and got a fine performance out of Sissy Spacek. In many ways, the film is far more stylish than my book, which I still think is a gripping read but is impeded by a certain heaviness, a *Sturm und Drang* quality that's absent from the film. Stanley Kubrick's version of *The Shining* is a lot tougher for me to evaluate, because I'm still profoundly ambivalent about the whole thing. I'd admired Kubrick for a long time and had great expectations for the project, but I was deeply disappointed in the end result. Parts of the film are chilling, charged with a relentlessly claustrophobic terror, but others fall flat.

I think there are two basic problems with the movie. First, Kubrick is a very cold man — pragmatic and rational — and he had great difficulty conceiving, even academically, of a supernatural world. That was the basic flaw: because he couldn't believe, he couldn't make the film believable to others.

The second problem was in characterisation and casting. Jack Nicholson, though a fine actor, was all wrong for the part. His last big role had been in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and between that and his manic grin, the audience automatically identified him as a loony from the first scene. But the book is about Jack Torrance's gradual *descent* into madness through the malign influence of Overlook, which is like a huge storage battery charged with an evil powerful enough to corrupt all those who come into contact with it. If the guy is nuts to begin with, then the entire tragedy of his downfall is wasted. For that reason, the film has no centre and no heart, despite its brilliantly unnerving camera angles and dazzling use of the Steadicam. What's basically wrong with Kubrick's version of *The Shining* is that it's a film by a man who thinks too much and feels too little; and that's why, for all its virtuoso effect, it never gets you by the throat and hangs on the way real horror should.

PLAYBOY: In *The Stand*, which has become something of a cult object to many of your fans, a rapidly mutating flu virus accidentally released by the US military wipes out nine-tenths of the world's population and sets the stage for an apocalyptic struggle between good and evil. That ultimate genocide was presaged, on a more modest scale by *Carrie* and *Firestarter*, both of which conclude with the beleaguered heroines raining fiery death and destruction on their tormentors and innocent bystanders alike; by *'Salem's Lot*, in which you burn down the town at the end; and by the explosion and burning of the Overlook Hotel at the conclusion of *The Shining*. Is there a pyromaniac or a mad bomber inside you screaming to get out?

KING: There sure is, and that destructive side of me has a great outlet in my books. Jesus, I *love* to burn things up — on paper, at least. I don't think arson would be half as much fun in real life as it is in fiction. One of my favorite moments in all my work comes in the middle of *The Stand*, when one of my villains, the Trashcan Man, sets all these oil-refinery holding tanks on fire and they go off like bombs. It's as if the night sky had been set ablaze. God, that was a gas! It's the werewolf in me, I guess, but I love fire, I love destruction. It's great and it's black and it's exciting. When I write scenes like that, I feel like Samson pulling down the temple on top of everybody's head.

PLAYBOY: There must have been a time, before all this wealth and fame, when happiness didn't seem inevitable to you. How rough were the early days?

KING: Well, let's say that, like most overnight successes, I've had to pay my dues. When I got out of college in the early '70s with a degree in English and a teaching certificate, I found there was a glut on the teaching market, and I went to work pumping gas in a filling station and later on pressing sheets in an industrial laundry for $60 a week.

Anyway, in the fall of 1971, I finally got a job as an English instructor at Hampden Academy, just across the Penobscot River from Bangor, but it paid only $6400 a year, barely more than I had been earning before. In fact, I had to go back and moonlight in the laundry just to keep our heads above water. We were living in a trailer on top of a bleak, snow-swept hillside in Hermon, Maine, which, if not the asshole of the universe, is at least within farting distance of it. I'd come home exhausted from school and squat in the trailer's furnace room, with Tabby's little Olivetti portable perched on a child's desk I had to balance on my knees, and try to hammer out some scintillating prose.

That was where I wrote *'Salem's Lot*, actually. It was my second published book, but the bulk of the writing was completed

(continued on page 130)

Make it a Gordon's and...

GORDON'S
IMPORTED
FROM ENGLAND
GORDON'S
ESTD 1769
TRADE MARK
DRY GIN
DISTILLERY,
LONDON.
ENGLAND
750 ml
MARCA REGISTRADA
DISTILLED IN LONDON
TANQUERAY, GORDON & Co. Ltd.
PRODUCE OF ENGLAND
BOTTLED IN AUSTRALIA
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

. . . tonic, ice and a twist of lemon. Gordon's and orange, grapefruit or lime for a tropical twist. With Creme de menthe, ginger ale, apple juice or on the rocks. And for the driest of American Martinis, it's got to be Gordon's.

World's largest selling gin.

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ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL VAVOI

BEATING THE CASUALTY COUNT

football's battered heroes get new hope and support in the non-stop contest to overcome serious injury

MANLY VERSUS PARRAMATTA, Brookvale Oval, April 1979. Parramatta hadn't won this encounter in 10 years. On this day they would lose more than the match. It's well into the game and things aren't flowing Parra's way when Mick Cronin slips a pass to his centre partner, Steve Ella. Just 19, Ella is slight in stature for a modern rugby league centre, relying more on zip and sheer evasiveness to break the line. He's playing in only his third first grade game for the Eels and this time he lines up his opposite centre, runs at him and in the last stride banks into a radical evasive swerve. As he teeters on the edge of losing his footing and beating the man, he's crunched from behind by a perfectly legitimate Steve Knight tackle. Now, Steve Knight is one of those guys who, as a kid, ate all his breakfast cereal — and then some. He and Ella are from the opposite ends of the physical spectrum: where Ella eludes, Knight block-busts. In '79 there is no bigger centre in Sydney football and when he hits Ella, the Parra boy stays hit.

article by neil jameson

Ella takes the full force of the charge on his left leg. Off balance, he feels a dreadful tearing sensation deep inside the knee, like the carpet coming up at the top of the stairs; and down he goes. He can't get up but the trainer appears and has him tottering on one leg long enough to play the ball. But he can't walk and the leg collapses under him. Like the wounded at Balaclava, he's hauled from the scene and then stretchered to the change room. His blood is still warm from the activity and at this stage he's feeling no pain. Inside, the Parramatta medical staff go to work on him, packing the knee in ice. With the cooling comes the pain and by the time Parramatta orthopaedic surgeon Dr Michael Johnson appears, they're already hitting Ella with pain killers to dull the agony.

Johnson is aware of the diagnostic pitfalls of knee injuries but quick examination suggests medial ligament rupture. Still wearing the grime and sweat of the Brookvale encounter, Ella is immediately despatched across town to St Joseph's Hospital, Auburn.

The next morning (Monday) finds Dr Johnson examining the full extent of the injury by way of an arthroscope (a probe that permits the surgeon to see deep inside the knee). It shows the injury to be worse than anticipated. The medial ligament's gone all right, and the anterior cruciate ligament has gone, too. Football injuries don't come much worse. In this condition the knee is useless, the leg crippled.

The injury is allowed to settle for 48 hours in preparation for a Wednesday operation. It's a painful procedure and Ella requires heavy sedation as the surgeon makes a long incision to open the knee, lift the cap and expose the damaged interior. For three and a half hours, Dr Johnson performs a feat of micro macrame to knit the torn strands of ligament together. With an injury this bad, you don't get favorable odds about the chances of recovery.

Back in the recovery ward, Ella spends the next few days in a haze of pain and sedation. The surgeon keeps close watch and, picking his time, he draws a chair in close to the bed for what Ella knows is the post-op summation.

"You might be able to run, but you'll never play football again," says the doc. Now, being 19 and naive, or whatever, Ella isn't buying that one. Hell, he hasn't busted his gut all the way through Parra's lower ranks for just three shots at the big time. Somewhere between the harsh weight of medical opinion and the strength of his youth and determination, Ella perceives an almighty challenge: "I'll play again," he promises himself.

The convalescence is diabolical. The four-week hospitalisation turns into an eight-week stretch when complications set in. Ella reports pain spasms shooting up his leg and he's sent to a neighboring hospital for tests which reveal a nerve in the knee is not functioning. Like a damaged silicon chip, it's screwing up the circuit, causing upper leg pain and paralysis from knee to toe. Another operation is ordered to clean the nerve of debris and bring the leg back on line.

No sooner is that problem solved than the original injury shows signs of infection. Ella is dosed with antibiotics while the external scar is opened.

It's June and half-way through the football season before Steve Ella leaves St Joseph's. His left leg, encased from toe to thigh, is weighed down with enough plaster to recast Michelangelo's David. He'll be on crutches for five months and in plaster for seven. This is going to be a no-fun period for everybody, let alone a top athlete. Midway through the period, the plaster is changed to accommodate a hinge permitting slight bending of the knee as the joint begins to heal. When the plaster is finally removed, Ella is appalled to find the leg withered to little more than skin and bone.

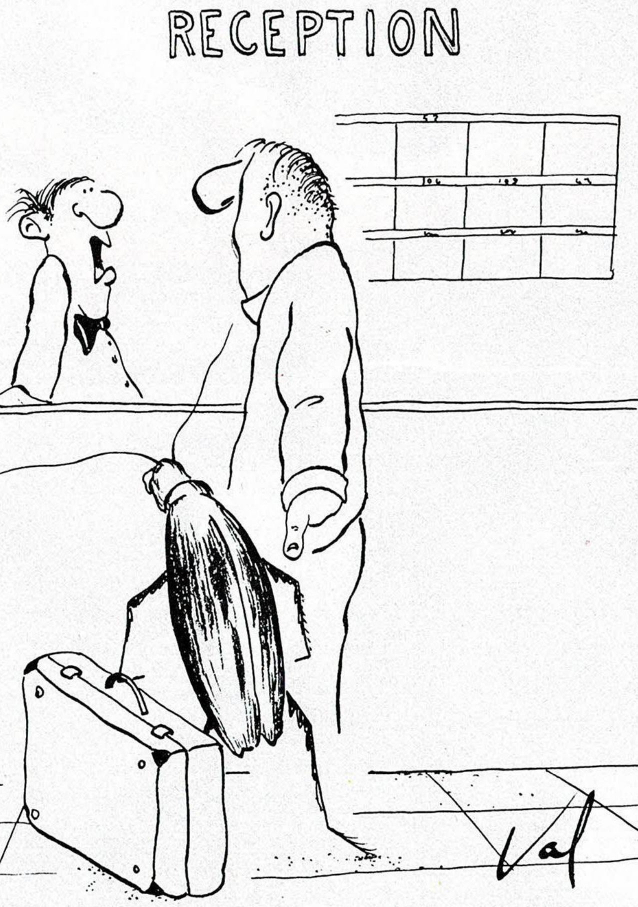
Recovery stage one — the rest period — is complete. Now, it's time for stage two — the slow process of making the knee work again.

Dr Johnson orders light walking and then maps out a lengthy swimming regime for his patient. The therapeutic effect of working the knee in the shock-proof water environment restores the basic function without risking further damage. Additionally, it places subtle demands on the wasted leg muscles, helping them regain tone and strength to protect the knee. Ella churns through club pool and surf, building up his aerobic fitness and strengthening the depleted leg before putting the knee to any stress tests. The next task is to determine whether it can sustain real work and weight. The surgeon prescribes a series of lifting exercises starting with just the weight of the leg and then progressing to a five-pound weight boot. Ella sweats away at the task and as the weeks grind into months, he ups the workload to an impressive 30 pounds.

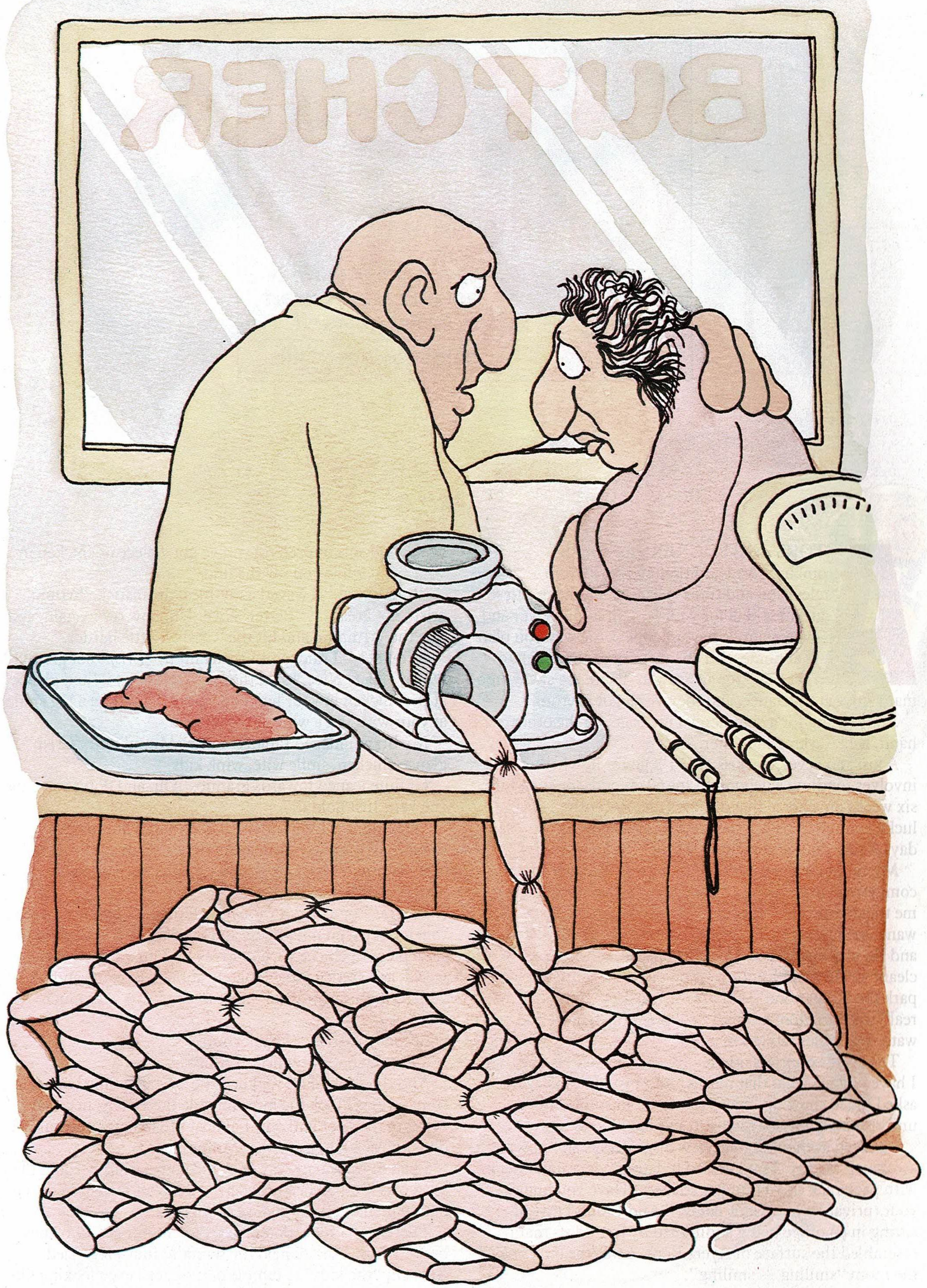
Compared to the pain of the operation and the frustrations of the plaster, the sense of real progress comes as a healthy shot of morale. While Dr Johnson cautions against overworking the joint, Steve sets himself another challenge beyond the aim of playing football again: to gain selection for the Kangaroo squad's 1982 tour of Britain and France. Hell, why not shoot for the moon? He visits Johnson's surgery every day for 12 months, working out for 45 minutes at increasing the weights and stepping up the load with leg extensions on a hydra-gym machine. His wife Anne buys him an exercise bike and in the privacy of his own home he flogs himself for miles down the fitness road, building up those protective muscles around his knee.

In June 1980, Steve Ella slips on a pair of training shoes and goes jogging for the first

(continued on page 92)



"Cockroaches?? Where?!"



"Sorry, ma'am. . . but someone has to identify the body!"

BREAK A (CHICKEN) LEG

the hardest sell in tv advertising is the art of selling yourself

humor by peter bills

ACTORS ARE SUCKERS for a fresh romance. And auditioning for a part in television and films is like asking the prettiest girl in school for your very first kiss. Over and over again. It never happens the way you plan it at home, and chances are you're going to get "no" for an answer. There are always too many guys at the dance, and they've all got rhythm.

Auditioning for a commercial message, on the other hand, is like asking her sister.

A kiss, however, is a kiss, and I'll go for it, whether it involves fondling a deodorant for 60 seconds, or spending six weeks on a horse that despises me. Recently, I was lucky enough to have a shot at one of each on the very same day. A rare double romance. Maybe.

My agent always recommends a dress category for commercial interviews. In code. For instance, he'll advise me to be "upscale — upscale", which really means he wants me to look as if I live in Toorak, vacation in Paris and ski in Switzerland. Or he'll suggest "outdoorsy — clean" or, in plain English, "You pitch the tent, and I'll park the Kingswood". On the other hand, "outdoorsy — real" wouldn't fool around: "I'll pitch the tent — and water the mules while I'm at it."

There are countless others. "Real —person" is one, but I have no idea what that means. And just once my agent asked me to show up "like a rooster": an audition I unfortunately missed owing to sudden illness.

I arrived at the first interview disguised as an "upscale — casual" daddy. You guessed it: late-model estate wagon with pack rack and a bumper sticker: "Have you hugged your (private school) kids lately?" And I found myself sitting in an office being auditioned by four faces that resembled the surface of Ayers Rock. I was the only one in the room "smiling — smiling".

"Crisp, not greasy!" I enthusiastically proclaimed. And I waited. "Uh, that's fine," said one of the faces, finally, as it huddled with the face next to it. "Now, would you do it again, and sort of pretend you've got a piece of chicken in your hand while you say the line?"

"Sure thing." I waved a mythical drumstick. "Mmm, crisp, not greasy." "Better. Nice. Uh, now try it again, and lose the 'Mmmm' and hit the 'Crisp' a little harder."

"You bet," I said, and I really hit it. "*Crisp,* not greasy!" "Okay. Nice. Nice," said the face. "Now try it, and glance at the chicken in your hand on 'Crisp', and then a big smile at your wife and a wink at the kids."

My brain indexed rapidly: Lose "Mmm", hit "Crisp", glance chicken, smile wife, wink kids.

Granite leaned towards granite. "Oh, and don't wave the chicken. Just hold it."

"Hey right," I said, as if I'd been a fool not to have thought of it myself. And again in my head: *don't wave,* lose "Mmm", hit "Crisp", glance chicken, smile wife, wink kids.

"*Crisp!*" I gushed for the fourth time, as I glanced at the thin air between my fingers and tried as hard as I could to see a piece of chicken. "Not greasy," I guaranteed to the world, as I smiled affectionately at the telephone and winked at the ashtray on the desk, for I was very much alone.

Seconds passed. "Thank you."

"Thank you," I replied, hitting the "you".

And the spokesface rejoined the others, easing back into stone, while I took the interminable three steps necessary to get to the door and out. I almost missed the murmur: "I don' know, I kinda *like* the 'Mmmm'."

I had to weave my way back through a waiting room that looked as if it had been conceived by Walt Disney: a dozen family picnics all happening at once.

There was a collection of veteran "mommies who knew best", whose eyes all held the secret to first-class fried chicken; "the kids", a jumble of moppets, each looking like Bambi in a tank top, their mother-managers hoping and handling simultaneously; and too many "daddies" —a horde of smilers and winkers from commercials past, eager

Pots
NEW
FOSTER'S LAGER
F
PARNELL

to spasm over the crispness of it all. Way too many. I conceded. My destiny was probably waiting for me on Audition Number Two, anyway. I waved to the "daddies" as I left. "Good luck," I lied. My agent had briefed me on my next audition with the following phone conversation:

"It's this movie about these three monkeys."

"Monkeys?"

"Uh. . . I dunno, chimps, maybe. Anyway, they're lookin' for. . ."

"Chimpanzees?"

"Whatever. A gangster. They want like a gangster to play opposite the whaddaya-call-its. Helluva part."

"You're kidding."

"Would I kid? And they wanna see ya right away after the commercial. Listen, you happen to own a double-breasted pinstripe suit?"

"No, why?"

"I figure it's a comedy."

I was sure it was, so I had rented a large one: a colossal triple-breasted pinstriped tent that was barely popular during the Depression. The suit was hanging in my car, the audition was now, and I was a long way from home. After a lightning-fast change in the men's room of an Ampol station, I arrived (with wet socks) at the producer's office where the audition was taking place.

I am convinced that film producers choose their secretaries from a secret pool of the most beautiful ex-cheerleaders in Melbourne, and that scholarships are granted for extraordinary fingernails. But how do they type?

She pointed a winner, as she handed me a script. "Look over this scene where Harry, Larry and Barry are watching TV, and you're on like this broken scaffold outside. Y'know, tryin' to kidnap 'em."

"The monkeys. . . uh, chimpanzees?"

"Orangutans. They're real different."

"Oh, yeah, right."

"It's right here on page 43, just before you fall through the window." She mercifully ignored my suit. They've seen it all. There were three nervous wrecks in the waiting room, all of us anticipating the same audition for the same part. Any minute. And for a movie! Never mind romancing a chicken leg for a day or two; this was the Last Supper, and dinner could go on for weeks. The aroma was urgent.

Even though the part was second banana to a barrel of whaddaya-call-its, hands were wet, mouths dry and egos fragile. The room was a jitter pit, and we were all compensating in some very exotic ways. To my right was the winner of the "Mr Congeniality" award. He knew everybody. Not only in the room, but also the entire staff of each office either side of us, where he had just finished making the rounds at the top of his anxiety. He called *all* the secretaries "honey", and he even said "Hey babe, how ya doin'?" to the temporary kid who dropped by with the inter-office mail. He was crazy about everybody in the building. To my left was "Mr Successful". He had announced his arrival with guns blazing. And all in one breath: "Hey, guys — boy I just got back from the roughest location of my life, even worse than the Weir film, and that was a tough eight weeks, but beautiful in a way, y'know; barely made it back to do the Fosters commercial — honey, can you give me a time frame? I gotta be at the Packer studio in a half hour."

Well, forget it. He even shot the smile off Mr Congeniality's face. And I was hunched between the two, my script in a white-knuckle seizure, shaky at having walked away hands down with the "Ludicrous Costume" award. By default. As if that were not enough, I had also disintegrated into a state of oral dementia. I was on my third cigarette, my second cup of coffee, and I'd worn a path through the carpet in a direct line to the bowl of jellybeans on "honey's" desk. Some of which I had dropped, picked up and gulped regardless. I was sipping, sucking and chewing, and trying not to think about how much money I would have made on the Weir film for eight weeks.

Presently, the unforeseen happened. From behind the door to the producer's office, an arena usually renowned for its hush, came a little ripple of laughter. Good, I thought, sounds like a pleasant bunch. Then the ripple surged, crested and exploded. A roaring tidal wave. Then another ripple. . . and another wave. Not good. It sounded like *The Best of Lucy* in there.

Even "honey" started to giggle, and she was sitting outside with us.

No words passed among the actors in waiting. But the camaraderie that overwhelmed us was like hot water on coffee crystals. Instant. It was akin to the feeling that must have passed among Napoleon's boys at Waterloo just before the roof fell in. An actor was in there with *our* producer, *our* director, and *our* writer, and he was fracturing them.

Abruptly, the door burst open, orchestrated by one final eruption, and out bounded a success story, newly born, and wearing a Xerox copy of my very own enchanted suit. Curtain calls were dancing in his eyes; and we all knew that he had the brass ring tucked safely away in his pinstriped pocket.

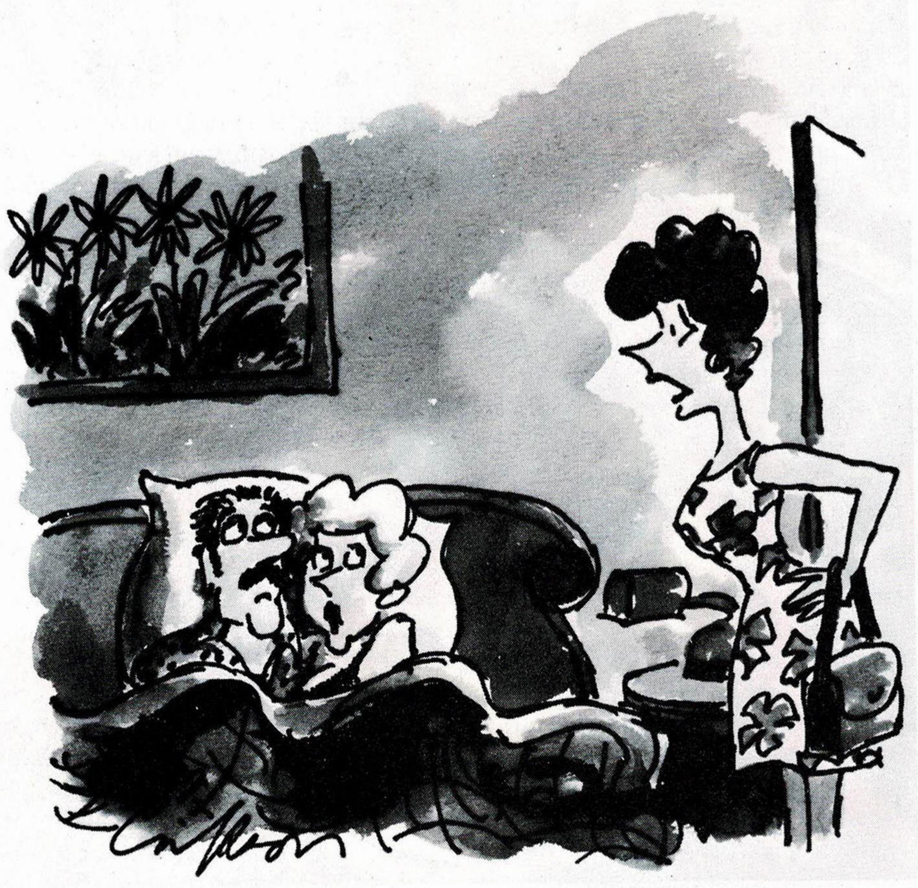
He couldn't help himself: "Hey babe, what's happenin'? Good ta see ya! Been busy? Hey man, I haven't seen *you* since the Weir film." And to guess who: "Hey, love the suit!"

He waved to us all as he left. "Good luck fellas!" He lied, too.

Mr Congeniality slumped in his chair, hating everybody in the building; and Mr Successful was hell-bent for what was left of the jellybeans.

"How do you type with those things?" I fired at "honey" as she opened a fresh bottle of nail polish.

"I manage." She looked up at me and smiled. "You're next," she said.



"Herbert, sometimes I think you care more about your mother than you do about me!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

DOUBLE TROUBLE

No, you're not seeing double and we haven't used trick photography. Meet the Tassie twins — lovely Denise Robinson (who appeared earlier this year as Miss February) and her equally lovely sister, Janette.

PUT AWAY YOUR *magnifying glasses: Denise and Janette are almost identical. "I have a small beauty spot just above my lip on the right side," smiles Janette, "and that's really the only noticeable physical difference." When this fun-loving pair were young children, they would often confuse their friends and family by changing identity bracelets. "We were real little Tasmanian devils!" laughs Denise.*

DENISE AND JANETTE

share more in common than just their good looks. "Our tastes are very alike," says Denise, "we can go out shopping separately and often end up buying exactly the same shoes or clothes. We tend to have identical reactions to people and situations and enjoy the same interests and hobbies. . . oh boy, about the only difference is that I like hot, spicy food and Janette prefers milder flavors."

WE ASKED DENISE

and Janette what would happen if they both wanted the same man. "We'd come to some arrangement," they laugh, almost in chorus. "It hasn't happened," adds Janette, "although once we did play tricks on two guys we were going out with. We swapped places for the evening and neither of them woke up to what was going on!" Denise continues, "You can imagine the sort of propositions we get from guys who see us together!" Ahem, yes we can imagine. Meanwhile, just for the record, that's Denise on the right and Janette on the left, or hang on, is it Janette on the. . .

Furnishings by Arredorama International. Lingerie by Hilton Lingerie, available at all leading stores and boutiques.

HOLY JOH

the closest thing we've got to divine rule could be nearing its end

THERE WAS ONCE a powerless, penniless and uneducated boy from the north of Australia who made good. Through charm and perseverance, he convinced others of his wisdom. Today he rules Queensland almost single-handed, surrounded by impressive fortunes. His name is Joh Bjelke-Petersen, Queensland Premier, and his reign might be near its end. Premier Joh has skilfully succeeded in doing what any aspiring Western leader might sell his soul to do. He has remained on top for 15 years with no more than 28 percent of the popular vote. Some see him as a shrewd dictator who's fixed the electoral boundaries so crookedly that he will remain Premier for life. He is accused of being a racist, sexist, welfare-hating farmer who has divided rich against poor, white against black, city folk against country folk. Others disagree, seeing Joh as a strong man, a believer in God and free enterprise, who tells the unions to go to hell. "I'd reckon he'd straighten this country out if he was Prime Minister," commented one Queenslander. He's rural, religious and hard working. Some imagine him close to God, others closer to the devil. My study of him led to neither place. It led to Queensland instead.

FROM DINOSAURS TO THE NATIONAL PARTY

Dinosaurs once plodded around Northern Australia where the State of Queensland now exists. The slow, inflexible, mindless things could not cope with the changes in the world. They simply perished, but Queensland remained, holding fast, a wonderfully desolate place. White man's Queensland began as a mooring for misfits. As in other parts of Australia, Mother England sprinkled the place with her unwanted convicts. Later, poor people were enticed with free passage and religious folk came with dreams. Moravian Germans, Calvinists and Scottish Protestants chose to go past the Moreton Bay settlement (near Brisbane) and set up farms 100 miles inland along the fertile Darling Downs. Their hard work ethic went into practice. Always in the grip of failure during the early days, faith was the single ingredient which made them persistent and unbending. They cleared the land, grew crops, converted any of the pagan convicts, or blacks who unwittingly passed by. As they grew in number, they grew in political strength as well. These religious settlers, with their intense faith and hard work philosophy, became the enduring cornerstone of Queensland's rural culture. By 1850, these pioneers, along with others from the Moreton Bay settlement, complained of being governed by Sydney city men who lived too far away from their troubles. Suspected of being both backwoods and backwards, these northern people became dispirited. They complained of being treated as ragamuffins and demanded the right to run their own affairs. When the right was eventually granted, the mistrust of those "southern sophisticates" persisted. Even after becoming a State, the stain of inferiority lingered. Twentieth Century Queenslanders still complain of being isolated and third rate, their State a branch office to Melbourne and Sydney and a shallow backwater to the Federal Government. Queensland is conservative, rural and old fashioned. "A place," as one journalist put it, "where candidates think it's good campaigning to nail pictures of themselves on a tree with slogans at the bottom: Don't Fuss, Vote Russ." The State seems fastened to redneck images of being racist, bigoted and

profile by christopher morris

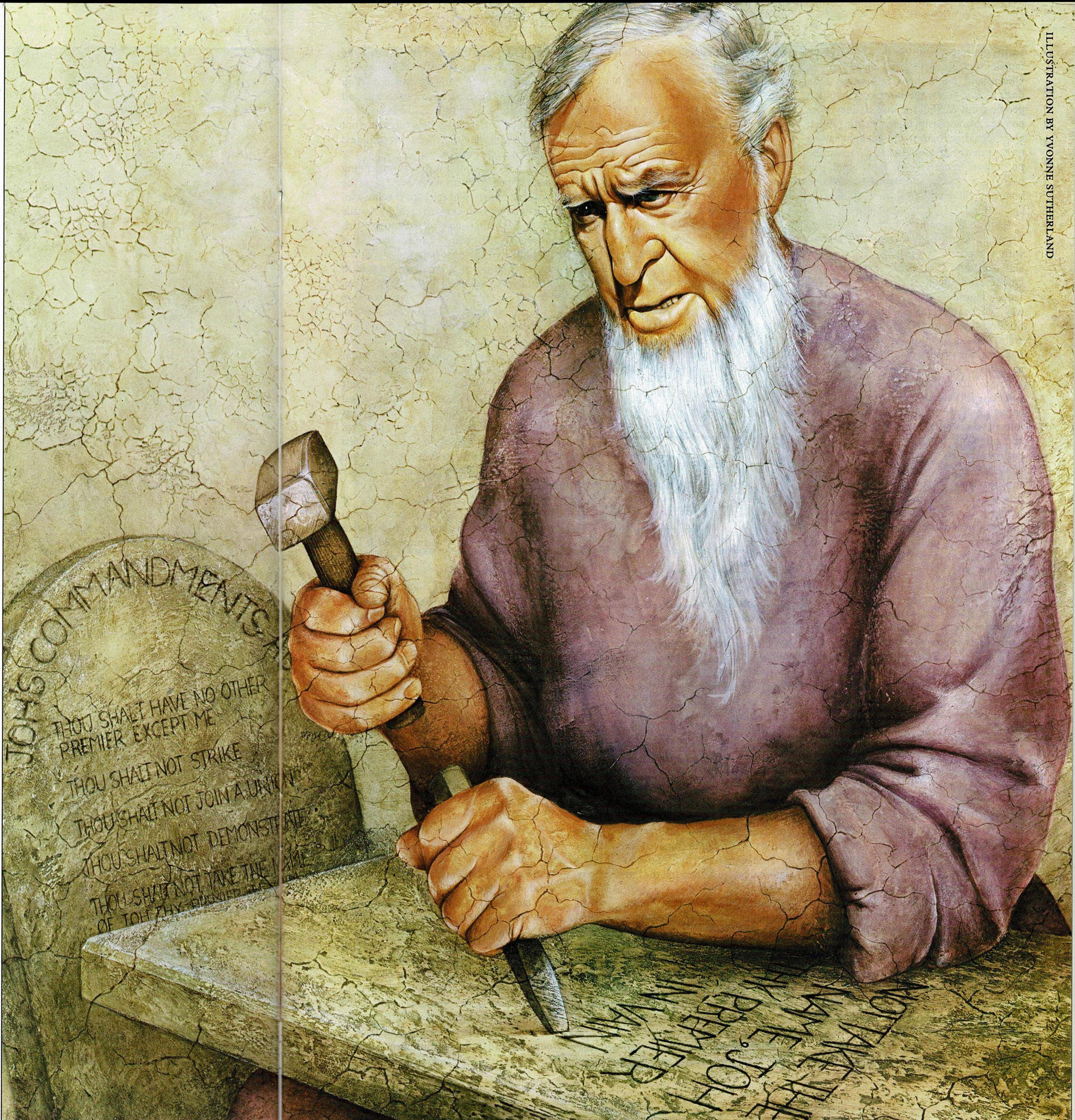

JOH'S COMMANDMENTS
THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER PREMIER EXCEPT ME
THOU SHALT NOT STRIKE
THOU SHALT NOT JOIN A UNION
THOU SHALT NOT DEMONSTRATE
THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF JOH THY PREMIER
NOT TAKE THE NAME, JOH THY PREMIER IN VAIN

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

sexist. As one person observed: "To be a female socialist Aborigine on welfare in Queensland might be a fate worse than death." For years, the more cosmopolitan people from Melbourne and Sydney have pointed humorously to the north. When Queensland refused to join daylight saving time with the rest of Australia, an airline pilot was reported to have told his passengers: "Turn your watches back one hour and 50 years, you are now entering Queensland."

Historically, politics in the "Sunshine State" have been a rough-and-tumble affair with a good quota of drinkers, gamesters and fighters. In 1922, a quarrelling Queensland Parliament abolished the Upper House (Senate), claiming the State was unmanageable and over-governed. Suddenly, a legitimate part of the democratic process was undermined. From that moment, the system of checks and balances atrophied.

In the '40s and '50s, when Labor was in power, gerrymandering (the unfair readjusting of electoral boundaries) was put into practice, silencing a number of votes and opposing points of view. In 1957, a coalition of the Country Party and the conservative Liberals defeated Labor. Like squabbling school children saying "they did it to us, so we're gonna do it to them even harder", the boundaries were reversed in the Country Party's favor.

Today, the widening Queensland gerrymander has grown to embarrassing proportions: a country voter often has the electoral power of two city voters. The practice even discriminates against the National Party's own partner. Joh's party has always been the senior member of the governing coalition, but most often with fewer votes than the conservative associates. In 1972, both Labor and the conservative Liberals polled better than the Country Party but lost the election. Surprisingly, this erosion of cherished democratic principles has not harmed the country boys. Indeed, Joh's National Party (which recently underwent a name change from Country Party to woo the city voters) has gone from strength to strength. Unrepentant and guiltless, the party shovels criticism aside, claiming the gerrymander is necessary to protect the people who live in far-flung corners of the State. Queensland is well on the way to becoming a single party State where voting is but a formality.

Elected democratically, Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen looks like being leader for life. Strong, unbending and a little quirky, Joh is the most effective politician Australia has ever seen. Simple talk, simple morality, simple answers to complex problems have been welcomed by his supporters. His uncomplicated country style is like an old memory lost and regained, a scent from childhood returning. It's a winning scent that opponents fail to fan away.

●

It had been a tough week for Joh when I met him. The Korean trip had not been as successful as planned; he blamed this on greedy Aussie workers "wanting more and more". An election was looming and it was time to cull a few less popular Cabinet ministers who had no intentions of leaving quietly. While bloodletting took place at one end of the political arena, a jousting display was in progress at the other: a handful of aspirants seeking the deputy leadership of Joh's National Party. One of the young bucks was trying to break down some of the old guard ways to become the heir apparent. Things were not going smoothly, yet Joh welcomed me into his chamber for an interview.

Rumor has made a giant of Bjelke-Petersen but he's not a large man at all. He was polite and dressed to conservative perfection, straight and untapered as a rural Sunday. He looked fit and strong for 72, though not as ageless as folk legend would make him. A pleasant-looking man with soft manners and a remarkable clarity in his eyes; there was nothing vague or aloof about them. They exuded a kind of energy that causes excitement, and as he spoke, this became clearer. His whole body would become gripped by his own thoughts; an idea would come like a locomotive and suddenly there would be absolutely no doubt in his mind. It seemed to be an almost unconscious behavior, as though God had touched him with certainty.

> *Joh is the most effective politician Australia has ever seen. Simple talk, simple answers have been welcomed by his supporters.*

Joh's political success, his persistence and sturdy religious faith have caused a near genuflecting among his supporters. Government specialist Margaret Cribb of Queensland University, thinks his appeal "lies in the certainty of his own rectitude, which comforts and reassures those who are finding it difficult to come to terms with life in a changing society." To many he is a paternal figure. When Joh the father speaks, people listen.

"Until I was 25," says Premier Joh, "I was never able to receive any pay. I just worked and worked hard and long in our dairy because that was a part of life. Today, I wouldn't like it any different. Under those circumstances you learn to strive, to develop your initiative. You get your two feet right on the ground, and when you have to strive for your existence, you really appreciate the things you get."

These words have been recorded year after year, speech after speech. They never vary. "Go in one direction all the time," he told me. "You don't waffle. Never waffle. And always keep moving forward. You never stop. You move from area to area and forward at the same time. Same in attitude. You must not stagnate but you must not vary your policies either. What people like is consistency. . . positive people."

Much of Joh's optimism and unbending nature comes from his early days, from the Fundamentalist Church, the scores of Elmer Gantrys who preached faith. Not the passive faith that most of us learned: this was an eager faith, an optimism that HE is here, and HE is going to help you. . . *but you gotta work hard, son, get your two feet planted firmly on the ground. Strive for the things you want. You have to strive for things to appreciate them. No quitting. Nope. You can do anything if you have faith, son. You can do anything. There is nothing you can't do. Remember that! But you gotta have faith.*

"I don't know a greater success story in 20th Century Australia," says government specialist Ken Wiltshire of Queensland University. "It wasn't an accident. It has been one of the cleverest, shrewdest moves of all time. They (Joh's boys) were written off as cow cockies for so long but it's become clear there was a clever, intelligent strategy behind it."

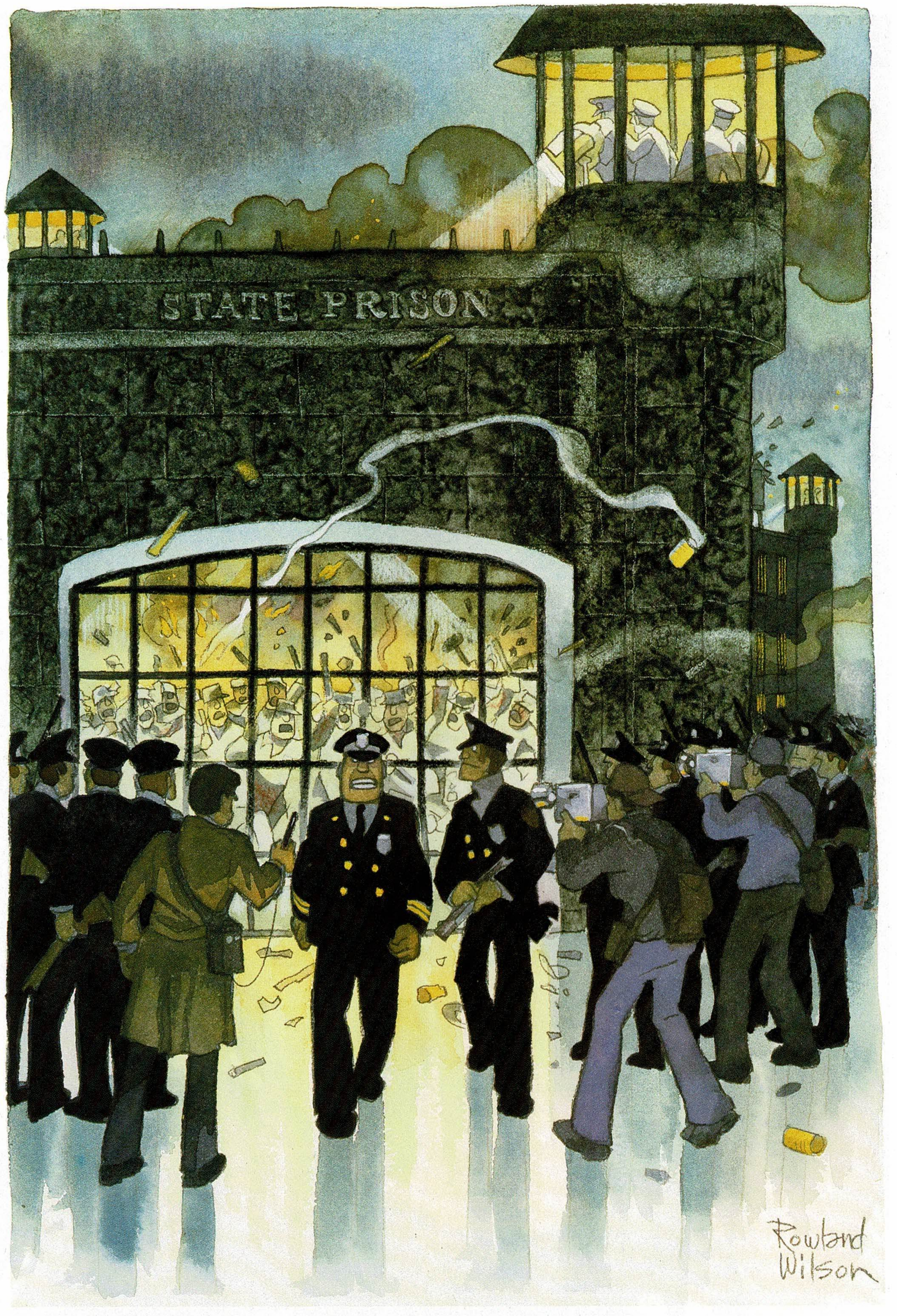
Harry Gordon, Executive Editor of Queensland Newspapers, summed it up this way: "He's a very simple man but there is no way I can tell you simply what he's done here."

Joh has simplified the complexities of life. He has simplified the community, dividing it into communists and Christians, free enterprise versus socialist handouts, law and order versus chaos and communist radicals in the streets, pioneers and risk-takers versus knockers and layabouts and do-nothings, Queenslanders versus those big city Southerners, populist States' rights versus meddling Federal bureaucrats. He has said it over and over and over again, as though knowing people don't listen the first two or three times, as though knowing they will eventually listen if he keeps it simple enough, digestible, with the 30 or 60-second television format most of us have become accustomed to.

"We live too soft a life," he says. "You go to Korea, you go to Japan — they've got to work for their living. They've got to really dig their toes in for their existence. We have the dole and robust benefits here so freely. We don't even have to collect it. They'll soon take it out of the mailbox and take it into your kitchen. We're soft, in that respect. You go to the countries like Korea and Japan, where you just don't go and pick up money like that all the time. There's a greater earnestness and a greater dedication to try and overcome the problem. Like in my day. This is the problem.

"You learn to develop your initiative. My word you do. When you got your back to your wall, and if you got some go in you, and

(continued on page 98)



"They want lobster."

Mignon

FROM WORLD CHAMPION RUNNER TO TV COMMERCIAL ACTRESS, SHE'S GROWN UP IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

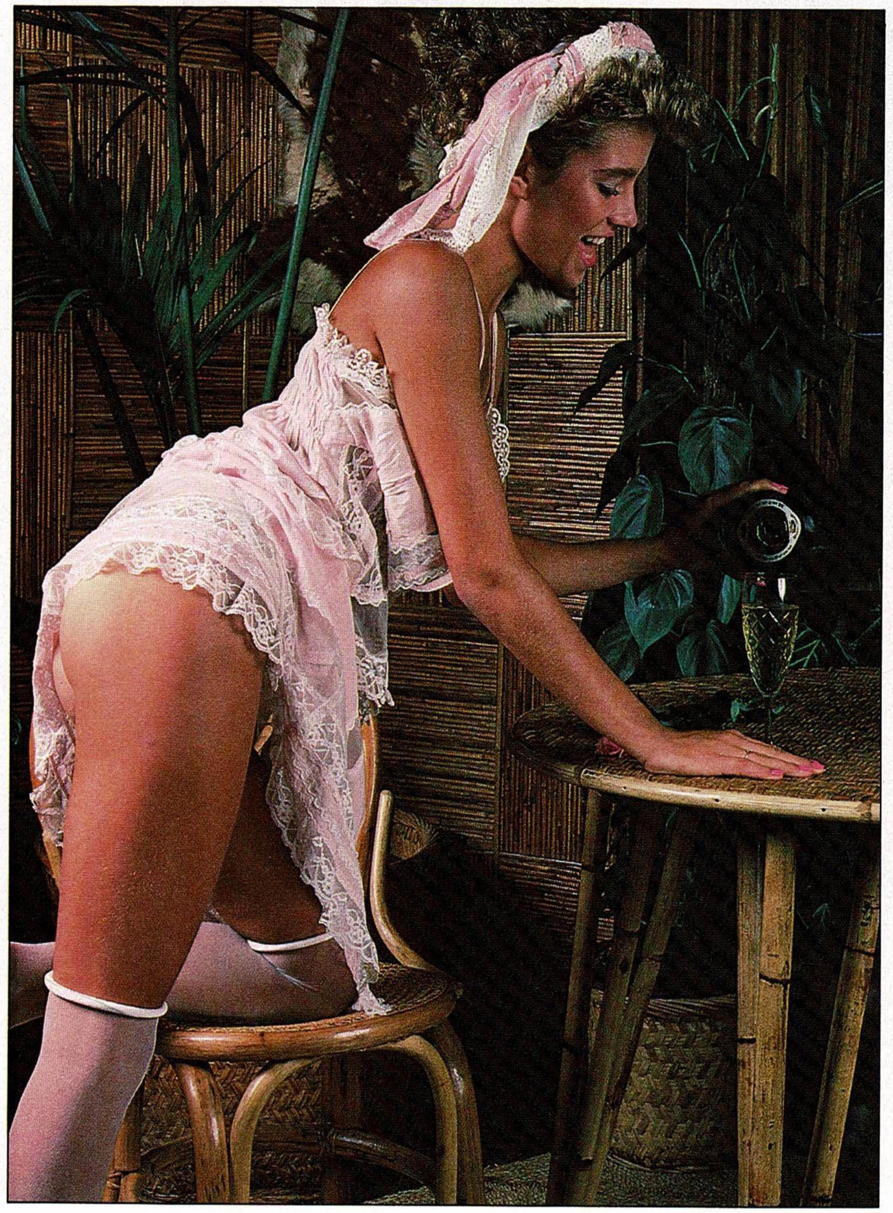
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENT MELTON

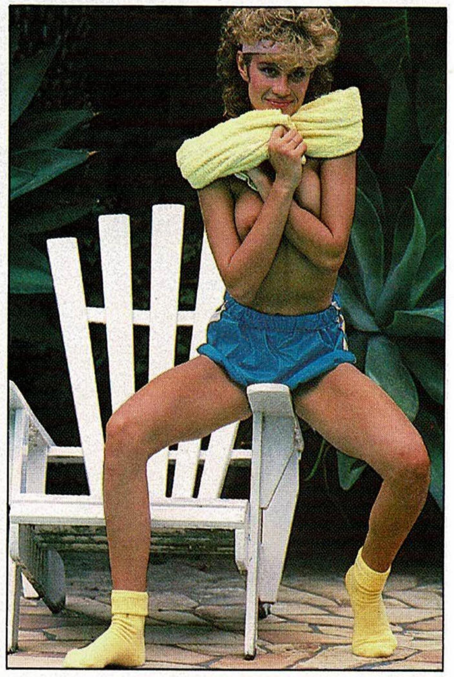
High-powered. That's the only word to describe our September Playmate, Mignon Carrington. This svelte frame houses a dynamo. Ever since she was a toddler, she's been hooked on accomplishment. Although Mignon's goals have changed recently, for most of her childhood her sights were set firmly on the tape at the end of the track. She started running regularly at the age of four, and by seven was a world record-holder in her age group for 400 metres. That mark still stands, along with Australian girls' records in 800 and 1500 metres, both of which she set at age 12.

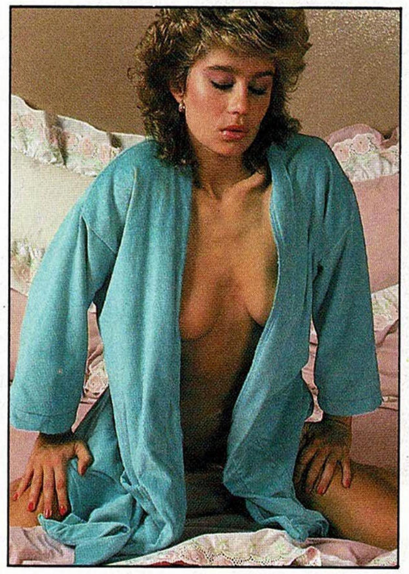
Born in Sydney to parents who emigrated from Mannheim, Germany, Mignon's early life was one of strict discipline. She went to a convent school in the Sydney suburb of Waverley, where her usual garb of sports shoes and white socks was considered "out of uniform". A bit of a rebel even then, Mignon managed, by dint of personality and talent, to get away with such rule-breaking. "My skirt was always shorter than everyone else's," she recalls, "but I had an excuse: if it wasn't short, I'd step on it when I got down to start a race." Running wasn't all escapism for Mignon. Her normal routine as a teenager was: up early, run 20 miles or so, then tune up with exercises and sprints in the afternoon. "I was doing up to 100 miles a week at the age of 14 and 15." She also weighed a mere six stone and was still under five feet tall at 13 years — which she feels was one result of so much athletics. "As soon as I stopped running, I grew up," she remembers. "I enjoyed it while it lasted, but I was glad to get out of it."

Nowadays, Mignon runs only occasionally, "to let a little bit of aggression out and to have the cool wind in my hair." Business ventures and modelling have taken up much of her time in the last couple of years — she thrives on any sort of occupation that challenges. Typical of Mignon's aggressive and confident style is her reason for appearing in Australian PLAYBOY: "Partly to be seen again, to let people know I'm still here. Plus, I think I've got a good body, so why not show it?"

Aside from the sport pages, her very lovely body has also appeared in a variety of television commercials, including those for Paco Rabanne men's cologne, Big M and the Do The Right Thing campaign. Although she does have an agent in Sydney, much of Mignon's TV work has resulted from producers noticing her in a crowd — which obviously is not too tough to do. In addition to modelling, Mignon took a stab at street hawking (where again, she met with great success) and at marketeering. At one point, three designers were making women's clothes for her "rag trade", but she sold that business and now is contemplating the hotel game. She has a perfect mentor in her father — a hotel owner and general manager — but even so, Mignon expects she'll have to work her way up. Which hotel she starts in is still a question mark. With her dad's help, Mignon's looking at venues in New Zealand, Canberra, Melbourne and Surfers Paradise as options. "I hate to stay in the same place too long," our fiery Aries declares. And she likes men who can keep up with her fast pace. "I admire businessmen," she admits, "people who can do it for themselves. People who've got guts. I was always a tomboy — any tree I saw I conquered — and I still have a lot of male friends."

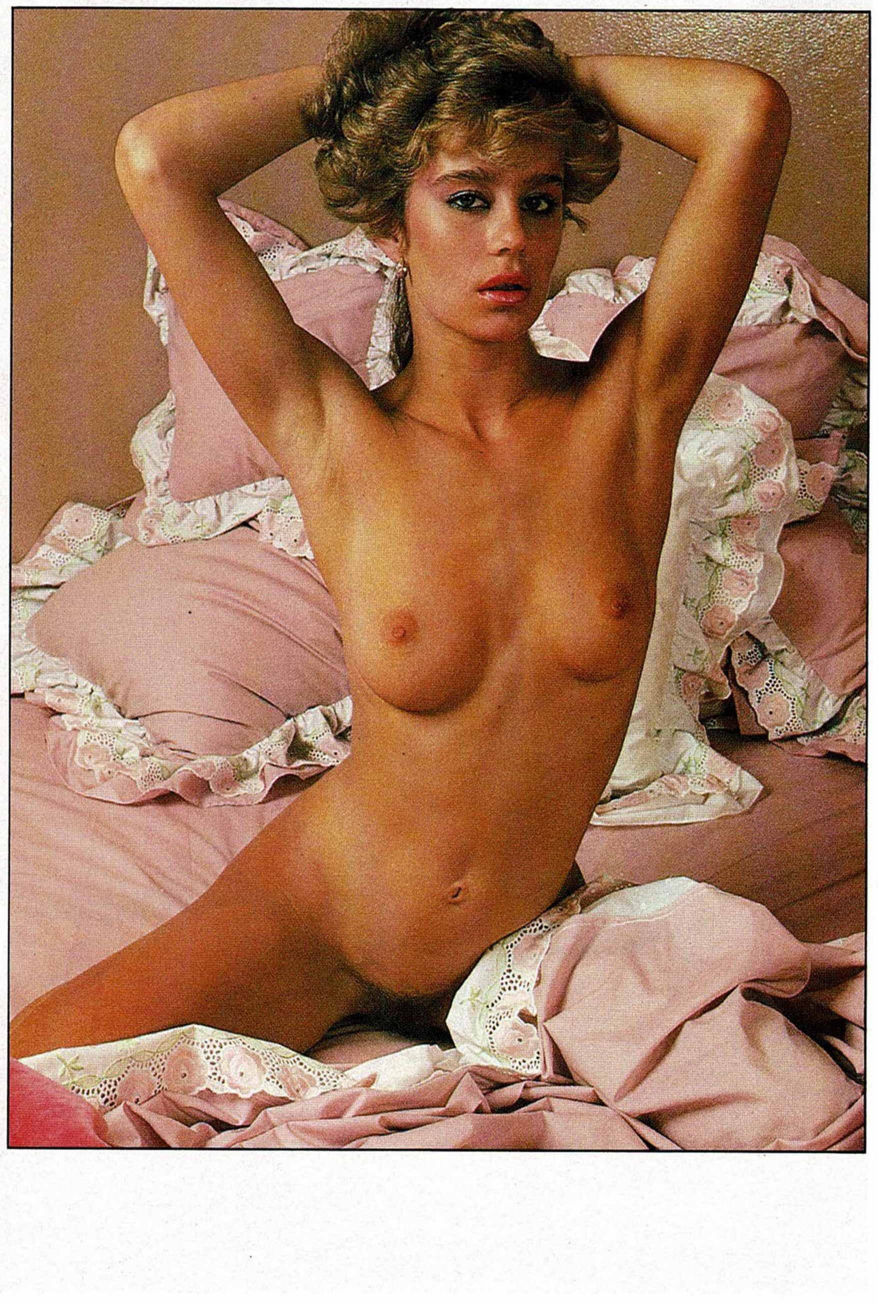


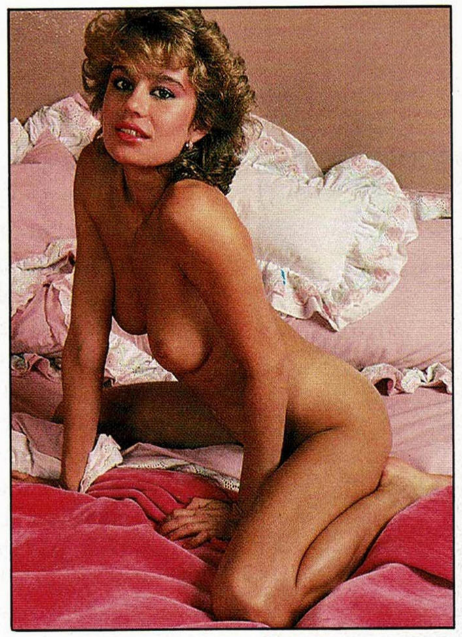




As for her love life (ie sexual fantasies), Mignon admits, "I've got quite a few. I need someone who can keep up with me; I'm very sexually orientated. But the guys seem to be the ones who clag out first. I guess my fantasy is for someone to be a little aggressive — a guy who's domineering. He has to be fit enough to take over."

Mignon doesn't want for opinions when it comes to her idea of the guy for her. "He has to be successful, understanding, cuddly and lovable. The typical guy tends to run away once he gets to know me. I need a guy to give me a kick in the pants once in a while. But he's got to be very sexy."





And I like a wealthy man with a fast car — because I've got very expensive taste and I want him to look the part as much as I do."

Mignon's match has to measure up mentally as well as physically. As a chess player, avid reader and a budding poetess who one day would like to try her hand at journalism, Mignon doesn't agree with one particular line of advice that she often hears. "Most people say my good looks are my best asset. I appreciate good looks, but I'd rather rely on my ability to think well."

For a young lady who's off to such a flying start, Mignon Carrington seems to have drawn a very direct bead on her horizons.

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

BARBELL
CHAMPION
KG
LB

Mignon

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Mignon Carrington

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 7st SIGN: Aries

BIRTH DATE: 15.4.64 BIRTHPLACE: Sydney

AMBITIONS: Health, wealth + Happiness

TURN-ONS: watching a street Hawker, a cold gusty day, Black sports cars

TURN-OFFS: Bitching women and people who don't look past their noses

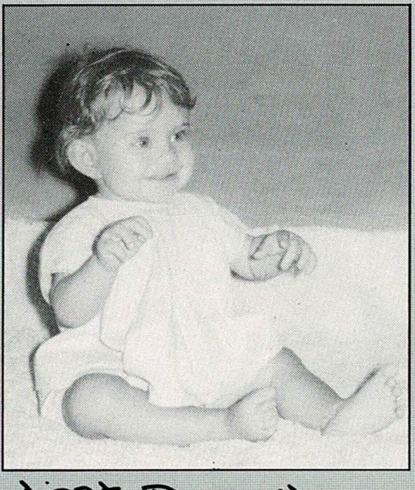
FAVORITE BOOKS: Exodus, future shock money changers, wheels.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: falco, woody Allen jerry lewis, jack lemmon

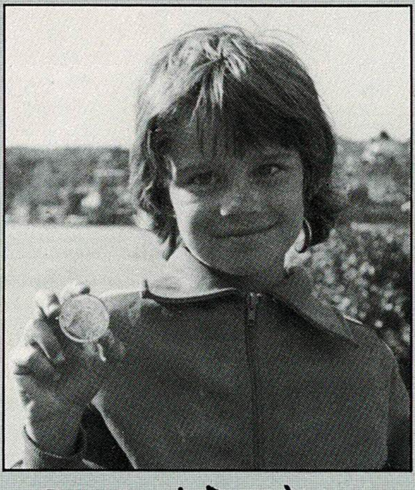
FAVORITE SPORTS: Running, water skiing

IDEAL MAN: Humorous, understanding Successful, curly Black hair

SECRET FANTASY: To improve with age



first Beauty contest at 1yr



A Gold at 10 yr's

School days 15yrs

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A pharmaceutical company was conducting a door-to-door survey to see if its products were popular with consumers. The interviewer knocked on a door and asked the lady of the house if Vaseline was used in her home.

"Yeah," she replied, "we use Vaseline when we have sex. We put it on the bedroom doorknob so the kids can't get in."

The doctor informed Denise that she definitely was pregnant. "Please feel free to use my telephone if you'd like to call your husband," he advised her.

"But doctor, I'm not married," came the reply.

"Well then, you'd better tell your lover."

"But I've never had a lover," Denise insisted.

"Alright then, you'd better go home and tell your mother to get ready for the second coming of Christ."

It was dusk and a young athlete was doing push-ups on the beach when a drunk lurched towards him. The inebriated man weaved his way to within a few metres of the perspiring youth, sat down on the sand and began laughing heartily.

"What the devil are you laughing about?" asked the annoyed young man.

"Don't look now, shunny," he spluttered, "but shumbuddy stole your girl!"

George discovered his wife was cheating with his best friend Bill. He told Bill's wife what was happening. "I know what we'll do," she suggested, "we'll take revenge on them."

So they went to the local motel to carry out the revenge.

The woman was not easily satisfied and kept yelling, "Let's have more revenge! Revenge! Revenge!"

"Come off it," gasped George, "that's enough revenge for now. I have no more hard feelings."

There was a young lad from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born.
And he wouldn't have been,
If his old man had seen
That the tip of the rubber was torn!

Q. Why do dogs lick their balls?
A. Because they *can.*

A beautiful young girl was killed in a car accident and found herself in the after-world.

"Since you've been a very good girl, I'm going to let you sleep with anyone you like," advised the gate-keeper. "You can have your choice: we'll bring them to you. How about Santa Claus, the Harlem Globetrotters, Superman and Greg Chappell?"

"But I don't want to sleep with any of those guys," the girl protested. "Santa only comes once a year, the Harlem Globetrotters dribble before they shoot, Superman comes at 100mph, and as for Greg Chappell, once you get him in, you can't get him out!"

And then there was the gay pilot who preferred to fly by the seat of his co-pilot's pants.

An obviously uncomfortable mature male slipped into a sex shop.

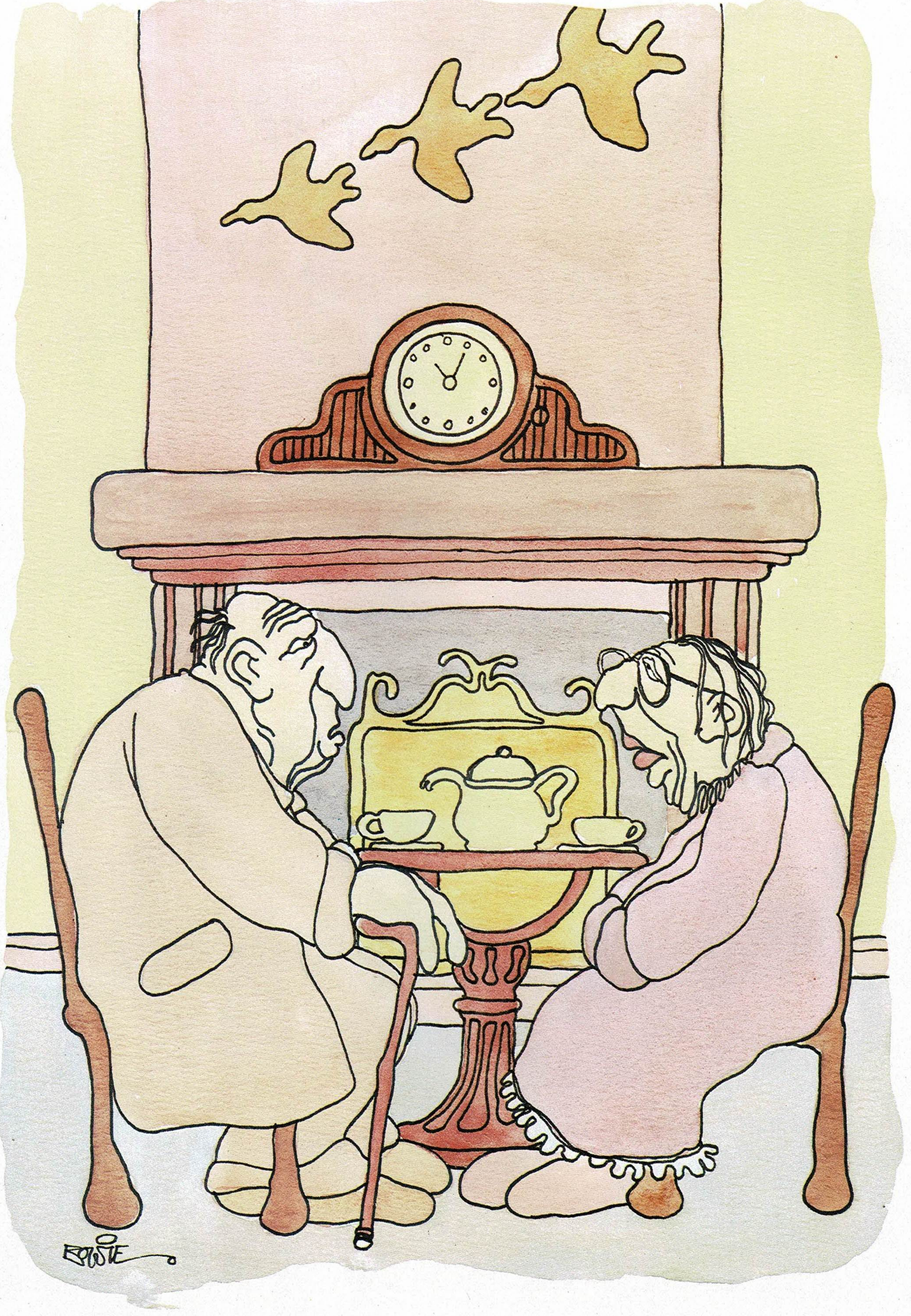
"Are you looking for anything in particular?" inquired the salesman.

"I'm. . .well, I'm frankly not sure what I have in mind," answered the customer. "Just something to, y'know, spice things up for the wife and me."

"Well," replied the salesman, "I'd suggest a French tickler."

"That sounds like fun," the man mused, "but I don't think Doreen would agree to a threesome!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Before our relationship develops any further. . . I'm gay."

HOW I BROUGHT THE BROWN RICE TO NIMBIN

with gough safely in power, young clyde went north, chasing rainbows, fast bucks and faster women

Adventurer/journalist Clyde Strange — a PLAYBOY contributor for many years — is a man whose penchant for being in the right place at the right time is legend wherever beers are poured. As a news-gatherer, Strange is unique in that he doesn't merely cover the the major stories of the day, he creates them. Without him there is every reason to believe there would have been no Woodstock, no Australian film industry, no Whitlam Labor government, no national identity. Australia would still be laboring in the intellectual Nullarbor that existed in the years BS (Before Strange). And yet, for a man who has contributed so much to Australia's heritage, Strange is ludicrously modest. Although he has figured in every event which has shaped our history over the past 20 years, his is not a household name.

humor by clyde strange

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR & FIL BARLOW

However, pressured by Australian PLAYBOY'*s* ***Phil Jarratt,*** *Strange reluctantly agreed to recall some of his life's work exclusively for* PLAYBOY. *We pick up the story in late 1972, when the world was very different. . .*

BACK IN THE DAYS before light ale and Hawkey going on the wagon, Canberra wasn't all that bad a place to live. There was the Wello, the Rex, the ethnic clubs, social cricket at the weekend and, of course, the Non-Members Bar at Parliament House. And, in the spring of 1972, we had Billy McMahon to laugh at and Gough to look forward to. If you were a leftie with a strong liver, life was good.

But frankly, even as the magnitude of our impending victory became obvious, I was getting a little footloose. For one thing my job was almost done, and when you spread yourself as thinly as I do, there's no time for hanging around to accept the kudos. I've always liked the final scene in every episode of *The Lone Ranger,* where the people ask after a cloud of horsey dust: who was that masked man? Well, I don't wear a mask (although in Paris in '68 I used to sometimes affect a balaclava) but I rather like to slip away in triumph.

Such was the case as spring turned into summer in Canberra that year. I made some basic alterations to Gough's acceptance speech, showed speech-writer Graham Freudenberg what would be required in the months ahead, briefed Barnard on the workings of the duumvirate ("For Christ's sake, Lance, don't try to do too much too quickly," I counselled), found a new opening bat for Mungo's Eleven and made an appointment to see Gough. With a couple of days of the campaign still to run, he was a busy man, but he was happy to cancel Queensland and meet me. My brief had never been specific. Gough had simply called me and asked if I would make myself available as a personal adviser and cultural guru to the Labor Party at large.

Now, seated at his large desk in the office of the Leader of the Opposition, packing cases all around him, he listened in silence while I explained that the time had come to move on. "Leader," I said, "there is now no question of the outcome of Saturday's election. The country is in good hands, now I must be off."

Gough was visibly shaken. There was talk of special advisory jobs to government departments, money, glory and so on. Naturally, I was unmoved. I explained to the man who would be Prime Minister that something was happening out there amongst the common people, a new lifestyle emerging, and that it needed guidance. I told Gough about the raves I'd had long into the night with Jim Cairns, rambling discussions about the need for simple goals in a complex world, and I told him about the vision which had been growing within me since '67 in Haight-Ashbury, the Summer of Love. That experience got a bit out of hand due to factors beyond my control, but the simple idea that my generation could change the world by example had stayed with me. It was what I was getting at when I helped Pete Townshend put some song lyrics together, and it was what I was trying to get across when I helped organise the Woodstock festival in '69. Now I was ready to put some of my ideas on alternative lifestyles into practice.

Gough rose to his full height and pushed his fingers through his wavy grey hair (so much more statesmanlike since I threw away his Brylcreem.) "Go north, young man," he said.

Although I'm not a mercenary man, and never have been, my deal with Gough had included, as well as the warm glow from helping your country, a sizeable payment. Cash, small denominations, the usual deal. So it was with a large suitcase full of money and a paper bag containing a change of clothes that I deplaned in Sydney on the morning of December 2 and headed straight for Balmain where, since our wild parties of the early '60s, a kind of leftist writers' ghetto had evolved. It was mostly flagon wine and bullshit, of course, but it was in this thoughtful environment that the seeds of dissatisfaction with city life were being sewn. It was where I planned to gather around me the core of what I would later call The New Settler Movement.

> *Gough was visibly shaken. There was talk of special advisory jobs to government departments, money, glory and so on. Naturally, I was unmoved.*

I got the cabbie to stop at the St Vincent de Paul shop in the city, where I hastily traded my Irish Catholic Stamina suit look for a more appropriate combo of sugar bag shirt, jeans and Pirelli sandals. My hair was a bit on the short side but that kind of helped the overall avant-garde impression. Yeah, I looked pretty government grant. I practised rolling my own as the cab sped on across White Bay.

A pall of green-grey marijuana smoke hung low over the election night party. There were a couple of tellies strategically placed around the terrace and, of course, everyone was there. We drank tinnies and red wine from little plastic cups and shouldered from room to room. The playwright David Williamson caught my eye and we indulged in a little nostalgia about Election Night 1969. "That was some party," Williamson recalled. "Clyde, I'll never forget you for suggesting I write about it. You're a real white man." Slightly embarrassed by the compliment, I moved the conversation on to other things, but a little later I took Williamson aside and offered him some further advice. *Don's Party,* I told him, would make a terrific film. And Graham Kennedy would be perfect in it. The playwright's eyes lit up. He hugged me warmly and I hurried into another room.

As the result of the election became clearer and the boozy emotionalism of the evening more overbearing, I sought refuge from the crowd in the quiet of the back garden, where several people had passed out, several more were watering the veggie patch and a group of young mystics were sitting cross-legged in a circle. I rolled a joint with some home-grown one of the civic fathers had given me, and was invited to join them.

The moon was up over White Bay and you could see the ships in the distance. The conversation was about pollution, rip-off merchants and the evils of city life. You could buy cheap land on the north coast of New South Wales, one of them was saying, and set up a self-sufficient, alternative community. Yeah, said another, and now that Gough's in you could probably get a government grant to do it. Ideas were flung back and forth and gradually a broad plan emerged. Money had to be raised in order to send someone north on a feasibility study. Where, for example, was the best and cheapest land? What crops would grow there? What was the television reception like?

Well, of course, I was the man for the job. I told them about Woodstock and the Haight, Paris in '68, introducing Australian culture to the Balinese, my struggle for additive listing on food packets, and pretty soon they were begging me to take control of the project. I would head north as soon as enough money had been raised on campus. We agreed to meet in the Forest Lodge Hotel opposite the university.

Middle of the week I got to the pub early and put away two schooners of black to prime myself before the gang arrived. The lounge and beer garden of the Forest Lodge Hotel were packed with long-haired, drunken revellers. This was Wednesday. On Monday, Gough had followed my advice and abolished conscription and pardoned all draft resisters. As I chugged the beer and listened to the rejoicing I recalled the conversation we'd had at a barbecue in Gough's Cabramatta backyard six months before. "The key to this election is the youth vote," I'd counselled a group of Labor front-benchers, "Chuck out the draft and bring the boys home and you'll be in power for decades."

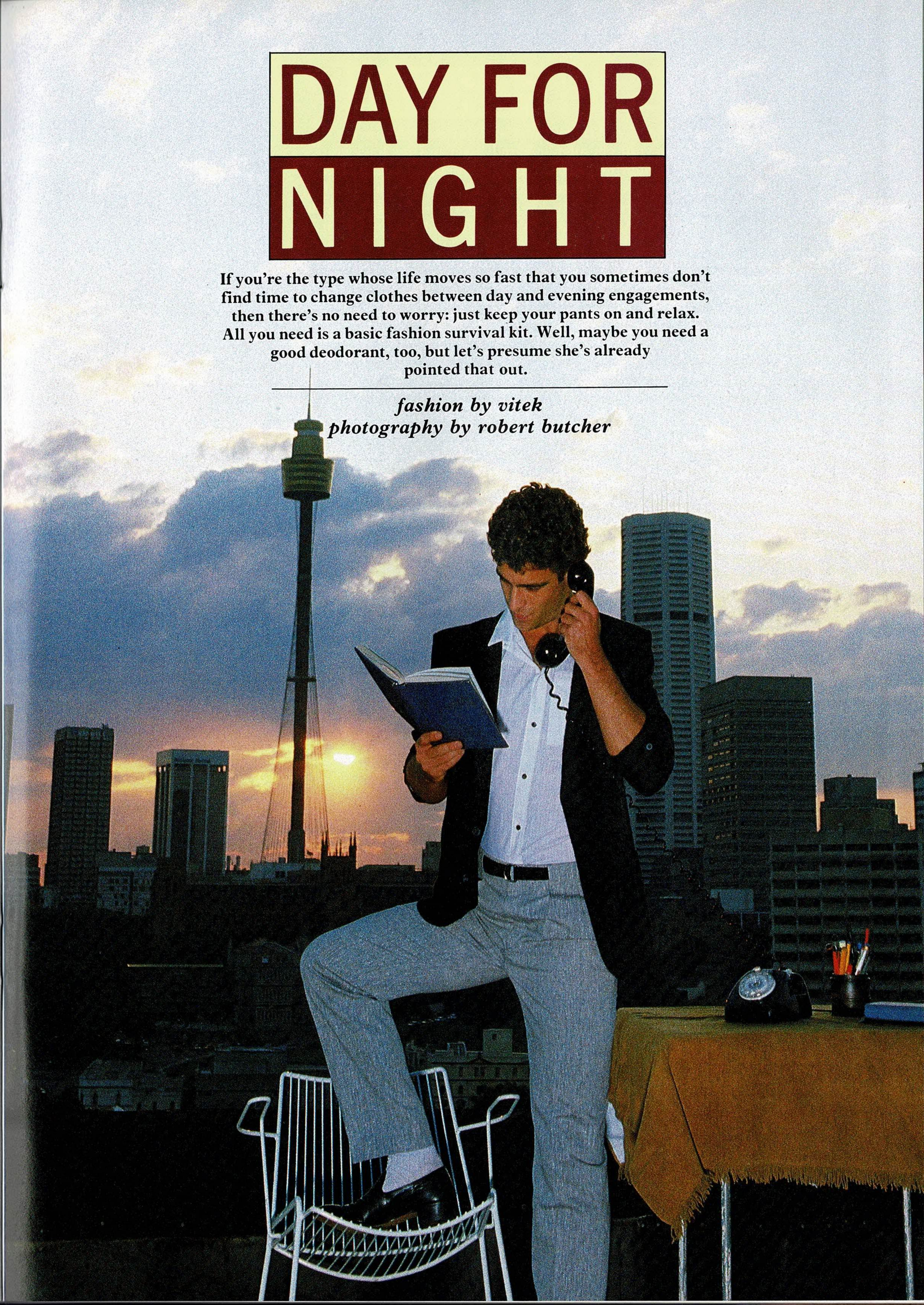
"Bloody kids of today wouldn't know an honest day's work if it was up 'em," old Rex Connor had mumbled into his drink. But Gough had taken him sternly by the arm and said: "No, comrade, listen to what young Strange has to say. He's got his finger on the pulse, his hands on the wheel, his eye on the road and his nose to the grindstone.

(continued on page 118)

DAY FOR NIGHT

If you're the type whose life moves so fast that you sometimes don't find time to change clothes between day and evening engagements, then there's no need to worry: just keep your pants on and relax. All you need is a basic fashion survival kit. Well, maybe you need a good deodorant, too, but let's presume she's already pointed that out.

fashion by vitek
photography by robert butcher



NIGHT FOR DAY

To achieve the successful transition from day to night, invest in a tube of gel from your chemist or hairdresser to slick back your hair for the full Valentino effect (avoid petroleum-based products as these will do little to enhance the condition of your hair). A dry, citric cologne (not sweet and musky, please) will also help to set the scene. Now that you've made a head start, dress up a shirt with a bow tie. Bent wing collars work well for this conversion and these are now so popular that they're featured in many business and casual shirts. The result is evening elegance at its best. Another very effective day to night aid is the cummerbund: a top-notch after-dark accessory that should be worn with plenty of panache. Adopt these few basic chameleon tricks and display them with confidence. The day and the night will be yours. Clothing from Plot Clothiers, available from leading men's wear stores in larger cities. Raw silk jacket ($180); cotton pants and bent wing collar shirt ($50).

Westfield
MOET

20 QUESTIONS: **DAVID PUTTNAM**

the chariots of fire producer talks about how he put britain back on the film-making map, his upcoming cricket movie and the state of the art in oz

David Puttnam is Britain's most successful film producer in decades. During the 1970s he almost single-handedly reversed the fortunes of the ailing British industry, and finally received his just reward in 1982 with an Academy Award for Chariots of Fire. *The brilliantly whimsical* Local Hero *followed* Chariots *and, consistent with his penchant for confounding industry-watchers, Puttnam is now tackling the unthinkable — a cricket movie. Well,* Bodyline *is actually more than a cricket movie, as Puttnam revealed when* PLAYBOY's ***Philip Mason*** *bowled 20 curly ones at him in Sydney recently.*

1.

PLAYBOY: You started your career in advertising but we have great difficulty in picturing you as a sycophantic account director. Was that your role in the advertising business?

PUTTNAM: No, and I would like to think that the fear of becoming one was why I bailed out when I did. I tried very hard when I left school to get into the film industry, but at that stage, it was an extraordinarily nepotistic industry. If you didn't have a parent or an uncle in it, there was no way in, so I got a job as a messenger in an advertising agency. I worked my way up the ladder and at 23, I was probably the highest paid under-30-year-old in Britain. But at 25, I was bored and I had almost burned myself out. Then I was a photographers' agent for about two and a half years, and made an absolute fucking fortune, and was utterly miserable. I thought, well before I totally self-destruct, I'll have another crack at the film industry. And I went to Alan Parker (*Midnight Express*) and got him to moonlight. He wrote a script for me and, more by luck than judgement, I got the first one off the ground, which was called *Melody.* Now, at that time, I knew nothing, and because I knew I knew nothing, I went into partnership with a man called Sandy Lieberson, who was going through exactly the same process. I supplied the premises and some working capital and he supplied the telephone book and we called the company Goodtime Enterprises. I did *Melody*, he did *Performance*. *Performance* was our *succes d'estime* and *Melody* made us money. During that period, I did *That'll Be The Day,* a film called *The Pied Piper* which was awful, and *Stardust* with David Essex, which was very successful, some documentaries including two with Philippe Mora, and two films with Ken Russell, *Mahler* and *Lisztomania.*

2.

PLAYBOY: Is Ken Russell as difficult to work with as everybody says?

PUTTNAM: Well, *Mahler* was a very happy experience. But I nearly had a nervous breakdown — in fact, I did have a nervous breakdown after *Lisztomania.* I was incapable of working for a few months. But Russell is absolutely brilliant, and the irony is I don't regret any of it because I learned a lot from him. And if I've got any balls, I've developed them through the experience with Russell. He's a very, very powerful personality and to survive I had to stand up to him. That's why I'm no longer intimidated by directors.

3.

PLAYBOY: Was *Bugsy Malone* the first time you put "producer power" into action?

PUTTNAM: Well, *Bugsy* was me repaying an old debt to Alan Parker. Alan by this time had decided absolutely that he wanted to be a film director. And I set about ways to raise the money and to put the film together.

4.

PLAYBOY: We believe it's one of Hugh Hefner's favorite movies.

PUTTNAM: Absolutely, and I think it was around about that time I got to know Hefner. He was obsessed by the film: he ran it and ran it and ran it. And he was extraordinarily articulate as to why. He loved the notion that it would be possible to freeze life in that way and live out a fantasy: which to an extent, I suppose, is what he has managed to do.

5.

PLAYBOY: It must have been extraordinarily difficult to find investors for *Bugsy Malone* — a musical starring 12 and 13-year-olds. In fact, it has struck us that all your movies must have been tough to sell purely because of their unlikely story lines. Is that true?

PUTTNAM: Absolutely. All of them were hard. Going right back to even *That'll Be The Day*: no one liked it because David Essex essentially played an unsympathetic character. And *Stardust* — why on earth would you want to end a film with the suicide of the guy we were supposed to have got to like? And *Mahler?* I mean the idea of doing a film about Mahler was absurd. *Midnight Express* probably was the nearest thing to what you might call a regular movie.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying you did not get any satisfaction out of *Midnight Express.* Why?

PUTTNAM: I think it was very much my fault. What happened was I reached a point in 1976 where I'd had enough of the Goodtime thing. Sandy and I were still very close, thank goodness, and still are, but there was no way we could make money the way the company was organised. So I didn't renew my contract, neither did Sandy and we split. I was on my own, formed a company, and did *The Duellists*, simply because it was the only film I could have afforded to make. And then I went to America. I had a huge overdraft by this time. I'd sunk all the money I had made in the photography business into the film industry and that had all gone, plus the best part of another 100,000 pounds. I knew the only way of cracking it was to go and make a chunk of bread. Columbia then came up with this book, *Midnight Express,* and coincidentally, offered it to Alan Parker to direct and me to produce at the same time. And we both read it and got quite interested in it. Then we realised that we could rig the game by me saying, 'I'll produce it, if Alan can direct it,' and him saying, 'I'll direct it, if David can produce it.' We were able to bid ourselves up! And so the first reason for me doing it was because I wanted to pay off my overdraft and the second was that I was fed up with being condescended to by the American industry. I knew I made good films. I'd made, by and large, financially successful films. But they were always treated as semi-art films. And they were always playing on the 'art' circuit and it pissed me off. I mean, I thought they were more than that, particularly *Bugsy Malone.* So our aim with *Midnight Express* was to make one that would really knock their socks off, and to do so with an American film, every bit as good technically as they could have made it. And, largely thanks to Alan's bulldozing abilities, we were able to do just that.

Technically, it was a very well-made film but it had nothing of me in it whatsoever and the tragedy is, once you have paid off your overdraft, and once you've proved your point, you're left with nothing and so I felt very empty, with a feeling that the reasons we had done it were shallow.

7.

PLAYBOY: Was *Chariots of Fire* a reaction to that?

PUTTNAM: Absolutely. It was almost masochistic. I'd worked myself into a state where I was all square financially and if *Chariots* hadn't worked, I was going to chuck it in as a film producer.

8.

PLAYBOY: Why give up an industry you obviously love?

PUTTNAM: Because I felt that if the audience isn't interested, and if the industry isn't interested in what I want to do, why am I doing it? I might as well buy and sell real estate. I've never had any problems making money. If you look for gaps, don't do the obvious things, if you're prepared to work hard, it's not difficult. With *Chariots* I was trying to make a film not unlike *A Man For All Seasons* because it seemed to me an interesting challenge. I thought that sport was a good metaphor, usable and more accessible than most, and I simply cobbled together a product.

9.

PLAYBOY: Was the extraordinary success of *Chariots* a surprise to you?

PUTTNAM: Well, yes and no. I have never made a film I didn't honestly, deep down, think was going to be successful and that includes *Mahler*. But success is always relative. I mean, *Mahler* cost 200,000 pounds and I would have been shocked if we hadn't made 250,000 and as it is, we've done fine. *Chariots* cost six million; I would have been stunned if it hadn't made its money back. Yes, but the level of success never crossed my mind.

10.

PLAYBOY: What prompted you to make *Local Hero* after *Chariots?*

PUTTNAM: Two reasons. The first was director Bill Forsythe. I'd seen a student film he'd made called *That Sinking Feeling* and it really knocked me out. I thought it was a wonderful piece of work. He had — I hate this word but I can't think of a better one — a sensibility attached to him which to me seemed unique. The second reason was the market opportunity for humor. I had got very jaundiced about the nature of humor, the way that humor had become. I don't much like physical, raucous humor, it doesn't happen to make me laugh but I love wit. And I'd always loved the Frank Capra films and it seemed to me, again as a marketing man, which essentially I still am, that there was a gap in the market. People had chosen to ignore this gap, and I thought if I could get that talent of Bill's I had seen in *That Sinking Feeling*, and align it to a more accessible area, I might well end up with a Frank Capra movie. So I talked Bill into writing a script, which he did out of a newspaper article I had seen. Bill liked the stamping ground it represented and that's how *Local Hero* emerged.

11.

PLAYBOY: You are now deeply involved here in the production of *Bodyline.* Is that another case of spotting a marketing gap?

PUTTNAM: Yeah. It starts with the experience I had trying to shoot *Chariots of Fire* in Cambridge University where we were denied access to the colleges. We were denied access because they were very uptight about what they termed the anti-semitic references which they felt were unfair on Cambridge. I showed them we had evidence of this and it was accurate. They came back and said that might very well be true, but that we were merely re-opening old wounds and they didn't want to get involved in that. Consequently, the only shot of Cambridge in the film was shot from the street. All of the college stuff was shot at Eton College. It made me very angry and very bitter. And that bitterness didn't go away. In fact, it got worse when the film was successful because no one ever dropped me a note, or apologised, or said they were wrong. I mean they were arseholes. And it led me to a kind of scepticism about the British establishment, about its attitudes and the way it behaves.

> *The more I looked into it, the more I was convinced that there had been a huge political background and manoeuvring in the Bodyline series.*

And then I thought about the good time I had had in Australia the last time I was here three years ago. What I loved about Australia, I realised, was this terrific healthy cynicism. Unfortunately, at times it goes too far and you have this thing of turning in on yourselves — the tall poppy business — which I think is dreadful and limiting. I thought, well, maybe if one took an Australian position and used the Bodyline series to reflect British attitudes, there was a way to express my scepticism. And the more I looked into it, the more I was convinced that there had been a huge political background and manoeuvring in the Bodyline series. And that's when I started looking at it. I wasn't looking at cricket at all, I was looking at the background, because I had this idea of figures in a landscape.

12.

PLAYBOY: We notice that you are wearing what looks suspiciously like an MCC sweater. Are you a cricket buff?

PUTTNAM: A freak. Absolute cricket freak. I love it. I think at one point, I might have been a very good player, but in the same season I smashed both thumbs.

13.

PLAYBOY: To our knowledge there has only been one movie made around cricket — *The Final Test* starring Jack Warner. People have always been afraid of making movies about cricket. How can you be so confident that *Bodyline* will be a success?

PUTTNAM: For two reasons: firstly, I'm not really making a film about cricket, I'm making a film about politics in which cricket is the core and the key. Secondly, and more importantly, I learned a lot of lessons from *Chariots* about what you could and couldn't do with sport. And I'd like to put some of those lessons to good effect. For example, to this day, I still wish that we had done Harold Abraham's 100 metres subjectively. We couldn't afford to. I mean to say, you've got that one shot when you look down the track and it's the shot that other sportsmen always tell me is the one they remember the most — the way it tunnels in and the way that the sound fades out but I wish to God we had had enough time to be able to take the trouble to do it subjectively. So that set me thinking that cricket is a wonderfully subjective sport, and no one has ever captured the fear caused by a fast bowler. I mean, I wasn't a bad batsman, but I always had a fear of fast bowling.

14.

PLAYBOY: The Australian test cricketers here are very much national heroes. Do you see roles for any of them in *Bodyline?*

PUTTNAM: I would very strongly doubt it. As we did in *Chariots*, we'll be looking for an actor who could have played the sport, rather than sportsmen who can act. Obviously, whoever plays Harold Larwood or Sir Don Bradman will have to be competent cricketers. We'll go as close as we can for lookalikes but, above all, they must be good actors.

15.

PLAYBOY: We know you have been talking to the South Australian Film Board. As Sir Don is very much a prominent part of South Australian society, could this make it easier for you to obtain funding?

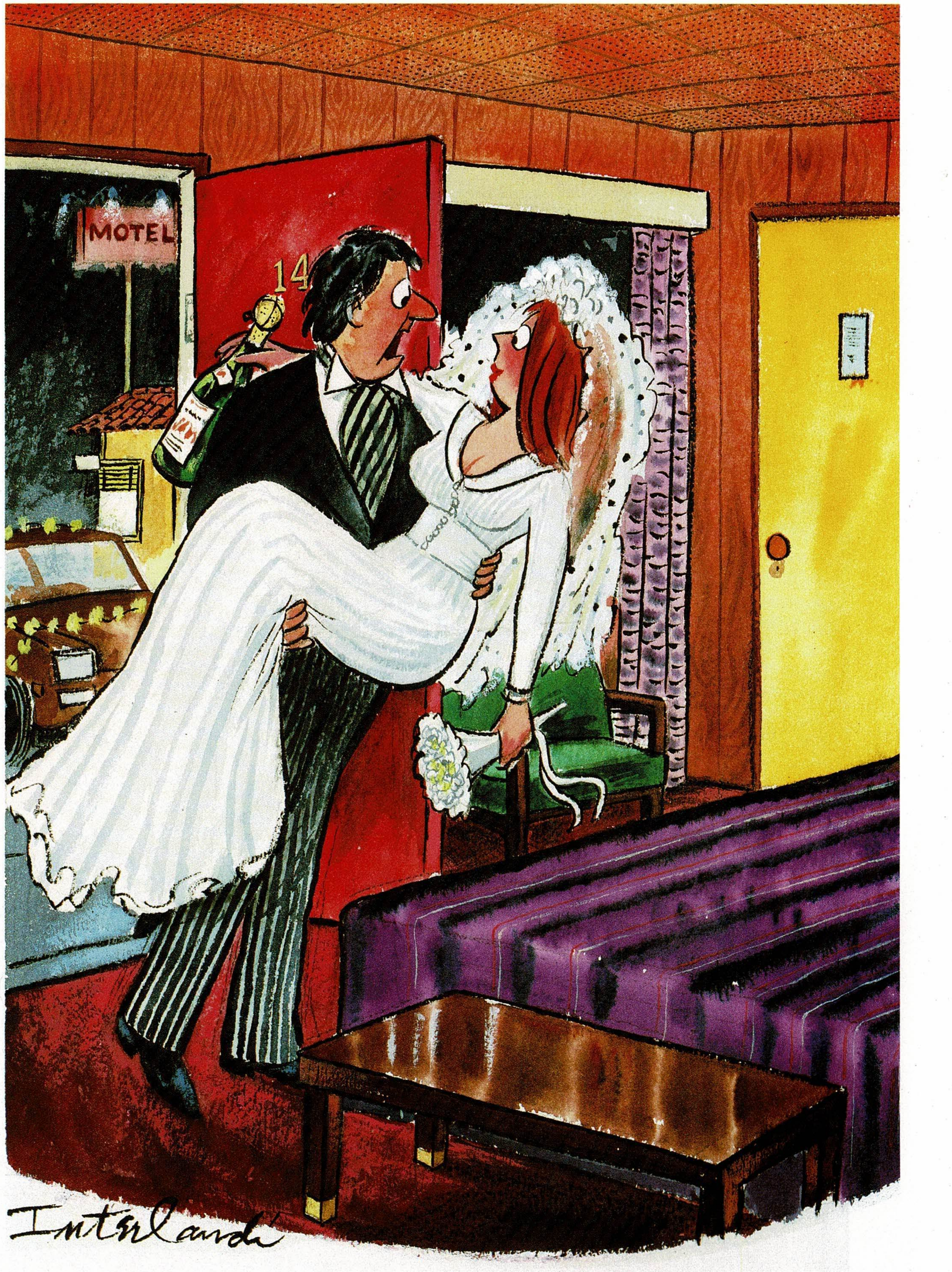
PUTTNAM: No, not at all. It's because the crunch test was the Adelaide test. In *Bodyline*, the Adelaide test is what the Paris Olympics was to *Chariots of Fire.* Now, when push came to shove, we were not able to shoot the Paris Olympics at the Stade Colombe, we had to do it at Liverpool! I am very much hoping that the same situation won't happen again.

16.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, it seemed that all the real film talent in the UK had gone into TV and that film was dead in Britain. Are you at the head of the vanguard of a British film revival?

PUTTNAM: It is too early to say. I mean, certainly there are some other very good producers working in the UK. There is an

(continued on page 112)



"None of this, none of that, nothing kinky, no fetishes. . . you're the most knowledgeable virgin I've ever known!"

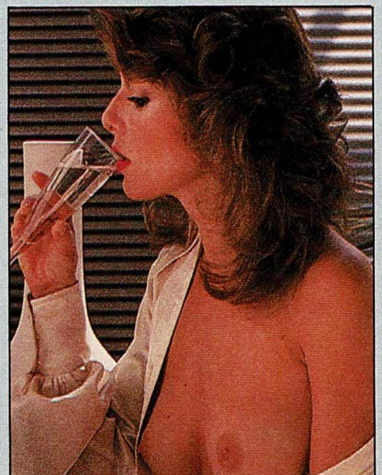
INSIDE STORY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIWER OHLSSON

Like the lady in the song, Julia St. James loves the theatre but always comes late. "If I go out to breakfast I'll arrive in time for brunch," this lithe Libra admits, but tardiness is about the only shortcoming our inspection of her uncovered.

Unlike the lady in the song, she doesn't mind the cold and the damp. That's one reason why she chooses to live in a chic suburb of Melbourne. ''I'm a big fan of indoor activity,'' Julia says, ''so the changeable nature of Melbourne's weather doesn't faze me in the least.''

Another reason for Julia's preoccupation with interiors is that she decorates apartments and offices for a select circle of clients. "My work is an extension of my lifestyle. I'm an avid collector of erotic artefacts and an unrepentant creature of comfort. Naturally, I was delighted when PLAYBOY decided to use my own apartment as the set for my pictorial."



"In both work and leisure, spontaneity is the essence. I love surprises, such as an unexpected guest (preferably male), who drops in with a bottle of champagne (preferably pink), then takes me out for dinner (preferably Italian) in his car (preferably German) and home for unabandoned sex (preferably French)." Then she laughs; sometimes it won't do to take Julia too seriously.

CASUALTY

(continued from page 42)

Every success is offset by a degree of failure and the human body and medical science do *have their limits.*

time in 14 months. This is one incredible landmark and Dr Johnson watches and notes the knee's natural stiffness. At this stage there is no thought of the patient being able to sprint, but he has made amazing progress.

Ella is anxious to at least breathe the football environment, and mid-season his clubmates catch him jogging at the ground before a training session. He keeps building up the pace, waiting for the knee to tell him when it's had enough. But it's showing no adverse signs and Steve believes one day he'll sprint on it again. He even ruminates about the prospect of a comeback later in the '80 season, but Johnson is quick to squash the idea.

●

Jack Gibson arrives at Parramatta as coach and takes over pre-season training in January, 1981. Among the hopefuls for grading is a 21-year-old inside back called Steve Ella.

●

Not so long ago the idea of attempting to reconstruct such a knee, and a career, would not have been contemplated. Take up lawn bowls or golf, mate, they would have advised. The fact that the means now exist says much about the pressures, power and professionalism of modern football. They say that man is at his most technically inventive in time of war. It's true; and football is just like war, a microcosm of the same demands.

In an era in which a game at least a hundred years old has to compete with McDonalds, Atari, Steven Spielberg, ski resorts and so many other options for the fan's dollar, the thought of being let down by unfit players doesn't come into consideration. The clubs are under tremendous pressure to survive, compete, promote, entertain and (above all) win.

The consequence of these demands is to bind player inducements in a package of training, playing and winning incentives that all add up to the expectation that he will give 100 percent — all the time.

Then comes the call the player makes upon himself. Research among VFL clubs shows that a significant number of players make education and career sacrifices to improve their footballing chances. Thus, the inducement of a $40,000 contract assumes the role of helping to meet the mortgage or supplying some of the material benefits which might have been guaranteed by a better paying, alternative career.

The lucrative edge inbuilt on most contracts is dependent upon the player appearing regularly in a winning first grade team. If injury keeps him off the field, he misses out on win — and usually training and appearance — bonuses, and as most players will attest, the flat weekly payment isn't all that handsome. His team loses headway because of his absence and he could find himself struggling to pay his bills at the end of the month. Everybody — the club chairman, coach, fans, the player's family and even the bank manager — is unhappy. But nobody is more pissed off than the player. For a footballer with a taste of the glory, there is nothing save the game. After all, he's the boy feeling the pain, and part of that comes with knowing someone else is wearing his first grade jersey.

Being a semi-professional, as opposed to a full-timer, makes it harder, too. Australian footballers are semi-pros and a severe injury means time off work. In a competitive job market, an unsympathetic boss isn't impressed by absenteeism.

The threat of injury rides like a silent Jonah over every promising football career. The players are aware of it, and so are the clubs. You don't exorcise this demon, you live with it and if possible you deal with it on your terms. That means taking every precaution imaginable and being equipped with a staff of medical Merlins whose job it is to see that when Injury visits, his stay is a short one. The brief: get our players fit and back in the action in the shortest feasible time. The rules of rehabilitation are pretty explicit: you can bend and mess with them all you want, but you can't cheat on the human body. Do it wrongly now and you'll pay for it tenfold, sooner or later.

There's a certain section of the medical community fascinated by the challenge of working with super-tuned, supremely fit athletes. The availability of doctors and specialists to the top clubs therefore is not a problem. These guys are no take-up-thy-bed-and-walk clique of miracle workers; they are accomplished professionals who operate within the confines that every success is offset by a degree of failure and that the human body and medical science *do* have their limits.

In the upper echelon of clubs, the union of doctors, physiotherapists and trainers in the diagnosis, treatment and rehabilitation process is a vital part of the overall professionalism. It exists at most VFL clubs and Sydney outfits like St George, Canterbury, Parramatta and Manly, and goes a long way towards accounting for the success enjoyed by these sides.

Alf Richards is the doyen of Sydney rugby league trainers and a crucial cog in the Parramatta rehabilitation program. He's spent half a lifetime camped on rugby league sidelines, counselling the crocks and ruling over change rooms that at times resemble a _M*A*S*H_ casualty ward. In his time, Alf's used enough bandages to gift-wrap the Sydney Harbor Bridge and witnessed injury unmake more football careers than he cares to remember. Despite his seniority and perceived conservatism, Richards is a great advocate for the role of higher medical knowledge within the football clubs.

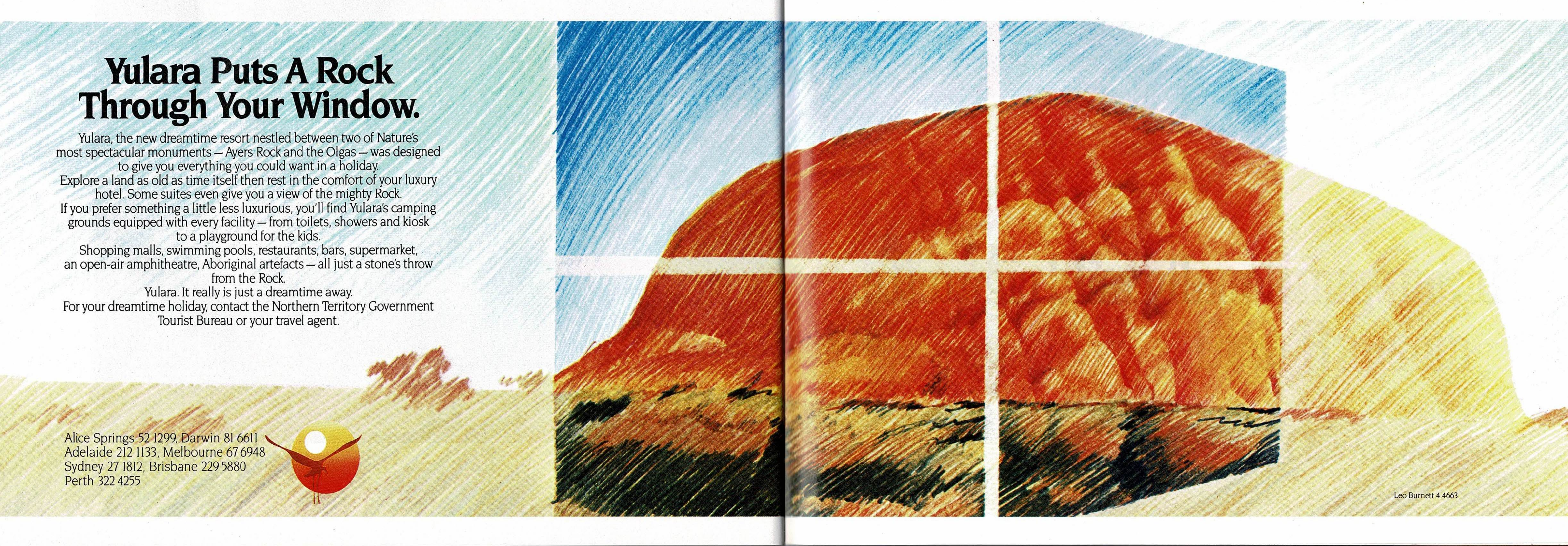
He noted the changing mood during the last two international tours of the UK and France when the authorities broke with tradition by naming a doctor to accompany the party. On previous tours it had been Alf's job, as trainer, to scout each region they visited for a doctor to minister to the team's needs. With the modern emphasis on immediate and accurate diagnosis as the on-ramp to a speedy recovery, the old system clearly had to go. The game had outstripped those amateur practices. If the '82 Kangaroo party was the best prepared rugby team (of either code) to tour beyond these shores, then the improved attitude to medical care surely played a part.

Richards is a firm believer in the professional approach. It was in appreciation of greater professionalism that he hooked his star to the career of Jack Gibson, rugby league master coach and a man whose successes have long condemned the "genius" tag to the cliche heap. At Parramatta, Gibson preaches professionalism and the attitude permeates every corner of the organisation. Twenty years ago, says Richards, most clubs did not have a doctor on tap to diagnose a minor injury, let alone a serious one. In the old aspirin and icepack days of sports medicine, an injured player might not see his trainer for treatment until the Tuesday night training session. By then, the injury could be three or four days old and aggravated by improper care. That meant he was odds-on to take longer to recover than necessary, and neither football clubs nor players like that.

Under the Gibson regime, Parramatta (like most VFL clubs and the more professional Sydney league outfits) have as many as three club doctors on call. Among them is at least one orthopaedic surgeon. With Alf Richards, they run the Monday morning "sick parade", administering follow-up treatment for injuries suffered at the weekend. If X-rays, specialist treatment or physiotherapy are required, they see it happens fast. Wasted time at this end means a slower recovery at the other, and you can bet your Hippocratic Oath to a busted rib that the session is not about wasting time. Gibson expects complete co-operation between players and medical staff. If the player fails, for whatever reason, somebody else gets to wear that first grade jersey the next weekend.

●

The real shove for professional medicine



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within Australia's premier football clubs stems indirectly from the United States. As Australian football coaches have adapted US training and fitness methods to the local scene, the sports medics have imported techniques from their US counterparts. With its emphasis on college sports, the US system is more conducive to research and, with generous funding, provides highly-qualified specialists and superb facilities. Happily, a few of these institutions have thrown out the welcome rug for visiting fellows, and Australian sports medicos have been swift on the uptake.

Dr John Sage is one Australian orthopaedic surgeon who is appreciative of US professionalism. He has worked with such experts as Dr Joseph Torg, a professor of sports medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and Bill Clancy of the University of Wisconsin.

"The prime task of these men is to look after the football players," says Dr Sage. "They're working in an enclosed environment and they have the time and backing for sophisticated research."

Player injuries are treated by the football medical staff, and players are expected to keep their treatment strictly within this environment. At this level, the co-operation between medical, coaching and playing staff is deeply entrenched. They're all part of the team.

"Sports medicine is really no different to general medicine," comments Dr Sage, "so if these people make any breakthroughs, the whole community benefits."

Outside the colleges, the various streams of sports medicine are not so unified, and more than one professional animosity has found its way to court. This disunity also has raised heat in Australia, and the Australian Sports Medicine Federation is currently striving to define and standardise the roles of doctors, physiotherapists and trainers, to avert professional conflict.

◆

Over at North Sydney Leagues Club, Peter Harford is going to work on New Zealand international forward Mark Graham. The big second rower is one of those players whose commitment is so great that it's a sure bet he'll suffer more injuries than the average player. He also works harder at beating them. This time he's carrying no major ills other than the usual crop of niggles, abrasions and bruises from the previous day's game.

Harford has been conditioner/masseur/trainer at Norths for 14 years and is a good example of the sort of experienced men prized by most clubs. One of his patients is star centre Simon Brockwell, who required a medial ligament operation early in the season. When Brockwell graduated from the hospital to Harford's care, the trainer was expected to continue the process of minimising the player's absence from the game.

Brockwell is a dedicated footballer and an ambitious patient. Under Harford's tutelage, he will work at regaining aerobic fitness for the rest of the body without aggravating the healing injury. After the lengthy swimming sessions, Harford outlines a weights course that permits full use of the good leg in tandem with the weak limb. Sophisticated weights equipment permits reduced load on the injured limb with gradual increases as the knee strengthens.

With access to the right professional care from the time the injury was incurred, plus his own dedication, Brockwell will slice 25 percent off the standard recovery period. A few years ago, the injury and post-op recovery period would have put him out for the season. But in this era of refined sports medicine, he will be back for the last six weeks of the season and, if Norths qualify, the finals. To Brockwell and North Sydney, that's money in the bank.

Harford has a high regard for the new techniques and equipment, but he maintains the body is still the best healer of them all.

"Most players want to be cured *yesterday*," he says. "The body soon lets them know when they're overdoing it. People tend to overlook the importance of rest. When an injury starts hurting again, it often means it is being worked too much too soon."

Young players, hungry for a grading or a promotion, are the greatest suckers for the short-cut cures. With these guys, the trainer often has to devise ways to channel that energy into activities that will not impair the healing process.

Then there are those injuries that no technique will hasten through to recovery inside the prescribed time. A torn thigh muscle, says the rule book, usually takes six weeks, and you can't argue with that. However, physiotherapists have learned that with the right therapy in the early stages, they can restore the muscle to 75 percent capacity more quickly than before. This permits light fitness training, meaning the player can actually reduce the time it takes him to reach peak condition after the injury is fully cured. Thus the prime object of reducing the player's absence from the action can be achieved.

The process of trimming the recovery time starts as soon as that muscle, ligament or shoulder goes. The standard ice treatment and elevation localise the injury, reduce bruising and impede the spread of dead blood cells. A quick and accurate diagnosis evaluates what treatment is required, and physiotherapy helps restore the troubled area to working condition. The prescribed stretching and exercise of torn muscles during healing give the fibres a chance of knitting correctly rather than cross-binding in a haphazard fashion. A player who repeatedly tears hamstrings could have disregarded the need for proper physiotherapy during the healing process.

Not to be confused with pain-killers, anti-inflammatories such as cortisone can be beneficial in treating chronic injuries that refuse to respond to normal treatment.

The question of long-term injuries tips us into the moral problem confronting most club medics. Put yourself in the doctor's position: is it your job to treat the player as a patient and help him recuperate, or are you there merely to patch him up enough to struggle on to the field next weekend?

No two doctors will offer the same answer to the question, as there are too many variables, not least of all the player's own attitude and his right to a second opinion. US pro football has had its share of industrial strife and legal actions emanating from this very issue, and the chances of a player taking on an Australian club or doctor cannot be discounted. The American game is still reeling following Pettis Norman's landmark lawsuit against the Dallas Cowboys for physical pain and suffering, mental anguish, disability and loss of earning capacity. Norman claimed he was just one footballer who finished up a near cripple by virtue of bad advice and neglect.

At any given time, most teams are carrying a share of injuries. If this weren't so, there would simply not be enough guys to go around this weekend. Individual players, depending on their workload and responsibility, can carry an injury while others find it impossible. In most cases, medicos make their decision on whether or not playing will aggravate an injury. But if a senior player comes to a coach and says he *wants* to play despite the injury (depending on its severity), the coach often bows to the request. After all, the player should know himself. Most medics say the greatest demand comes from the player, and that's always been the case.

With today's refined strapping techniques, a player can receive artificial support for a trick ankle or knee and come through the match with no additional problems. In the US, footballers are often strapped to the point where a joint can be almost immobilised; but this doesn't work in Australia's codes, where the emphasis is on mobility. Nevertheless, when he was trainer at Newtown 20 years ago, Alf Richards might have used a dozen bandages a season, whereas at Parramatta in 1983, he could use four dozen each weekend.

Dr John Sage suggests the problem of player availability runs beyond the scope of the club medical staff.

Dr Sage suggests the clubs should be looking critically at payment incentive schemes that put great pressure on players not to miss games, despite injury. Additionally, he favors the trend towards greater depth in the playing squads, offering coaches the option to rest injured players. There is great merit in this, as it eliminates the idea of the "indispensable" player whom the club cannot afford to drop. There

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R1C3R
CC621/81

is also great cost. In America, the Pittsburg Steelers' glory run of recent years was based on the depth concept: it makes the competition for first team spots so hot that everybody gives 110 percent. Whenever a wheel comes loose on the wagon, there's always an alternative on the reserves' bench. Manly and Parramatta are Sydney's prime practitioners of the depth idea, while Melbourne's Carlton, Richmond and even Collingwood have looked for consistency through depth. When it comes down to the wire, these guys are usually pretty close to the money.

By contrast, Sydney Swans' travel woes, the problem of having the firsts train in Sydney and the reserves in Melbourne, plus the exodus of a few talented players, have given coach Ricky Quade selection headaches. The Swans' resources are shallow in the playing department and this deficiency has shown. When the Swans tipped out Essendon in an early season thriller at the SCG, the Sydney casualty count read like the Battle of the Somme. Most of them were prepared to back up, but during the next two months, the Swans lost more than they won. As the saying goes, you can only carry so many injuries, and it will always be the richest clubs, with the staff and depth, who'll insure against the damage.

Yet, even without a selection of quality reserves, the poorer clubs can still avail themselves of advanced medical knowledge. Once upon a time, the standard test for anterior cruciate damage in a painful knee had an accuracy rate of 20 percent. The current form of examination (Lachman's test) has an accuracy rate of 80 to 90 percent. The knowledge is now available.

Excluding brain or spinal damage, serious knee injury is the one threat that brings footballers out in a cold sweat. Broken bones, muscle tears, groin problems and separated shoulders are all debilitating, but none comes attached with the complications of knee injury. Severe ligament damage, such as suffered by Steve Ella, will finish most careers.

Surgeons have managed to shed a bit of light on the knee's gloomy image by offering the afflicted some sort of hope with the application of arthroscopy. The study began in Japan in 1920 with Kenji Takagi, but it wasn't until 1931 that he applied it clinically. The concept really came into its own years later with the development of fibre optics. This technique, involving fibres of glass, allowed light to be shone down a flexible cable, meaning that surgeons finally had the means to probe into the body and flash some light on the interior.

As applied to knee injuries, it offered accurate diagnosis without the problems of exploratory surgery. Initially, this meant surgeons could go straight to the heart of the problem. Lately, it has been refined to the extent where surgeons can remove a cartilage by observing through an arthroscope while drawing the afflicted part through a surgical straw of similar size. No gross surgical incision; no array of stitches; just two minute holes. And the player is back into action inside three short weeks.

As one sports medic offered: "It leaves you wondering whether, one day, we'll be able to remove cartilages at half-time and have them back on the park for the second half."

There have been those tough nuts from older times who've made it back in record time from a knee operation. But as Dr Brian Corrigan, an Olympic team doctor and medic with numerous Socceroo squads, attests, the greatest pressure to get back into the action always comes from the player himself. The coach generally won't accept the physician's advice at face value, but that's because coaches deal in pure results. For the player, there is usually nothing else in his life that compares with the adrenalin charge of playing football at the top level, every week. Money is a big plus, but he wants to play, anyway.

Peter Harford puts it into similar proportions. For every miracle cure, he says, there are those sad cases you never get to hear about.

●

When the names go up for Parramatta's first 1981 pre-season trial, Steve Ella is surprised to hear he's been picked as five-eighth for reserve grade. At best, he'd slotted for an appearance in thirds.

Ella feels his way through 40 minutes of play and at half-time Jack Gibson pulls him out, drops him in a tracksuit and says he's on the bench as a reserve for firsts. Fair enough. With five minutes to go in the main game, Parra are trailing — Gibson decides to throw Ella in at five-eighth.

He trots on and as the Eels grab possession, the ball comes his way. It's slippery and he's apprehensive.

(Christ, it's been almost two years!)

He drops it.

(Settle down, settle down.)

One minute later, and it comes out the backs again. Ella runs on to it, hits the zip button and makes a 30-metre bust. Approaching the opposing fullback, he lets the legs talk their own language and they go "half-step off the right, violent jag off the left. . ."

(Jesus, the bloody knee held!)

". . . a quick shimmy," and he is clear, unleashing the pass that sets Brett Kenny free to score the winning try. Steve Ella is back.

For the rest of the season, Steve Ella plays first grade wearing heavy strapping and a knee support. He takes them off for the final game — the grand final. Parra wins and he never wears the guard again. The surgical scarring makes the knee look like a crossword puzzle, but does that really matter? The Eels win their second grand final in '82 and Ella finishes as the premiership's leading try scorer. In the '82 wrap-up, he's named in the Kangaroo squad to tour England and France. Since then he's played at half, fullback, five-eighth and centre for his club and country.

●

When the plane lands at Mascot to off-load Frank Stanton's Invincibles, Steve Ella heads for home and the unpacking. Amongst the souvenirs is an Australian representative jersey he's saved for Dr Michael Johnson.

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JOH

(continued from page 56)

Bjelke-Petersen sweeps protests aside. He claims his critics have been unwittingly duped by the communists.

I think most people have. I had a tremendous determination to get out of the poverty we found ourselves in. I borrowed money and purchased a tractor: a 10-20. From that day on, I could work day and night. But not on Sunday, never worked Sunday. Up to 12 o'clock Saturday night. Knocked off till midnight Sunday. Got a pound an acre. Worked for my neighbors. Then I went harvesting. Built my own peanut thrasher with another man and we went out harvesting cow peas, peanuts and that sort of thing, always working till 10 or 11 o'clock at night. Then I went into aerial spraying for 11 years. I was the first in Queensland to do that. After the war, in '46, I started pulling scrub between two big dozers before anybody else thought of it. Since then, many millions of acres have been pulled."

But Joh was the first.

When asked what one thing he'd like to do before leaving Parliament, Joh replied: "I wish we could achieve stability, a situation where everybody would stop demanding more and more wages, shorter and shorter weeks. The greed seems to be. . . to do as little as possible but get as much as you can out of the system. That saddens me greatly because it's wrecking our economy, it's wrecking our reputation through industrial strife and so on. When I go overseas and hear what a disgusting and despicable nation we are for strikes and turmoil and lack of fulfillment of contracts, it hurts me very much indeed. I tell them wherever we go, don't talk about Australia, talk about Queensland. Don't line us up with the rest of them, with the southern States down there. . . the greatest wreckers of all time."

In attacking the rest of Australia, Bjelke-Petersen has created a peculiar State hybrid of nationalism, a Queensland pride and chauvinism, hometown football fans who follow the coach more than they do the team. He has made a northern fortress with Queenslanders as sentries guarding against destructive philosophies, unwanted intruders, meddlers, communists and anti-Christians. He has brought pride where it never existed before.

In 15 years, Bjelke-Petersen's sheep-drenched fiefdom has been converted into a booming economy with almost total disrespect for the depression. He has attracted billions of dollars from investors all over the world with mining and business leases and the near abolition of taxes. He has welcomed a heavy migration from southern States. They come gleefully, attracted to his brand of free enterprise, to Joh personally, not to forget the warm climate. As a result of a mining boom, Treasury coffers were flooded with funds. Economic growth affected almost everyone in some way or another. The escalation in Queensland home and property values has given the common man a wealth beyond his dreams. . . and, to some degree, power. The new economic emergence of Queensland has condensed a century into one decade. Riches to all who are on the ground floor.

To many, all of this has been done through Joh's democracy and free enterprise, giving some Queenslanders a sudden surge of superiority over the rest of Australia. The riches have come in a mere 20 years, and Joh seems to be the reason. He is quick to take the credit.

The ingredients of political success seem to stand as peculiar images. Joh as the pioneer, a Queensland frontiersman conquering the Kingaroy wilderness, organising the rural folk and helping recognise who the enemy was. There is the image of Joh the populist, fighting off big bullies from down south: the men with money and influence, the intellectuals who made fun of dim-witted Queenslanders, the Federal politicians who are forever sticking their noses in State matters, matters that shouldn't concern them.

Joh the emancipator, freeing his people from the tyranny of communism and the anti-Christians. Joh the oak tree, whose feet are planted deep in the soil and firmly on the ground, unbending against big unions, Prime Ministers and anyone else who tries to change him.

Joh's success in Queensland is, in part, all these things. A staunch Queenslander, a strong father figure, unbending, though simple in his ways. An optimist and hard worker who preaches doing rather than not doing. A religious man with faith who hints that God is with him all the way. A public man, always there before a camera, ready to be seen.

MAYBE THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY SEEM

Not everyone is fond of Bjelke-Petersen: some question his success, saying the people tolerate him because the economy has been good, but claim growth would have come at this time no matter who was in power. His critics claim the massive mining reserves were the reason for Queensland's riches and they would have been developed despite Bjelke-Petersen. Some think it was audacious and egotistical that he grabbed the credit. Secondly, it is believed Joh would never be in power at all if every person in Queensland had an equal vote. Without the gerrymander, he would lose.

Displeasure comes in a variety of words. Gough Whitlam called him "a Bible-bashing bastard". A trade unionist called him "a fascist, a dictator, a stooge for multinationals and a mug". Queensland Aboriginal leader, Steve Mamm, shakes his head in dismay: "Everything to Joh is economic. He has no emotion, no understanding of my people. We are going through a cultural genocide and he's not vaguely interested. He's interested in money and the things which surround it." To many, Premier Joh is a circus dictator, a caricature somewhere between Adolf Hitler and the Jolly Swagman, bracing his people to hold fast from some obscure enemy about to capture their State and their souls. They find no excuse for Joh's abuse of civil liberties, human rights and censorship in order to deal with these things. The use of Queensland Police as an arm of the Executive has been highly criticised. He has refused to allow a freedom of information bill to be introduced. He has failed to disclose parliamentary pecuniary interests. In 1977, Joh banned the political street march for good; police street bashings suddenly increased. So, too, the reports of the police station rough-ups. Suggestions to have some incidents investigated were discarded. So, too, reports of police involvement in prostitution, illegal liquor, drugs and gambling at senior levels. ABC's *Nationwide* unearthed a story of police corruption actually told by senior policemen. The allegations were met with an explosion of denials by Joh's right-hand man and Police Minister, Russ Hinze. When Labor's opposition spokesman bellowed about it in Parliament, he was met by the almost 300-pound Hinze who suggested they step outside and settle the score.

Denial of civil liberties has brought forth unexpected criticism from prominent Australians, including respected church and legal men. Bjelke-Petersen sweeps their protests aside in a manner now quite familiar to most Australians, claiming they must get their facts straight before they criticise. He claims his critics have been unwittingly duped by the communists.

When the Premier banned all street demonstrations in 1977 (within three months 1800 people were arrested), the Uniting Church Synod called on the Government to change the anti-march law, as it was unnecessarily dividing the community. Joh accused the church of being manipulated into supporting communists. Other churches joined hands on the issue, but Joh held strong. The law remains in force today.

Political life and private business dealings flirt uncomfortably and make for dangerous love affairs. Since the early days, Joh Bjelke-Petersen has been accused of using his influence. There was the famous "draft proclamation" to exempt land he owned from the mining act, confusion over his kaolin clay mining sales to companies he

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must discuss and vote upon in Parliament, allegations on tax avoidance and using undue influence to have roads upgraded to service his properties.

Tom Burns, Labor Party Parliamentarian and previous leader of the Party, once got under the Premier's skin by name-calling. "You're a grafter," he said. "You're nothing but an old grafter." The uncomplimentary words persisted across the chamber floor until Joh could stand it no longer. The normally unruffled Premier jumped to his feet shaking his finger back at Mr Burns, spluttering, "Y'y'y'y'y'you're a GRUB!" Then he sat back down.

Burns spoke openly in our interview. "I call them (the Government) the society of the open palm. I called him that in Parliament and he stood up and called me a grub. We've been fighting for years," said Burns with a warm smile which lasted only a moment before he continued: "There is case after case of local councils preventing high rise development and the State Government steps in and suddenly certain buildings are allowed. Up here on the north coast, the council said no higher than six storeys. There are 10 and 14 storeys now. Why? Why would the Government step in? A classic example is Joh wanting a powerhouse at Tarong. The State Electricity Authority said it would cost $270 million more to build the powerhouse at Tarong than to build it on the Darling Downs. The average life of a power station is 25 years. That's $10 million extra a year, and for what?"

In an interview with David Frost, Joh defended his integrity.

Frost: "You and your family have share interests in companies involved in areas in which you have to take decisions. That doesn't happen anywhere in the world in a Western democracy anymore."

Bjelke-Petersen: "Not many people are prepared to risk their money and lose their money in the search for oil as I did."

Frost: "Would you leave the Cabinet room if Comalco were being discussed?"

Bjelke-Petersen: "We are men of integrity. We have been put there by the people year after year. The people know us."

Frost: "Why not have a declaration system where you can declare all your share interests, and those of the Cabinet, so there can be no suspicions? They are bringing that system in, in Britain. Why not do that, because justice must not only be done, it must be seen to be done?"

Bjelke-Petersen: "The people know me and trust me. We fought an election on it."

Ken Wiltshire comments. "I don't think he's dishonest. At times I don't think he understands the fundamental principles of democratic government but also he fails to grasp that justice not only must be done, but also be seen to be done in the public's eye."

A good example of this might be the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation. This was a fund designed to raise $2,500,000 to continue to fight relentlessly "the evils of socialism. . . protect our future and that of our children. . . make a sound business investment. . . contribute as a lasting tribute to Joh."

For those who donated over $100,000, there would be exciting benefits. A building would be named after the donor. An oil portrait of that donor would be commissioned and hung in the foyer of that building. There would be a brass plaque to commemorate the naming of the building along with an Honorary Life Governorship of the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation. They would become life members of the Queensland National Party and be given a private dinner with the Premier of the State. An illuminated scroll would also be presented by the Premier. A meagre $10,000 donation would win a private dinner with the Premier of the State of Queensland, an illuminated scroll personally signed by the Premier and presented by him. The scheme raised money and elevated Bjelke-Petersen to glorified heights.

Trouble came for the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation when Government ministers were accused of canvassing for money while having the authority to make contracts, financial decisions and appointments. One time Liberal Party Executive Director, Stephen Litchfield, complained: "People are saying, 'What do we do? If we don't fork out money we go on the bottom of the list for Government contacts.'"

Margaret Cribb pointed out to me that one parliamentarian donor was elevated to the ministry while some others who provided funds "were subsequently appointed to government boards and instrumentalities".

Ken Wiltshire tries to further explain Bjelke-Petersen's Government: "The National Party Cabinet ministers fall into two categories," he says. "One is quite old; they never went past grade seven, and literally, genuinely, do not understand democracy and all its principles. They genuinely do not understand it. They do not understand the idea of government in opposition. They believe all spoils to the victor. They believe when you are elected to power there is nothing you can't do. And they genuinely believe that. And as much as academics like me speak about separation of powers and all those fundamental democratic principles, they've never been to school, never read the books, they don't understand that. All they know is, there are things called elections, and when you're in office, there is nothing that can stop you.

"Joh is the leader of that philosophy. They remember the Labor days. They did it to us so we'll do it to them. So we've got an elderly bunch of National Party parliamentarians who genuinely don't understand what people are saying when they jump up and down about civil rights and the right to march in the street. It took me five or six years, getting blank looks, to understand that. Then I realised they

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literally don't know what you are talking about."

In a speech to the Australian Provincial Press Association, Harry Gordon spoke out against the Government: "It is important for the press everywhere to adopt a vigilant challenging role. But nowhere in Australia is that need so great than in Queensland. I believe this is because of special circumstances in this State. Parliament really stands for very little. The traditions and conventions of Westminster are often ignored. The lack of an Upper House (a Senate) — and Queensland is the only State without one — prevents the kind of legislative pause which encourages scrutiny. The State is run by a powerful executive group, of generally similar background, and that group is led by one strong, uncompromising man.

"There is contempt for public opinion," continues Gordon. "There is a contempt for debate. Knock it down, get it through, then there's nothing to discuss. It has to do with the way he (Joh) regards democracy. He believes he knows what's best for all of us. In Parliament, a small executive Cabinet does it all, makes all the important decisions. Parliament does nothing. There is little respect for it."

As one Queensland parliamentary staffer put it: "It's a bloody joke. They're in there talking to themselves and it doesn't make any difference anyhow. The decisions are all made before in Cabinet."

PUPPETS AND SQUABBLERS

The Queensland Opposition, (the Labor Party) and the conservative Liberals, have been unable to combat Joh's style, the clever National Party machine or the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation funds. The Labor Party, squabbling and pecking itself into a featherless image, is now nearly broke. Unlike the Government, it is incapable of financing research into the electoral needs, incapable of setting up a resource network to advise it on short and long term policy making. Throughout the 15 years of Bjelke-Petersen's reign, it's appeared inept and unqualified.

"I believe you don't have to do much in opposition," says Tom Burns. "I believe governments are thrown out. They throw themselves out. I don't believe we have to fight Joh on the issues. When they decide Joh has had enough, then they'll look around. What we have to do is build candidates for when the time comes."

The Liberal Party, the other half of the Government coalition, is resting upon the coat-tails of Bjelke-Petersen. And some say disgracefully. Their policy of "one man, one vote" against gerrymandering has been conveniently buried. The Libs have securely grafted themselves to a foreign tree with hopes, when the time comes, to burst upon the electorate as fresh fruit. They are comfortable for the moment, nestled in big offices and a few Cabinet posts close to the seat of power. They don't wish to wriggle around too much. Ken Wiltshire agrees: "I have the whole thing on computer and I have established beyond doubt they (Liberals) can never become the senior partner. It boils down to preparing to have a little bit of power rather than nothing."

Hugh Lunn, Queensland journalist and author of a book on the Premier, believes the Libs "think this is an aberration, that the people really want to vote for them but for some reason, don't. They're going out backwards but they can't see it."

WINNER TAKES ALL

When you look closely, there are so many things going against Joh, but most of them are trivialised. Failure seems to miraculously change into success. Nothing seems to be wrong, he is a very visible Premier. Joh is always there telling the people how successful Queensland has become, how successful it will be with more hard work. More success. Mountains of the stuff waiting right around the corner.

The young, educated bright spark of the National Party, Mike Ahern, the man many tip to be the next Premier after Joh goes, concurs with his boss: "If you have the right attitudes, you can't fail. We have done what we were able to do here by being confident and enthusiastic. I was speaking with young people last night about job prospects. I said, attitudes are more important than facts. What the whole of Australia needs is a dose of the right attitudes. That's been the success of our party. Gloom feeds on gloom. Therefore, confidence feeds on confidence. That's why we are growing. That's why people come here."

Few would disagree, even amongst those who vote against Joh, like taxi driver, Carolyn Merridith. "I don't like him but I admire his attitudes. He's strong. He's determined. He knows what he wants and he goes all out to get it. And he usually does."

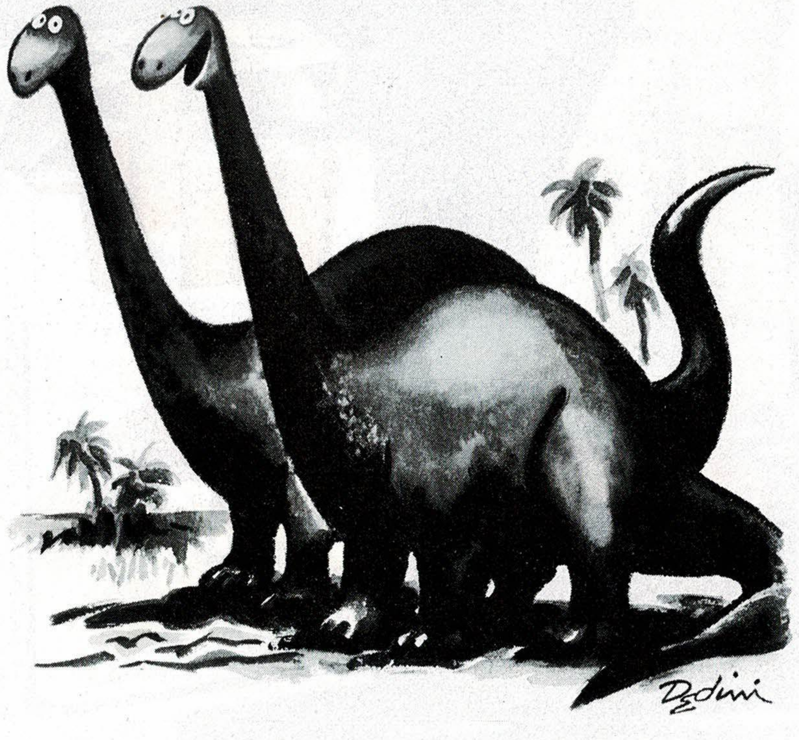
"They like Joh because of a natural admiration for a renegade," says Tom Burns. "A bloke who's different. But that era's nearly gone in Australia. When I first started in politics, there were dozens of Johs. There was 'Bombshell Barnsy' — they had to get the police to drag him out of the Parliament. Most don't even like him but he kicks the rotten socialists to death and wins — and everyone likes a winner. That's something else about grudging admiration. You gotta hand it to the old bastard, he wins. The people don't know how bad the system is fixed. They don't care."

An essential element in any strong leader is a certain fearlessness. While the rest of us go through life oscillating between uncertainty and the pain of making a decision, there are some with apparently no doubt at all. Couple this with a fundamental spiritual faith and you have the human equivalent to atom-splitting energy. It is an energy eager to be released. If there is optimism, there is hope for everyone. This is essential in understanding Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

In an article written for *Psychology Today* (September 1982), David Lykken writes of fearlessness being that special stuff seen in explorers, adventurers, astronauts and, often, our leaders. He also reminds us that, "The hero and the psychopath are twigs from the same branch. Both are relatively fearless."

A MAN APART

Joh brought his tired old guns to the historic economic summit, keeping the Prime Minister always in sight. He pulled out the old blunderbuss at the last minute and began firing away as he had done with Whitlam nearly a decade before. Only this time something went wrong. After shootin' up the floor of the House, when the smoke cleared, it was apparent he was to be the odd man out.



"It's called herpes. It's going around."

Bjelke-Petersen's refusal to sign the final joint communique left him a man apart from the other 96 delegates.

Says Ken Wiltshire, "He's in a cleft stick. Obviously he'd like to throw a bucket of cold water on the whole thing. But he's the odd man out and he can't afford to be too much that way. I think he's trying to go through exactly the same process he used on the Whitlam Government and it's not working. It's just not working. Hawke is not Whitlam. The new Prime Minister's support in Queensland is quite high, as is the support for the Labor Party now."

Bjelke-Petersen may have expected support from some in the business community. To his surprise, there was none. Moments after saying Queensland was "not prepared to put its foot on the sticky paper and be stuck with it", there was a vote. It was to be a humiliating defeat for the Queensland Premier. Worse, he was left conspicuously seated while most every other delegate gave a standing ovation for Hawke.

The look on Joh's face as he sat alone was one of torment and defeat, a little boy made to stay inside while the rest of the class won the right to go out and play. It was a defeat and could be seen no other way, even up north.

Rumors are rife that things are falling apart for old Joh. He's not the man he used to be. There is dissension in his own party, the coalition partner is sensing collapse and the new Opposition leader, Keith Wright, is going from strength to strength.

Wiltshire explains: "The Nationals are in great trouble, especially in North Queensland. Bjelke-Petersen refuses to put a northerner in his State cabinet and that has constantly aggravated the northerners. Not enough projects are going into the north and they blame him for not spending enough money up there. Suddenly, Labor is very popular.

"The Libs are in a crisis situation. The enrolment figures just came out and they're disastrous for the Liberals. If there was ever to be a re-distribution, the Liberals would be wiped out. They'd lose nearly half their seats to Labor. That includes most of their Cabinet ministers. That is why all the talk is going on about amalgamating the National and Liberal Parties. Each successive Morgan Gallup Poll shows Labor rising in popularity. The popularity of Hawke is extending deep into Queensland, where Whitlam never did. If the State Labor Party brings Hawke into its campaign, especially after this summit, it could make Joh look like an old man out of touch with the times."

Joh is beginning to make mistakes. Some of these mistakes are creating grave doubts, even amongst his own supporters. For example, there is the recent oil seed plant issue. The $6 million margarine scheme does not have the blessing of many people, including Joh's Minister for Primary Industry. The rural industry does not want it, yet Joh supported the scheme.

Similarly, the Hawke Government has blocked a Japanese real estate investment on the Gold Coast and Bjelke-Petersen is fighting it. The real estate market is depressed; to allow foreign takeovers at this time is considered disastrous by many in the industry. "Hawke has gained a lot of friends over this," says Wiltshire, "friends normally associated with Joh's party."

Perhaps most tarnishing of all has been the recent survey of Aboriginal health in Queensland. The results were appalling. Aborigines are dying from such diseases as tuberculosis and pneumonia, normally associated with Third World countries. Survey results claim Aboriginal infectious diseases are 90 times greater than the State average. Cardiovascular disease is two to three times greater. All this, according to sociologist Chris Anderson, "is linked to Queensland Government policy relating to reserves". Joh doesn't believe the figures. But, unfortunately for him, they came from his own government sources.

Rumors are rife that things are falling apart for old Joh. He's not the man he used to be. There is dissension in his own party.

"When you add it all up," says Wiltshire, "Joh's starting to run out of support, his credibility has been threatened and one of his old tactics used against the Labor Party is not working."

"I'm not a daydreamer," says Opposition spokesman, Tom Burns. "I don't live in the land of dreams, but the facts of life are the polished image of Joh's is beginning to fall apart. Unemployment is going up. So are prices. Our construction industry's collapsing now. More and more businesses are closing down. People are starting to blame Joh for bringing New Zealanders and Southerners who are taking jobs away, major oil and rail projects are not going, our sugar industry is under threat, and in addition, Joh is very old. He's starting to show his age. He still dominates but not with the nimble brain he had. His chickens are starting to come home to roost."

That may be so, but is it bad enough for Joh and his Nationals to lose office? The Queensland State election draws near. Nobody knows when. The Public Service has been asked to gear up for an early election. After Joh's humiliating losses at the National Economic Summit, many observers think he will try to make good, polish up the old barnacle image.

Rumor has suggested many things of Bjelke-Petersen. One implies he will win this election, his last, retire mid-term, convince Flo her job is really back at home and fill her vacancy for the next six years by no one other than himself. Recently, when there was speculation of making Flo part of the Federal Shadow Cabinet, Joh nervously rejected the idea out of hand before his wife had a chance to reply.

JOH. . . WHEREFORE ART THOU?

"He's the sort of person who polarises people," says Hugh Lunn. "Fifty-five percent of the people will remember him as the greatest man ever (I've been at conferences where his presence has rocked the room), and 45 percent are going to remember him as the greatest pain in the knickers. They will see him as a jackboots right wing dictator helped by a clever press secretary who hoodwinked everybody into believing this guy knew what he was talking about."

James Walter of Griffith University in Queensland says: "Joh Bjelke-Petersen is essentially an economic manipulator. His buccaneer attitudes are quite noticeable in the short-term rake-offs of the natural resources, for in the long term they will be gone."

The economic success of Queensland has taken place largely because the State was late in developing its infrastructure. The discovery of oil and minerals helped make that all possible. The construction of roads and harbors and railway lines grew out of the boom. But fortunately for Bjelke-Petersen, he was simply in the right place at the right time. He raced to the front of the parade. That happens to be his style, to be seen, to be visible. Western Australia grew in a similar way to Queensland over the past two decades, developing its infrastructure, though no one man took the credit. Melbourne and Sydney and Los Angeles did so years ago, eventually settling down with the sorts of problems that accompany sudden expansion. Bjelke-Petersen's followers seem to think their leader has done something quite miraculous. Joh does nothing to let them think otherwise; he has always understood images.

In a few years, Queensland will settle down with the same sorts of problems the rest of us share. The coal will be depleted, the oil gone, there will be ghost towns where once thriving explorations took place. The foreign mining companies will have returned home with the spoils and suddenly, the seemingly ceaseless sum of funds will be gone. Joh will be gone; someone else will have taken his place. I wonder if people will look around and, remembering the good old days, wonder where Joh Bjelke-Petersen has gone?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK GLIETSMAN/COLOURSPHERE

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I WANT IT ALL. The clean edit, the infra-red remote control, stereo playback and record, crystal clear freeze frame and slow motion, picture search and Cinemavision.

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I'm planning to make movies, you see, and these days you can do just that with the domestic video equipment I've listed, plus a bit of sound mixing gear, a script, a cast and a small budget. Don't think it's not happening already. There are people out there making feature length movies for lounge-room playback, and the best of them look pretty good.

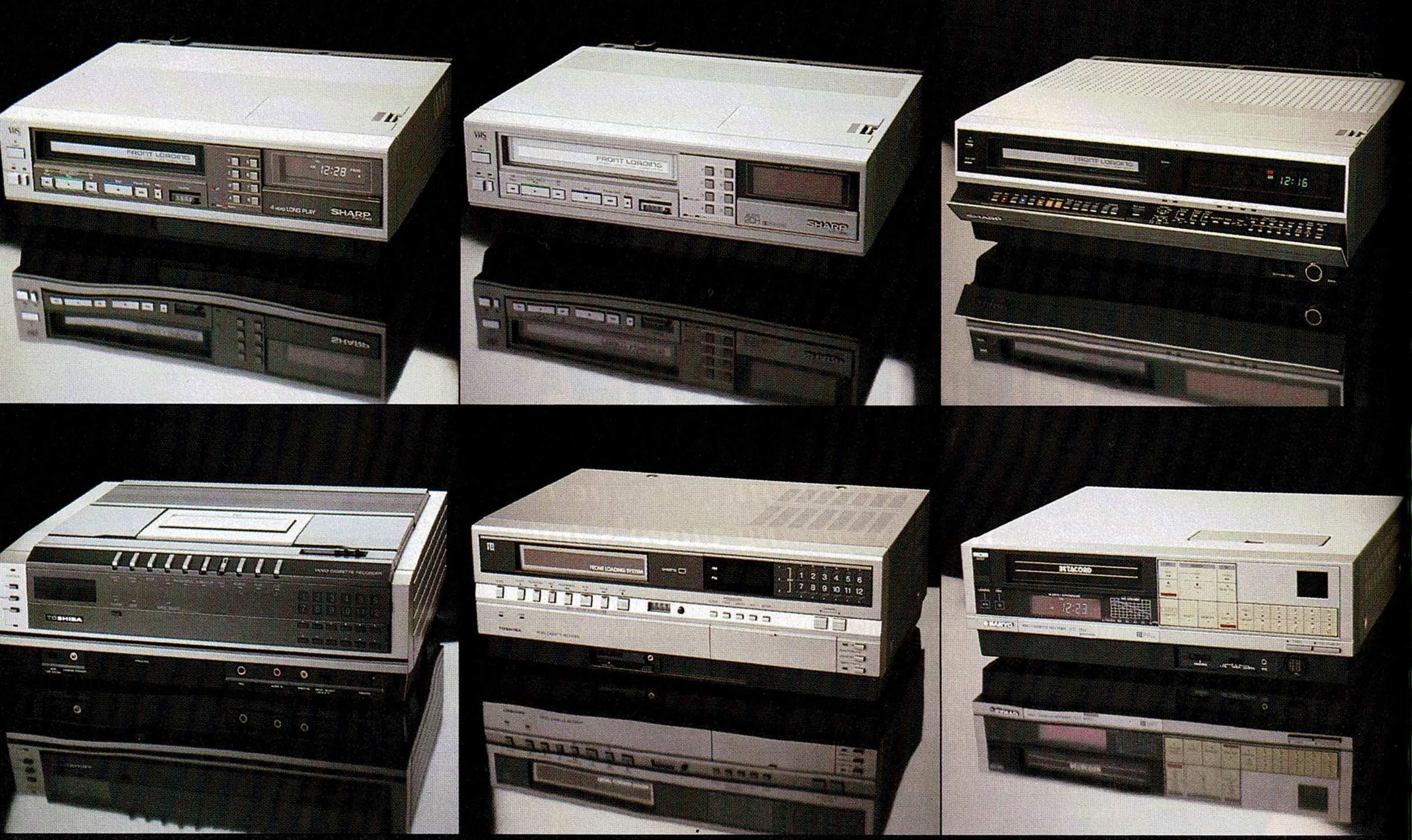
Most people who own VCRs don't make movies, of course, but their machines do have the capability. It makes you wonder if the typical video machine isn't feeling understimulated. (In human beings, understimulation eventually causes mental atrophy and regression. Its effect upon intelligent machines is yet to be determined.)

Put it this way, are you a progressive or passive VCR user? Are you ready to get serious about interfacing with your TV screen? (The word "interfacing" was invented to express the concept of machine talking to machine, but it has also become a standard phrase within the TV industry meaning: "Let's get together for a meeting." This is yet another example of mankind's propensity for developing machines he then tries to emulate.)

The first TV sets seemed harmless enough. They sat in our parents' living rooms and were only turned on when homework was finished. Back then, no one dreamed of personalised programming. It was the era of passive home entertainment, the TV user chose from what was on offer from the TV networks, or didn't switch on. Then along came VCRs and it was a new game. Viewers now had the ability to reprogram a TV set to personal viewing requirements. Naturally, the more specialised the requirements, the more sophisticated the VCR needed to be.

Consider this fact: there is little, if any, discernible difference between the normal picture you receive from the cheapest VCR on the market (under $700) and the most expensive (up to $1400). But if you're not buying twice as good a picture for twice the price, what the hell are you spending all that money for? The answer is, you're paying for the facility to be able to control, manipulate and reprogram that picture to production house standards.

article by anthony o'grady



Top row, from left: Three Sharp VHS models — VC-390 "long play" unit; VC-386; VC-388 with remote control. Second row: Three Beta units — Toshiba 8700, with four heads; Toshiba 9600; 11-function Sanyo Betacord.

It all depends on how far you want to go. At the time of writing, the Toshiba V9600 is the cheapest model I can find (some Sydney stores are flogging it for around $650). It has picture search, a cord remote control with pause button, freeze frame, slow motion and a timer. Among the most expensive of the video packages is the Blaupunkt 2322. For around $4000, you get a racked TV/video combination. The video is a front-loading VHS model with a 14-day eight-event timer, a multi-head system for high quality slow motion and freeze frame, audio dub and stereo TV facility. Or there's the Sony C9 (for around $1550), a Beta format machine with enough tricks to keep Francis Ford Coppola happy.

But for normal viewing, there's little difference between the Toshiba, the Blaupunkt or the Sony. Yet the price differences are worth every cent to the VCR operator who wants to use the different facilities.

Let's go through it step by step.

THE BETA vs VHS BUGBEAR

God, we video reviewers are sick of talking about this one and it's not going to go away, either.

Just about everyone who knows what a VCR is, knows there are two major formats in Australia — Beta and VHS. There's no argument that the two formats are incompatible with each other (though you can edit from one to the other) and that VHS has about 70 percent of the market to Beta's 30 percent.

Each system "reads" and "writes" video information differently. Without going into the technical details, the Beta has a faster "writing speed" than the VHS and potentially this means a better picture. But VHS claims its system means less wear and tear on tapes and machines. However, there's no noticeable difference between picture quality or machine performance for either format.

And both systems, their manufacturers vow, are here forever.

But the infighting can get tough. Toshiba recently coordinated a series of press releases warning certain (unnamed) retailers that making misleading statements about Beta's viability in the market place could be an infringement of the Trade Practices Act.

What was happening was this: Beta pretty well dominates the lower-priced end of the video market (under $700) with several very satisfactory performance machines (notably from Toshiba and Sanyo). Apparently some of the sharper electronic retailers were steering customers away from the budget Betas to mid-range and high-range VHS models with the explanation: "We don't know if Beta will be around too much longer, VHS dominates the market."

The Beta blokes were right to feel miffed. Their most effective marketing strategy, a good machine at a budget price, was being undermined by an informal Fifth Column network.

And if Beta has those woes, imagine what's happening to V2000, a third format, very popular in Europe, and an impressive VCR performer in every sense but Australian market share. V2000 has the maybe five percent of the market that VHS and Beta combined don't.

When it comes to availability of software (essentially pre-recorded movie titles), rental libraries are sometimes skimpy on Beta, while the mere mention of V2000 most often evokes a shake of the head.

PASSIVE AND PROGRESSIVE

Once you've worked out your choice of formats, you have to decide whether you're a VCR passive or progressive. Are you going to use the thing to simply "time-shift" your TV viewing (ie record programs off-air for viewing at your convenience) and play pre-recorded tapes? Or are you going to construct your own programming?

For the first, the essentials are a timer, picture search and not much else. Timers set the machine recording while you're not there. All VCRs have one, ranging from a three-day/one-program clock in the Toshiba V9600A, to the microprocessor memory in the Grundig V2000 which can record up to five programs spread over 99 days. Natch, you pay more for the more sophisticated clock. But what use is a multiple program timer if the longest tape you can buy is four hours?

The top-of-the-line models have various solutions. Sony has an (optional) automatic cassette player changer for the C9 model. The Akai VS-4 has a half-speed record and playback facility, giving eight hours operation on a four-hour tape.

Multi-function timers are fun to play with: just working out how to program the more complex clocks is an achievement in

Beta
β
Not just a pretty face...
Nothing By Chance
BETACORD
SANYO VIDEO CASSETTE RECORDER VTC 6500
SANYO
That's Life!

Sanyo's New VTC 6500. Featuring the Beta video format with convenient front loading, 2 week-8 programme timer, infra-red remote control, clean picture search, forward and reverse at seven times normal speed, 10 pre-set soft touch tuning system, electronic tape counter, tape remainder indicator, auto rewind and camera terminal. All this and every bit as good as it looks but that's life.

itself, though Akai displays step by step instructions on the TV screen while you do the setting.

The question is, how specialised are your timing requirements? In my experience, timers are mostly used if the VCR owner is going out that night or away for weekend. What else are video friends for, if not to record and save favorite programs while you take your annual vacation?

Picture search is an essential. The earliest VCRs didn't have them and it was hell trying to find a particular segment on a three-hour tape, not much better on a two-hour cassette.

Nowadays, just about every VCR has some form of picture search that keeps the picture on the screen while you fast forward or reverse through unwanted commercials or an unfavorite bit of movie. Picture search speeds range from five times faster than normal on machines such as the Sanyo VTC5400P, to a choice of seven to 25 times faster for the Toshiba V8700A. The budget machines generally only have forward picture search. The general rule for picture search is the faster the better. Especially when you've recorded a Sunday Night At The Movies loaded with three-minute commercial breaks. It's a pleasure to skip through those concentration-breakers in 15 seconds or less.

Stereo is a highly desirable item, especially with the number of stereo video movies now being released. Both Beta and VHS are in the process of developing high quality stereo recording facilities within their machines. Playback is via a simple cable connection to your hi-fi amplifier.

The difference between stereo video and ordinary TV sound is startling. But then again, so is the difference when you hook a mono VCR through an amplifier.

Did you know a VCR can be modified for use as a digital tape-recorder? The only problem is, it can't then be used to transmit pictures, but they're working on it.

As for **remote control,** even the cheapest machines have a cord remote with a pause function to edit out commercials while recording or to stop the action while you go to the fridge. Mid-range models generally have a cord remote with most of the video functions present. The top price machines have infra-red remotes with the whole banquet — everything on the machine plus channel changing, brightness and volume control. Nice for the man who likes to be in control of his environment without leaving his armchair or bed.

Then there's **auto rewind.** Video cassettes are quirky beasts. If the tape isn't kept tensioned, it will develop drop-outs, "noise" and may even break. Tapes will do these things anyway, even when kept tensioned, but keeping them at half-mast will surely hasten every malfunction. This is why VCR manuals urge you to rewind tapes after viewing. Auto rewind simply rewinds the tape when it comes to an end and thus takes much of the responsibility out of good tape care. It's the ultimate facility for video passives.

Active VCR ownership really starts with **audio dub.** You can take any TV scene and reconstruct its meaning by changing the sound; either adding music, sound effects or new dialogue. I know one guy who put together a scatological rave to the visual of a (famous) Sydney used car salesman enthusiastically thumping the bonnet of his Bargain of the Week. Drama students use it to tape a scene then overdub their own reading. The majority of machines on the market have audio dub, but how many VCR owners use it? Not many, I suspect.

Slow motion/freeze frame: Nearly every VCR has some form of freeze frame but only the most expensive models give you crystal clear reproduction. Most of the top range machines also have slow motion or, even better, frame by frame replay. Home video makers like using it and it's great for sports people who've taped a performance. At last! The true horror of your golf swing revealed.

For most users, though, a slow motion facility is a novelty that soon wears thin.

Then there's auto rewind. Video cassettes are quirky beasts. If the tape isn't kept tensioned, it will develop drop-outs, "noise" and may even break.

Editing is something else for the progressive VCR user. When constructing your own program, be it a collection of favorite rock clips or a home movie, drop-outs and noisy transmissions between scenes are pains in the arse. It's also a bugbear peculiar to most VHS machines; Beta models usually edit fairly cleanly.

But then again, the most professional editing facility on the domestic VCR market is in a VHS machine — the National NV777A has an insert/assembly device that guarantees a clean cut.

CAMERAS

Progressive VCR ownership demands you will eventually end up with a video camera. Some will use it to replace their home movie outfit, some will use it for sport, drama or a hundred other individual pursuits. Quite a few will use it for permanent proof of their best bedroom capabilities.

Once upon a time, video cameras were bulky, burdensome brutes. You didn't need to take a Charles Atlas course to handle one, but half an hour into filming, you certainly felt a great weight on your shoulders. At the time of writing, the lightest video cameras weigh between one and two kilograms. One of the newest on the market, the Hitachi UK-C2000E, is also among the smallest. At 17.6 by 28.8 by 29.8 cms, it's about twice the length and three times as bulky as a Walkman.

The best video cameras have six to eight motorised zoom lenses, extreme close-up focusing, automatic exposure, uni-direction and/or remote microphone sources and an electronic viewfinder.

But the biggest boom in video cameras is yet to come. The world's major electronic and tape firms have now agreed on a standard for 8mm video cameras, using a pure metal-coated tape instead of the current 12mm metal oxide covering.

Of course, the new breed of 8mm video cameras won't be compatible with your current 12mm (half-inch) VCR. What will probably happen is that the 8mm camera will be market leader for a new world standard 8mm domestic VCR. And that means all current VCRs will be out-moded, but not until the turn of the decade, at least.

THE FUTURE

Bold new advances in the domestic video market mean brave new worlds for every household with a TV screen. (These advances also mean a lot of relatively new electronic equipment becomes old-fashioned well before the end of its working life.)

We are heading rapidly toward the "wired-in" society and the TV set is changing from something that sits in the corner to a minute by minute monitor of our lifestyle. Australia is not only the fastest video growth market in the world (12 percent of homes here have one, compared to only eight percent in America), we're also taking personal computers home faster than anyone else.

Add the potential of video disc, satellite and inter-active cable TV and it will be possible never to step out of your electronic ivory castle. You'll be able to shop, bank, transmit work, communicate with associates or home in on new contacts, without ever leaving your armchair. In some parts of the world, it's possible to do all those things right now.

Video games and home computers are just the start; the only barriers are time and money and both those blocks are disappearing fast. For instance, I really shouldn't be typing this article on paper, then travelling to PLAYBOY headquarters to deliver it. Not when I just bang it out on a word processor linked to my home computer, and then interface my disc-drive with PLAYBOY's computerised typesetting machine via telephone.

I wager a fair percentage of your present work could be handled in similar fashion.

By the end of the decade, most of us will only dimly remember a time when it didn't happen this way. Just like we now wonder how we ever got along without a VCR.

No other home video gives you 3-way freedom.

SHARP
SHARP VIDEO CASSETTE RECORDER VC-3300 VHS
E-30

Simulated Picture

Your investment in home video can do so much more than you ever thought possible. Now there's a unique alternative-Sharp Video Champ 3300, the 3-way freedom machine. No other home video offers you all this:

1 Just like conventional deck-type videos, the Video Champ has all the features-10x speed picture search, clean still frame, built-in tuner and programmable 7 day timer. It even has a four function remote control.

2 It's compact size, light weight and convenient carry handle give you the freedom to take your Video Champ with you-to another room, to your caravan, boat or holiday home, even to the office.

In fact, anywhere you go!

3 The Video Champ also gives you the freedom to make your own home movies. Just connect a Sharp camera and away you go.

3-way video freedom is made possible by unique design and a clever 3-way power choice. Its built-in AC power pack is quickly exchanged for an optional battery pack or an optional cord connection to your car cigarette lighter socket.

Now you can make the most of your video investment. No other home video gives you all this!

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AP 4007

PUTTNAM

(continued from page 82)

There is now a paucity of ideas and a lack of vigor. I can only put that down to the tall poppy syndrome.

unbelievable wealth of talent in the form of directors and writers. I don't know what we ever did in the UK to deserve it. The success of *Gandhi* is very important I think; it was easy to write *Chariots of Fire* off as a flash in the pan.

17.

PLAYBOY: The Australian film industry received some very generous tax concessions; concessions which other art forms do not obtain. There is talk here that the film industry receives too large a share of the total funding pie available to the arts. Are similar tax concessions available to the UK producers?

PUTTNAM: In the UK we have some sort of government assistance, but it is much less than here.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the government funding moneys have been well used within the Australian film industry?

PUTTNAM: I can't answer the question directly because I just haven't been here long enough. But, and I say this with regret, I do not get a sense that there are wonderful films sitting out there unable to be funded. Quite the reverse. I do get a sense that there is an opportunity that has been created, but unfortunately that opportunity, to an extent, has been put in the hands of people whose motives and motivations are less than I would like them to be. I suspect that the main problem might be that you do not have a film maker-dominated financial market here: let's get that clear, it's a financier-dominated market. I think it is not entirely invalid that the sheer scale of resources a film requires should force you to wriggle and fight and scrap a little.

19.

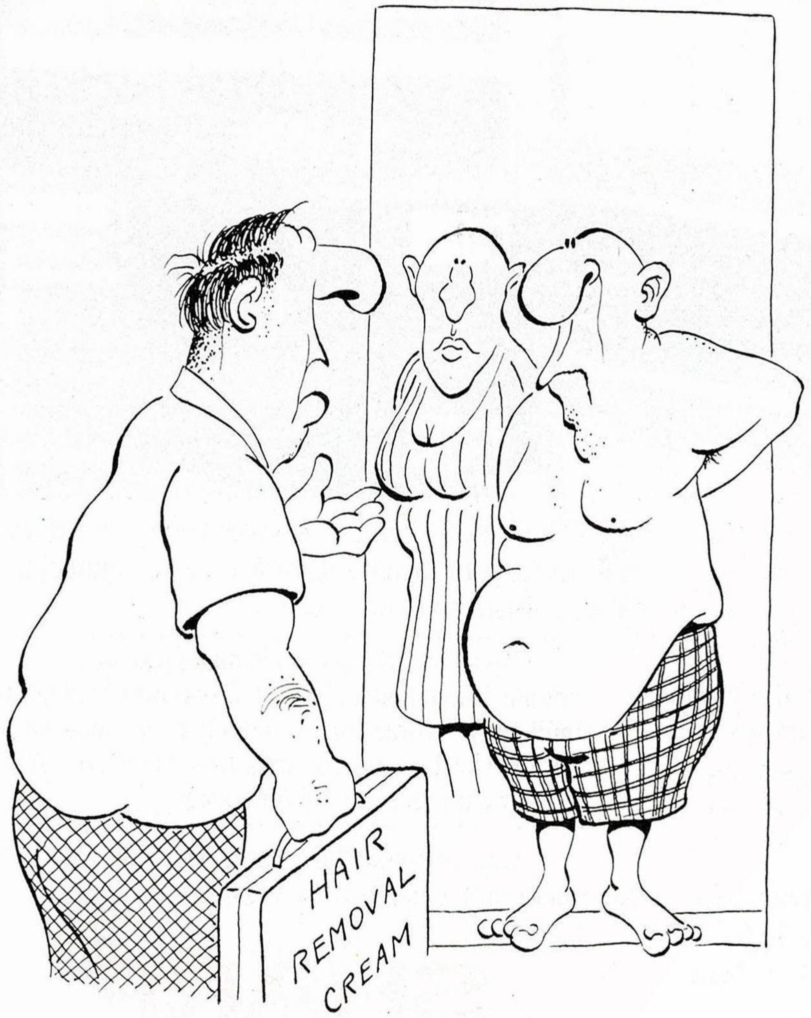
PLAYBOY: It would seem that we are in danger of throwing away the image that Australian films have built up over the last five years. Why do you think that is?

PUTTNAM: Yes, there is that danger. The impact created by Australian film is perhaps more apparent when viewed from overseas than from here. But there is now a paucity of ideas and a lack of vigor. And I can only put that down to what you refer to as the tall poppy syndrome; it is this amazing ability you have of failing to embrace each other's success. It is something which is always going to hold you back culturally as a country. In America, you have almost the reverse. I am not suggesting that America's attitude is the right one, but it is a bloody sight more healthy one to work with than the one you have here. I think that people here should very carefully assess the experience of, say, Fred Schepisi, who I regard as a massive talent. I happen to like *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* a lot, but that is neither here nor there. But it was an important film because for the first time, people overseas realised there was such a thing as an Australian film and he should have been positively encouraged. He and Bruce Beresford, Peter Weir and the rest of them should have been turned into your vanguard, instead of which they have been allowed to drift to an extent and certainly have not been allowed to aggressively move forward. In Britain, thanks to one or two individuals, I've been allowed to really chance my arm. I do not see that happening here, and it's sad.

20.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite Australian movie?

PUTTNAM: Maybe Fred Schepisi's *Jimmie Blacksmith.* I liked *Gallipoli* — I felt actually if Peter Weir had been given longer, and given more resources, it would have been a more important film. I thought it suffered from being a kind of middle-range price film. I know only too well how that can happen to you. I loved lots of *Breaker Morant:* I think that final shot when they held hands is the bravest shot I have seen in the cinema in a long, long while. Funnily enough, a lot of the films that you do not rate as highly, I like a lot. I thought *Don's Party* was a smashing film. It was a slice of life at the time and taught me a lot about Australians; it still holds up remarkably well. Schepisi's other movie, *Devil's Playground,* was a marvellous film, it made me want to see *Jimmie Blacksmith* actually; maybe I am underrating *Devil's Playground.* But my favorite must be *Jimmie Blacksmith*, it was unique, it hit me when I wasn't expecting it, although maybe the violence could have been toned down a little. Actually I think Fred's a massive talent; it is a heartbreak that he's gone. I think if you Australians had to sit and stare at your tummy buttons about anything, it should be the way in which you lost Fred Schepisi.

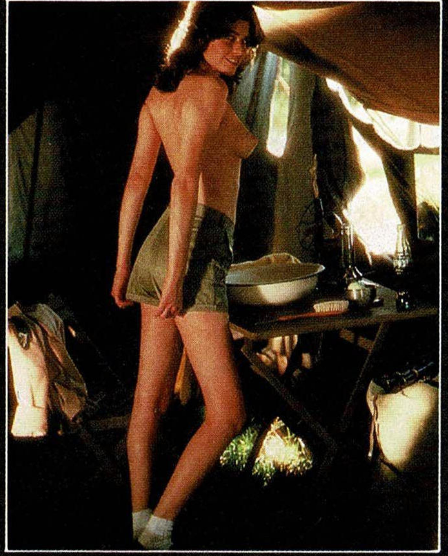


"Hello, I'm selling. . . ahh, never mind."

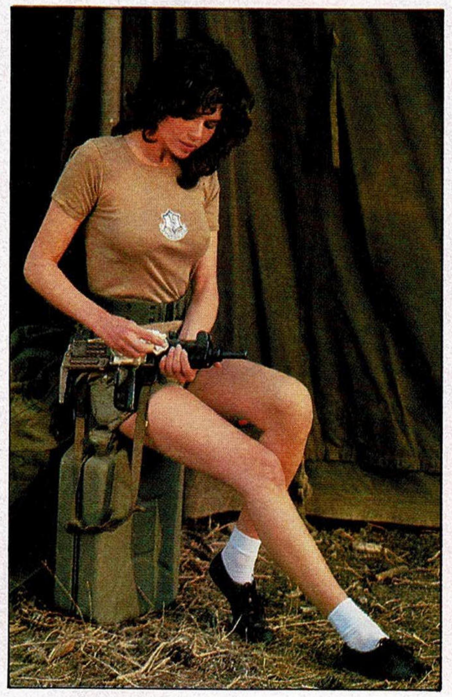
YAEL SALUTES YOU

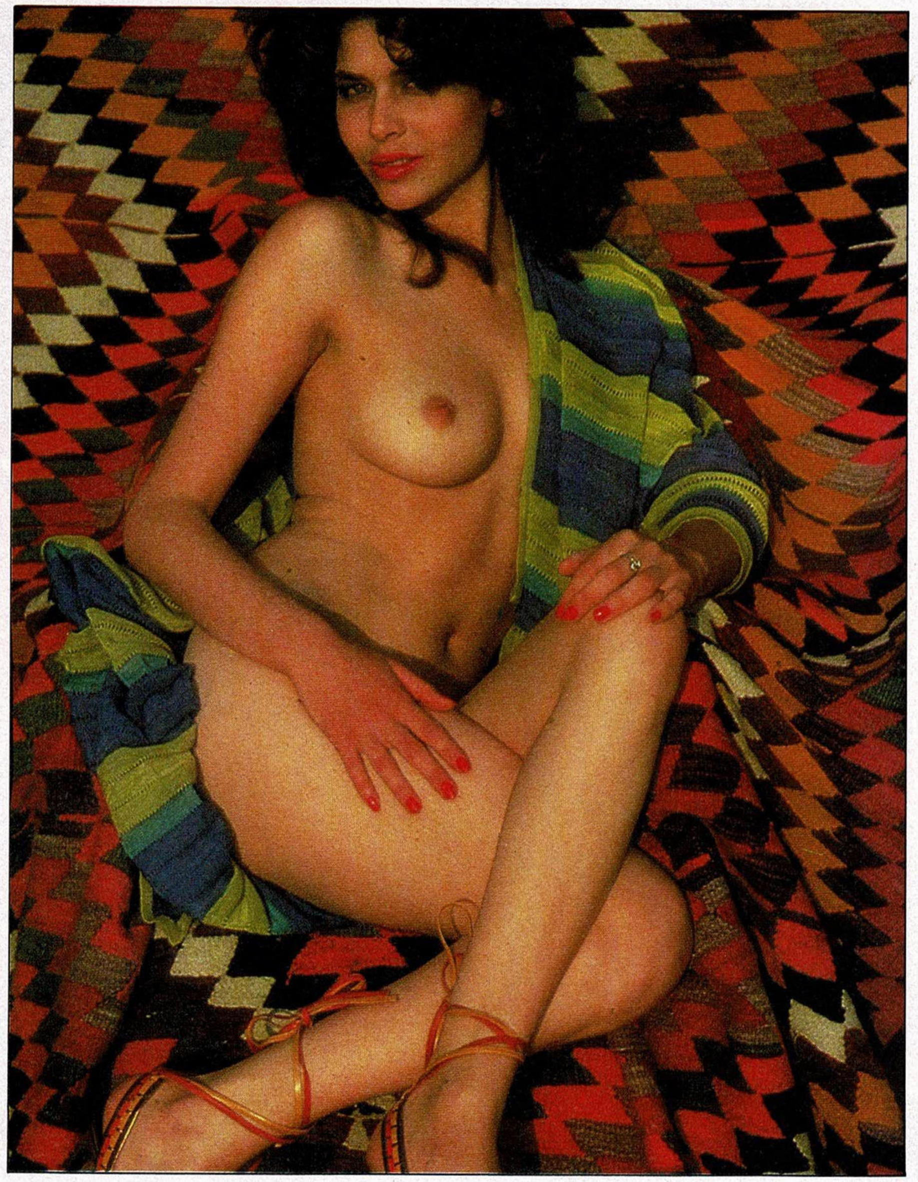
Nineteen year-old Yael Yela is doing compulsory duty with the Israeli Army. Like all the girls in her country, she's learning to salute, to march and to shoot. And sometimes she finds a moment to dream — of being a woman.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARIANNE HAAS



"Military service changes your life completely," says Yael. "Most of the girls come from strict families. In the barracks, they learn for the first time what it means to be a woman in a man's world. It's no wonder that after two years of service, many of us have lost our girlhood on the field of honor."





"After basic training, you're no longer a 'girl'. That's why they call it the women's troop in the Israeli Army. And we're proud of that. The code is the same for armies throughout the world." Yael believes: "'The tougher the enemy, the cleaner the weapon.' Mine's as clean as it will get. Now it's time to dream: 34 days to go. Then I'm out."

NIMBIN

(continued from page 76)

By dawn I was almost spent but she screamed: "One more for Betty Friedan," and we were at it again.

We don't know what he's doing, but he seems confident."

The Gang of Five arrived and jolted me back to the present. I bought more beers and we took a table in the corner of the lounge. "Great news about the draft," said Laura, who had long, greasy hair and wore an old Moratorium badge pinned to her khaki work shirt. In the clear light of day I found her extraordinarily attractive. "Yes, I find it very gratifying, personally," I said, reluctantly allowing myself to be dragged into an explanation of my role in recent history. The other members of the group — Tom, Helen, Dave and Grunge —looked on passively while I spoke. Laura pushed back her hair, rolled a cigarette and stared soulfully into my eyes. This was looking good, I thought. A Real Woman. I'd had it up to here with political groupies and cabinet ministers' wives, knowing winks in the foyer of the Lobby restaurant and clandestine cuddles in the booths at Zorba's. And the perversion!! One particularly nasty assignation of mine just wasn't happy until we were swiving in the swivel chair in the ministerial study, half a dozen copies of Hansard supporting the small of her back. But I digress.

By the time we had worked out the details of our alternative north coast community and counted the donations the gang had gathered from the student body, it was near closing time and I was in the mood for a bit of student body myself. With some guidance from their old uncle Clyde, the gang had decided that I should head off in the morning, find the land, make all the necessary arrangements and send for the first batch of New Settlers before the end of January. To this end they had given me $600, which I stuffed into my wallet, in a different compartment from my French letter and the great bulk of Gough's Golden Handshake. Grunge was all for catching the Daddy Cool concert at the Union, but I gave Laura a wink that could mean only one thing and the two of us sidled off in the direction of her flat in Chippendale. The battered old kombi I had bought for $200 on Parramatta Road chugged happily along its home turf and delivered a convincing volley of pre-ignition as we spluttered to a halt outside Laura's. (An interesting sidelight here: I parked the bus on precisely the spot on which the criminal Warren Lanfranchi would meet his maker in a hail of police bullets many years later.)

Inside the flat, Laura didn't mess around. She ushered me past a front room where a group of young people were listening to a guitarist, and into the paint-peeling kitchen, where she found a flagon of riesling and two Vegemite jars. We were just about to disappear up the stairs when the singing and strumming stopped and a familiar face appeared. "Clyde Strange," it roared, "haven't seen you since the last big day down the Island. How the hell are ya?" It was my old surfing buddy Shirley Strachan, who introduced me to his guitarist friend, Red. Shirl told me that he and Red were hoping to put a band together and asked, naturally enough, for a few tips.

I hesitated momentarily, because I still felt a little burnt over the way Kevin Johnston had used my musical experiences as the basis for his huge hit, Rock and Roll I Gave You All The Best Years Of My Life, for which I had never received cash or credit. But Shirl was an old mate who'd never dropped in on me, so I counselled them — albeit briefly because Laura was tugging at my caftan. "Shirl," I said, "I believe our cultural cringe is coming to an end. Under Whitlam we are about to discover our national identity. What you should do is drop Johnny B Goode and do songs about life in the suburbs. Identify with the kids. Oh, and get some crazy new outfits, after all we are living in the seventies."

This last wisdom seemed to hit him like a bolt of lightning. He and Red conferred and then asked one last question: "What do you think we should call ourselves?"

I pondered this one for a moment, and then said: "You are addressing the ordinary kids of Australia. Why not call yourselves Men At Work?" Red and Shirl looked at each other in disbelief and hurried off. Still, two out of three ain't bad. As with so many of my ideas, the last had been a decade ahead of its time.

Laura was an animal. We rolled on and off her innerspring in the middle of the floor as her shrieks of orgasmic delight thrilled the neighborhood. By dawn I was almost spent but she screamed: "One more for Betty Friedan," and we were at it again. I rolled off sore and raw and not totally ready to face the 900-kilometre drive ahead of me. "Take me with you," she begged, as I climbed into my clothes and made for the door. I kissed her greasy forehead.

"Babe, I'll send for you when it's safe," I said, and was gone.

By Newcastle I was somewhat on the nod but, as fate would have it, a hitch-hiker awaited me as I rumbled over the Hexham Bridge. I pulled the kombi over and a fresh-faced fellow with a pageboy haircut climbed aboard, throwing his rucksack and portable Remington into the back. His portable Remington! I took another look. "Neville, you bastard," I screamed. "I thought they'd locked you in the Tower of London and thrown away the key."

"No," said Richard Neville, "We got off in spite of your work on the defence team. How the devil are you, Strange?" I told him I was well, if a little pooped from passion. The incident Neville and I were referring to, of course, was the celebrated *Oz* obscenity trial at the Old Bailey a few years earlier. As someone who understood both revolution and the machinations of political power (and who could recite the unabridged version of *Eskimo Nell*), I was called as a witness for the defence.

Unfortunately for Neville and his cohorts on the satirical magazine, I turned up at the Old Bailey with a few on board and forgot my lines. I finished up imploring the jury to hang all pornographers. Dreadful behavior, but I put it down to the British licensing laws, which compel you to throw down pints of ale at a great rate before being shown the door at 3pm.

Anyway, Neville had left all that drama behind him, and prior to becoming a daytime television superstar, was eking out a living editing a publication called *The Living Daylights*. His expense account was not generous, he told me as we tootled through Taree, hence his mode of travel. It transpired that the celebrated radical and I were headed for much the same place — northern Nirvana. "Listen Neville," I said as Grafton loomed ahead, "help me find some land at the right price and I'll cut you in on this rort. I'll look after the brown rice and incense and you can have any other franchise you want. Maybe you could get a few thousand remaindered Carter Brown mysteries from one of your mates in publishing and flog them off. These kids will have to do something while they sit in their tepees and watch their grass grow."

Well, this really set him off. Neville went on about New Age philosophy and his commitment to the counter culture, and how friends of his were setting up an alternative lifestyle festival at Nimbin and how we all had to help each other, and by Ballina I'd had a bloody gutful. I made an excuse about having to visit relations and pissed the bugger off, but not before I'd picked up some extremely useful information about the likely requirements of the New Settlers.

Firstly, Neville's information about the festival to be held at Nimbin in a few months time gave me a timetable to work to. It was becoming clear to me that as well as the warm glow I would get from helping such worthy youthful idealism, there was a big buck to be made. All I had to do was milk as much working capital as I could out of Laura and her friends, monopolise the supply of all the goods the kids would want in Nimbin, then wait for them to flock in. City kids out in the bush. Like taking candy from a baby.

Secondly, Neville's information about what the kids were into was a bit more to the point than the rubbish that old fart Cairns had suggested. They wanted sex and drugs and rock and roll, and whatever was conducive to the aforementioned. They also wanted the illusion of natural living, which is achieved by eating muesli, brown rice and yoghurt drinks while listening to Ravi Shankar tapes. In the area of drugs I was already an expert, having worked on both sides of the fence. In '67 in the Haight it was grass and acid, at Woodstock in '69 it was mescalin and speed, in Canberra during the '72 election campaign it was Fosters and VB. Now, at Nimbin the early days of the New Age, it would be Mullumbimby Madness, magic mushies and Uncle Clyde's Special Hallucinogenic Cocktails.

I threw a hard left just out of Ballina and left the Pacific Highway behind. The kombi labored up the hills which led to the Rainbow Region and mud from the summer rain splattered along the kaleidoscopic murals I'd had painted on the sides. I had to admit, they looked better for a little mud.

The main street of Nimbin was strangely quiet when I arrived, not what I'd been expecting at all. In Goa in '68 you couldn't swing a cat without knocking a joint out of someone's mouth. (God, how I miss Goa. In a way I wish I'd never told Qantas about the Overland Trail, and I certainly should never have suggested those bloody Discovery Tours to Ita, but where was I?) Yes, very quiet. I cruised up the street on the sort of reconnaissance mission we wished we'd had when we were covering the unpleasantness in 'Nam. A beer at the pub and two down the other end at the bowling club, where they welcomed me as a prodigal returned, owing to a fact I'd almost forgotten. In the late '50s I'd answered a mercy call from my father, Cyril Strange, who was by way of being one of the greatest lawn bowlers the world has ever seen. Well, Cyril was contesting the pennant doubles at Lismore when his partner's liver finally gave the game away. I'd never played bowls but Father knew I was a natural at ball games, and I was on the first available flight. Now Lismore is only a hop, step and a jump from Nimbin, and when I walked into the bar of the Nimbin Bowling Club, on my way to turn the place into the hippy capital of Australia, there wasn't a pensioner in the place who didn't remember my curved ball that took out the pennant for us.

This may seem like a fairly laborious diversion but, in fact, what turned out to be a very long quick beer at the club also turned out to be the keys to the city. By the time the evening shadows began to fall across the green, your old uncle Clyde was on first name terms with the fine country gentlemen who then controlled Nimbin and stood in awe of one Doug Anthony, the local member. I was able to gloss over my recent past in the course of an afternoon's drinking and somehow create the mistaken impression that Doug Anthony himself had sent me north to infiltrate the hippie hordes who were about to descend on the village. This sort of thing washed very well with the likes of the local police sergeant and the prominent members of council and the chamber of commerce. In no time at all I had placed a deposit on an entire valley close to town (I would rent it out to hippies so that they could be kept under constant surveillance), had rented several empty shops along the main street and, by an amazing stroke of luck, been introduced to Mr Wong Flung Dun, the proprietor of Nimbin's only Chinese restaurant.

"How's business?" I asked Wong, by way of starting a conversation. The little man jumped up and down and held his head behind the ears. "Oh, tellible, tellible," he moaned. "I make big mistake. Order blown lice instead of white. No broody good for flying."

A little light globe switched on above my head. I asked Mr Wong how much brown rice he had inadvertently come by. "Oh, tellible mistake," he cried, "I buy whole warehouse full in Blisbane. Rifetime suppry." I bought Mr Wong another beer and in a short while he was 50 bucks richer and I was in the health food business.

Maureen was the icing on the brown rice pudding, so to speak. Our eyes had met in the late afternoon as she hung up her white floppy hat after a few ends with a stocky

How much should a status symbol cost?

chap who turned out to be her husband, Norm. She was, as they say in the country, a handsome woman whose only concession to middle age was the pattern of varicose veins which ran up both legs and which not even the thickness of bowling stockings could completely hide. However, years of shooting for the jack had left her lithe and nimble, and it was a delight to watch her glide effortlessly from the bar to the bank of poker machines in the corner of the room. By mid-evening, as our group dispersed, I noticed that Norm was a crumpled, drunken heap snoring under a table. Maureen was still at the Bally three-wheeler, a plastic container full of 20 cent pieces in her hand and the smoke from her Ardath Plain swirling around in the light that shone on her blue rinse. Without introduction I took her by the hand and led her to the kombi.

Three days later I virtually ruled Nimbin, but I was a benevolent despot. With the help of the Wong children (all 11 of them) I knocked down some walls, and a few adjoining shops on Main Street became Uncle Clyde's Natural Healing Centre, Whole Earth Book Store, Bar and Brasserie. This was a magnificent space, redolent with incense and burning buds, all-Indian cloth and Balinese sarongs. From what was once the storage attic of the fertilizer shop, I presided over this countercultural Woolies. At dawn each day the younger Wong children would pick the gold-topped mushrooms from the nearby valleys and the Wong teenagers would mix up copious quantities of Uncle Clyde's Special Hallucinogenic Cocktails, which Maureen The Lady Bowler would later serve in brandy balloons, with a maraschino cherry and a little paper umbrella. The whole affair was exquisitely tasteful (puts me in mind of my brief career presiding over the kitchen at the Ritz-Carlton) and as the summer rolled on, the crowds rolled in and I was able to stash vast quantities of the folding stuff into the secret compartment of my Jac-Pac jacket. (Incidentally, this particular Jac-Pac was the one that started it all, the prototype which I developed for a curious little Amerasian chap I met in Bali, and which was later to make him a wealthy man.)

Meanwhile, a few miles out of town I made preparations for the first experiment in real communal living in Australia. Strangelands is what I called the glorious valley, dissected by a flowing stream, which I had picked up for a song from a disreputable member of the Anthony family. As the Healing Centre and Brasserie took off, I was able to invest in the necessities of simple, communal living before the hordes began to arrive that autumn. I installed a magnificent neon sign at the main gate which proclaimed: WELCOME TO STRANGELANDS BROTHERS AND SISTERS. HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME AT AUSTRALIA'S FIRST NEW SETTLER TIME-SHARING RESORT. DEPOSITS NOT REFUNDABLE PLEASE REMOVE YOUR SHOES AND HAVE A NICE DAY. Maureen's hubbie Norm — not a bad bloke as it turned out and exceedingly generous — put a team of bricklayers together, and in no time at all we had built a red brick "transitional reception module, hat check and cashier's desk" which not only rivalled any camping ground amenities block for solidity, but blended perfectly with the environment. Based on architectural principles I had picked up from Bucky Fuller and at Eltham years before, the structure was barely visible from any other part of the valley, once we had bulldozed a solid wall of earth around it. The above-ground swimming pool was a concession to the Wong children, who had worked very hard for no pay, but it also complemented the overall effect. And the subterranean car park was a master-stroke, enabling us to cater for thousands of day visitors, while preserving the quiet and solitude of the Rainbow Region. In preparation for the influx, I had brochures printed and distributed in motels and roadside cafes: "What's wrong with the kids of today? Spend a day at Strangelands and find out. See filthy hippy women breastfeed snotty children in full view of the public. Hear discordant folk music. Watch the degrading after-effects of a marijuana binge. Be appalled, disgusted, sickened. $10 a day all inclusive, pensioners and children half price. Special family concessions."

I had just begun our now familiar ritual foreplay — I would pretend to polish my bowling ball while she adjusted the jack — when the rolladoor rolled open.

Understandably, the bookings came thick and fast. Too fast, in fact, and under pressure from the local tourist authority, I had to put on a show before your actual New Settlers arrived. Fortunately, having been called in by the Disney people several years before to assist in the design of their Florida amusement park, I was adept at simulating scenes of feverish activity. Thus, on opening day, great unwashed hordes of papier mache hippies frolicked naked by the creek bed (in the distance) while the Wong teenagers sat in a tepee smoking nine-paper joints and chanting while Maureen prominently breastfed the Wong baby and operated a loom with her free hand. Maureen's husband Norm performed evasive miracles in his role as tour guide while I put the finishing touches on the Strangelands sample bags — incense, New Settler mask, fake Gulamin beads, sack of brown rice, honorary hippy certificate. At day's end Norm was buggered, of course, and repaired to the bowling club for the one. Maureen and I had counted the takings (very nice, thank you) and I was basking in the afterglow of shared cultural enrichment. We lay on the mattress in the centre of my personal dome-shaped weekender on the far edge of the valley, sipping Sparkling Rhinegold (Maureen's favorite) and watching the golden orb of the sun sink behind Mount Warning. I had just begun our now familiar foreplay ritual — I would pretend to polish my bowling ball while she adjusted the jack — when the rolladoor rolled open and lank, greasy locks and khaki shirts blotted out the evening light.

"I can explain everything," I blurted as I zipped up my Yakka flairs and rushed across the room to Laura, Tom, Helen, Dave and Grunge. "This woman is one of the first celebrants of the New Age and she is receiving an induction course in the libertarian principles of Aquarian Awareness."

"Oh," said Laura, "and we thought you were just giving an old boiler in a bowling uniform a quick poke." Maureen was hoisting her thick stockings back up and reaching for her hat. She looked moderately displeased as she strode from the dome, muttering out the corner of her mouth that, if needed, she would be "down the club". I noticed, however, she had the presence of mind to take the Rhinegold with her.

As day turned into night I sat cross-legged in the centre of the group and explained the significance of the alternative society I had established on behalf of my young friends. They were, shall we say, un peu de sceptical. There seemed to be a line of thought that I was profiteering from the naivety of youthful idealism. I denied everything, of course, but it was clear that I would have to pull one out of the hat if I were to retain my credibility. It reminded me a little of the problem the Maharishi had after I'd taken the Fab Four up the mountain to see him, and George had gone a bit over the top about the whole thing. "Clyde," my old silver-haired friend had said, "these bloody Beatles, they are thinking I am having a bloody answer for everything. What am I going to be telling them next?"

"Rish," I said, "one more pearl of wisdom on the house and then I want a cut. Okay?" The old man agreed. "Tell them life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you've got the less shit you have to eat." It was an old line; in fact I'd first given it to Barry Humphries when he was starting out in Europe in the early '60s. But the old man was delighted and so, apparently, were the Beatles. Not many people know this, but if you play the last track side two of Abbey Road backwards at 78rpm it says: "Thank you, Clyde, for everything."

But again I digress. If the New Settlers were to come to Nimbin in droves, I had to achieve guru status. . . quickly. Or not make a zack out of it after so much groundwork. As we bonged on into the night and aggro gave way to mellowness, I seized upon an idea. I had the mushies, the heads, the venue and enough working capital to buy as much booze as we could drink. I would throw the party to end all parties. The rage of the age. Everyone loves a party-thrower. Everyone would love old Clyde, goddamn them. So the preparations began. I took out full page advertisements in *Nation Review, The Living Daylights, Rolling Stone* and *Tracks,* and the pilgrims began to flock in. I arranged for Jim Cairns to declare it open on the night and plans for the first simulcast in Australian history were thwarted only at the last minute when Kerry Packer discovered that it coincided with the satellite telecast of the Lapland Grand Prix. Still, edited highlights would be shown on Bandstand. Using my far-reaching influence in the music world, I was able to engage Australia's best rock bands and Tully, who would perform a raga at dawn while countercultural godfather Adrian Rawlins would recite Oscar Wilde's *The Happy Prince* as the Ross Coleman Dancers simulated sex on the parquet dance floor. Regrettably, negotiations to bring the Stones out to headline the gig fell through when Mick insisted that I play sax with the band, which of course, I hadn't done since Brian died. "Look Mick," I thundered into the telephone, "I've had it up to here with your insecurity. You guys are gonna have to work things out for yourselves."

By the afternoon of the Big Bash, Nimbin and the surrounding valleys were chocka with rockers, hippies, pseuds and surfers. Strangelands overflowed and I had to billet the visiting celebrities with Maureen and Norm. Down at the Healing Centre and Brasserie, the air was thick with anticipation and homegrown. The Wong lads raced up and down the hillside with wheelbarrows, trying to keep pace with the demand for Hallucinogenic Cocktails. Maureen ran out of brandy balloons and had to borrow four million middy glasses from the bowling club. Nimbin had never had it so good.

Jim Cairns arrived with an interesting lady who'd just joined his staff. They were resplendent in matching safari suits. "Jim," I counselled, "people will talk." But the advice fell on deaf ears.

By midnight the joint was jumping. Tamam Shud played Hey Joe on one side of the ballroom while Tully performed the 1812 Overture on the other, Swami Sarasvati demonstrated biorhythmic aerobics and mind dancing in the middle of the floor and several thousand revellers followed as Jim and Juni led a "moratorium conga" across the room. Everyone drank mushroom punch with beer chasers and scenes of wild abandon were rampant. Maureen and some of her bowling friends watusied wildly with the wayward Wong lads while Norm and the bricklayers bonged away in a corner with Dave and Grunge. No one noticed when Laura and I slipped through the blue smoke, out the back door and into the kombi.

We were sweat-soaked but satisfied, and halfway through a post-coital seven-papery, when the paddy wagons came screaming around the corner — 15 of them — and police from seven surrounding districts alighted with batons at the ready. I pulled on the Yakkas and whispered to Laura: "Quick, nick around the back and warn the gang. I'll stall them at the front door."

Friends, those who went north with high ideals in the early '70s were by and large warm and wonderful human beings to whom our society is in many ways indebted. However, these good, simple folk were not always as fast on their feet as those of us who had graduated from the University of Hard Drugs. As Laura's fine-boned, khaki form disappeared into the tradesmen's entrance of the Healing Centre, Whole Earth Book Store, Bar and Brasserie, your old uncle Clyde climbed behind the wheel, flipped on a Van Morrison tape and got on down the road, ill-gotten gains jingling happily in his Jac-Pac.

Probably not as much as you expected.

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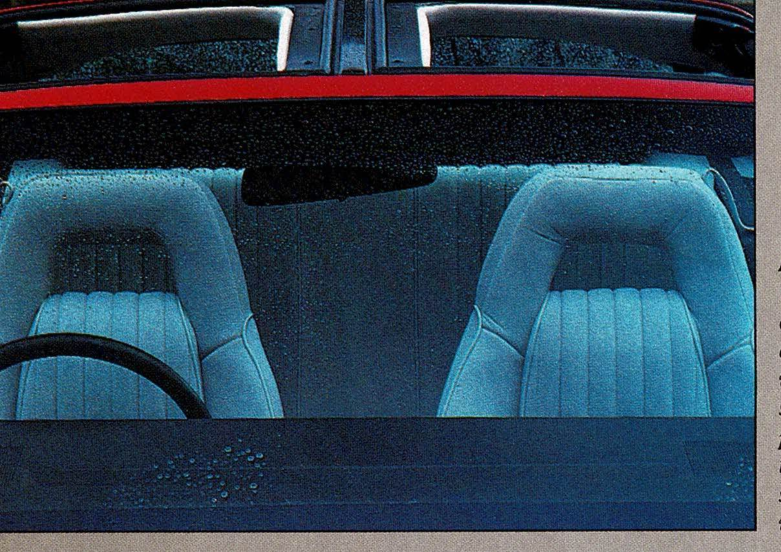


Neat for the street: T-top Targa roof offers optimum open-air motoring with roll-over bar security. Simple plexiglass see-through panels give skyroof atmosphere when in place.

Eurostyle for motophiles: Exposed stitching and aircraft-style bolts make for macho image inside. Top option includes space-age Bose integrated stereo system, which required partial redesign of the car's framework.

nostrils over a mean, droopy snout. Stamp the bold Pontiac Eagle across the bonnet deck and you get the total medieval gladiatorial image: rampant warbird, flammant upon a field of mortal combat. There is the impression that no quarter will be asked, nor given.

It is no accident. Pontiac is the youngest-staffed GM design division and the most aggressive youth-oriented unit in the corporation. The Pontiac design ethic is unmistakeably macho: muscled road machines bred from a competition base.

It's not a new concept. Practically every GM US division, except Cadillac, goes racing and transfers some of the race-track hype to the advertising blurb for the showroom stock. The difference with Pontiac is a ring of truth, and a strong commitment to engineering. Take the design specs on this charger: the bodywork has a drag co-efficient or index of aerodynamic efficiency of 0.31, so it stabs the air neater than almost any other production car in the world. Only last year, Porsche was patting its own back for stamping the 944 body out at 0.35. In this game, percentage points represent kilobuck effort input, and anyway, Porsche's much-acclaimed plastics designer (Sonnenberg) came straight from the Pontiac Division. He sculpted the 928 and 924/944 polycarbonate body panels.

Motivation is with the great American institution, the V8. This one is a 5.0 litre punching 148 (DIN) bhp, although a powerful (130bhp) V6 is optional for those who still fantasise about simultaneous brute power and economy. The V8 is a bit of a turgid old lump of pure cast iron (alloy crank) accounting for a 150kg (330lb) weight penalty over even the all-iron V6, but the Ponty engineers have balanced the debit out of the handling ledger and kept this machine steering as cleanly and neutrally as the small-engined car.

A good power-modulation system helps and Pontiac has done well here: standard five-speed manual transmission with lumpy, macho-man gearlever stump in the centre console, or smooth, efficient four-speed sports-bar automatic with full overdrive on top slot.

Something called the WS6 Special Performance kit represents the last word in killer strike road equipment — 12.7 to 1 variable quick ratio steering, four-wheel ventilated discs, massive front and rear sway bars, and super-tuned spring and damper rates (30% stiffer). Straight off the race circuit, and including wider, taller wheels (15 x 7s replacing 14 x 6s), radials and limited slip differential.

The four corners are tied down with McPherson strut/wishbone combos up front and a torque-arm live tube at the rear. The torque arm is like *fat,* man, as thick as the wrist. Small wonder the body doesn't want to twist and torque in the toughest turns. Stubborn coils (also 30 percent stiffer) and trailing arms help to keep the live axle in the right place. Power brakes and steering mean that you can drive the thing even before you take the Charles Atlas course.

There's some heavy engineering in the cockpit as well. Apart from bullshit gizmos to make the pop-up headlights come and go, and stuff like that, there's a deck of microchips to impart service and operational information, and an orthopaedically-engineered driving seat loosely swiped from the German Recaro. There's full competition instrumentation, except that the loony Yanks are actually taking their bureau-boffins seriously and chopping the speedo reading dead at 80mph (125km/h) when the thing is quite plainly good for 120mph (195km/h). The leather steering tilt-adjusts, there is air, electro-adjustable everything, and search-scan stereo/radio (soon to be equipped with the revolutionary Bose system).

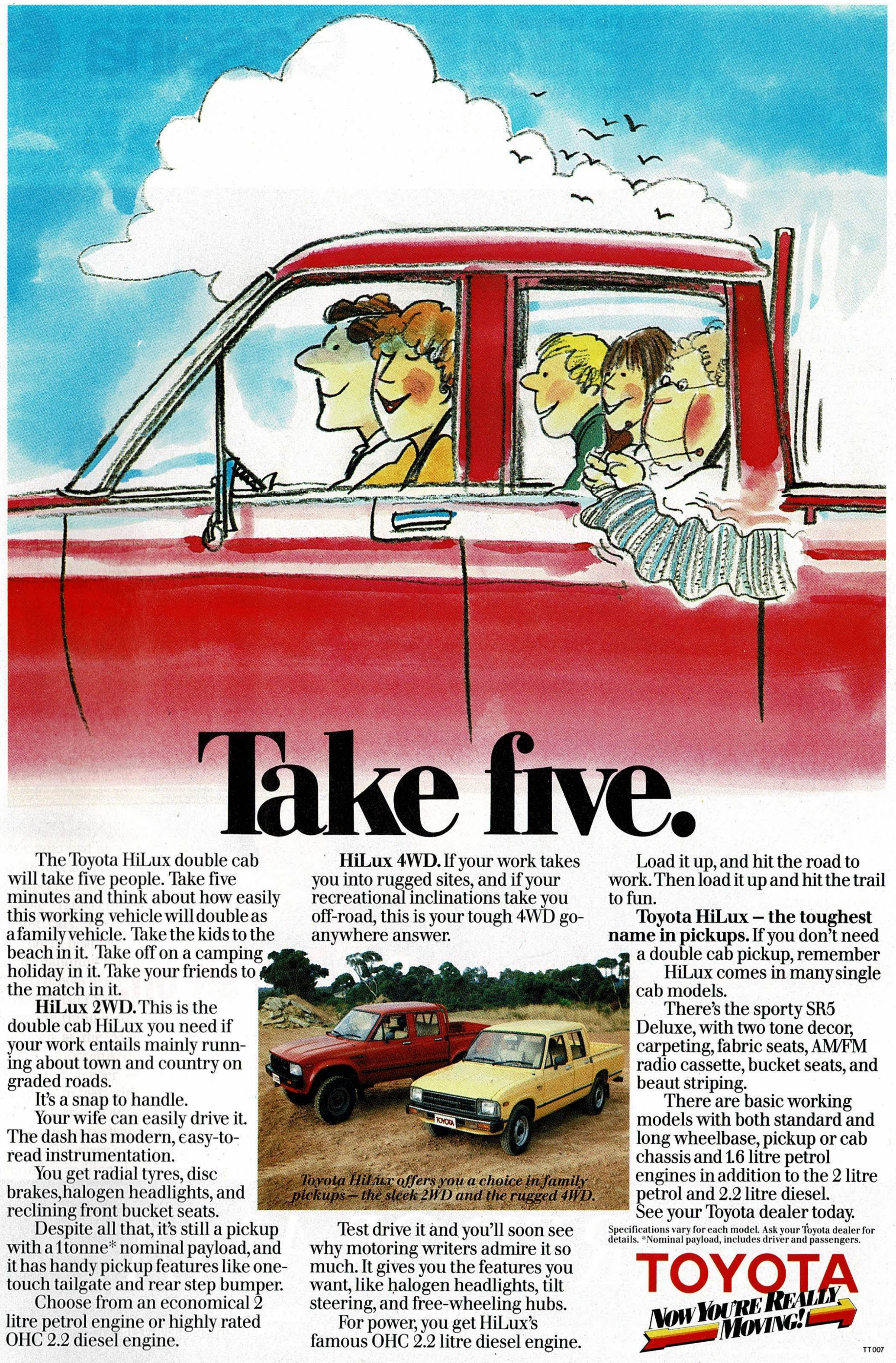
A small but significant point is that the whole module is available as a fixed-head coupe or a T-top Targa, again unlike any other car of its type. The semi-convertible style offers the best of all possible worlds with integral rollover bar and detachable see-through glassroof panels. These can be stuffed in appropriate compartments inside the car along with personal effects that fit either under roll-out blinds in the tailgate area, or under lockable hatches down aft under the lift-top glass.

The accommodation provided is for two familiar companions and possibly two kids in back. They all had better be travelling light.

In the US, these devices come steaming down robot-controlled assembly lines like cookies off a volume cutting machine. They have excellent fit and finish, anti-rust paint system on the metal parts, and are jammed full of the options that Americans almost invariably specify. They are cheap, costing as little as $9000 and rarely more than $15,000, with every conceivable option on board. Unfortunately they are only made in left hand drive; so the story here is very different.

Australian cars are imported in selected handfuls per annum by F and B Steen of Elsternwick, Melbourne, also trading as American Cars and Chapel Engineering. They convert the things from left to right steer. Local prices range from $40,000 for a fairly standard V6 S/E Firebird, to $50,000 for a full house TransAm, including air, stereo, power gadgets, Targa roof etc.

This news is likely to be greeted with the bleeping of calculators, and the traditional stampede of profiteering turkeys headed for California, cheque books in hand, to cut out their fame and fortune in the automotive import business. So, a few words of caution. Word one is that registration of the cars here requires a compliance plate. This little 20cm square chunk of embossed tinplate



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DK2.212

represents an investment of around $30,000 minimum *per model type* for every vehicle brought into Australia. A boat with 10 identical cars in the hold has the potential to cut the per-car compliance investment cost to $3000, and so on.

Word two is the conversion cost runs to around $15,000. The job that F & B Steen do is as near as dammit to perfect: certainly better than the original product (we had the opportunity to compare converted and unconverted models) and has to be this good to satisfy both authorities and customers.

Some other notes under the heading of word three. . . import duty and sales tax Down Under amount to an effective 98 percent of the invoiced cost. The cars have to be purchased through a distributor in the States (the factory cannot sell them directly). Then there's shipping, insurance, investment of your dollars, and replacing the bits the wharfies knock off. No wonder Frank Steen cries if you try to hassle the retail price! But he smiled when he handed the shiny red TransAm over for a test drive: "It'll scare you shitless, it's got so much grunt!"

It didn't, but it was noticeably snappier than the V6 I drove the week before. The small block car was smooth, responsive, and steered nice and neat and neutral. The big V8 squatted down on its haunches and ran the 0-100km/h in just nine seconds, which is average compared with BMW Alpinas and things, but pretty good considering the weight (4131lb-1874kg) and the massive catalytic converters and other engine strangulation devices perpetrated under the hood in the name of pollution control. There again, it made enough noise and did enough shaking to scare out a witch's coven. . . which materialised in the form of some members of the Victorian gendarmerie who had heard the action but arrived too late to catch the beast red-handed. After an inspection, they declared it would make a suitable replacement for their current pursuit cars. We let them sit inside, and they fairly beamed.

The handling is something else. It steers round corners like a cultivated European, or an Australian race-bred touring car. Brocky drove the thing a couple of squirts around Sandown at the Melbourne Motor Show Press Day organised by Peter Maslen and declared it a goer — very un-American, European in feel, with accurate steering, "a real driver's car". He suspected a monstrous anti-sway bar. He was right.

In almost every way imaginable — looks, steering, handling, braking — it beats the Brock, oops sorry, SS Commodore Stage Three. . . for double the price. Yet all of that differential is accounted for in artificially-inflated costs — import duty, local regulation compliance, conversion costs, etc. Makes you realise just how good the basic American production machine has become, and just how good the Brock-modded machine is, too.

The looks are a high point: the thing is dangerous in traffic and under no circumstances must be slowed or stopped alongside girls-school bus-stops. Swept-back looks with the original lean, clean mean American machine are a greater aphrodisiac than boiled lollies.

The gadgetry is a lowpoint. The thing has bulk buzzers to warn you of every conceivable human failing — keys in ignition with door open, unfastened seat-belts, lights accidentally illuminated.

There's another gadget that almost works: would you believe, a roof-mounted inertia-reel seatbelt? Unfortunately it twists and jams, besides stealing some valuable headroom. Nice try, though. The very worst doo-dad is the "automatic washers". When the screen goes opaque with mud and slush, you just press this panic button and water jets on the screen like a fountain. With typical American overkill, it keeps on jetting for exactly 10 ejaculations. You may have avoided the crash caused by the thrown mudsplash, but the certainty is you will spear off the road because you can't see through the waterfall.

Despite hip-height styling and lie-down drive position, visibility is very good. The B-pillar or central pillar doesn't hide Mack trucks in the next lane, and the standard rear screen wiper gives a good bad-weather view in the mirror. The excellent styled exterior mirrors should be electrically adjustable, though.

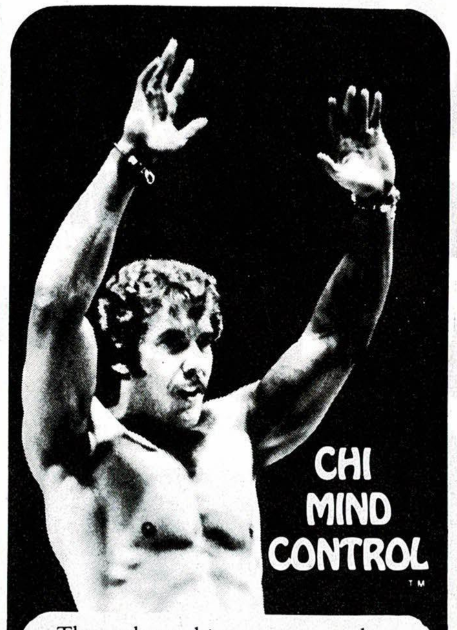
There's also a bit of painful interior customising mixed in with the functional dashboard layout: for example a Cardin/Gucci-style leather "handbag" glovebox stitched on to the facia. An unnecessary gimmick in a world of soothing steel grey and matt-black.

Putting the act together through a set of corners with a Porsche Turbo struggling to hold on in the wet conditions tends to make up for these little failings. The car aims straight and turns cleanly. It goes hard and gets its grunt right down on the ground when you want it without spitting it out in useless wheelspin. When you throw the anchors out, it just stops, and the brakes don't fade away if you keep hammering them.

Unlike many HP cars, it's easy to drive all the time — town or country. It mumbles about in the peak hour jams like a government bus and has considerably more appeal with passengers at bus-stops.

It has enough interesting technology jammed in to enable the owner to compete with European fancy cars, and it is likely to hold its value to a reasonable extent in the future. Its steamroller-flat lines and European appearance are sufficient to mark it for individuality, which is a large part of the mystique of owning cars of this value.

Quite a departure from the standard American sportscar image here — five metres of bad taste.



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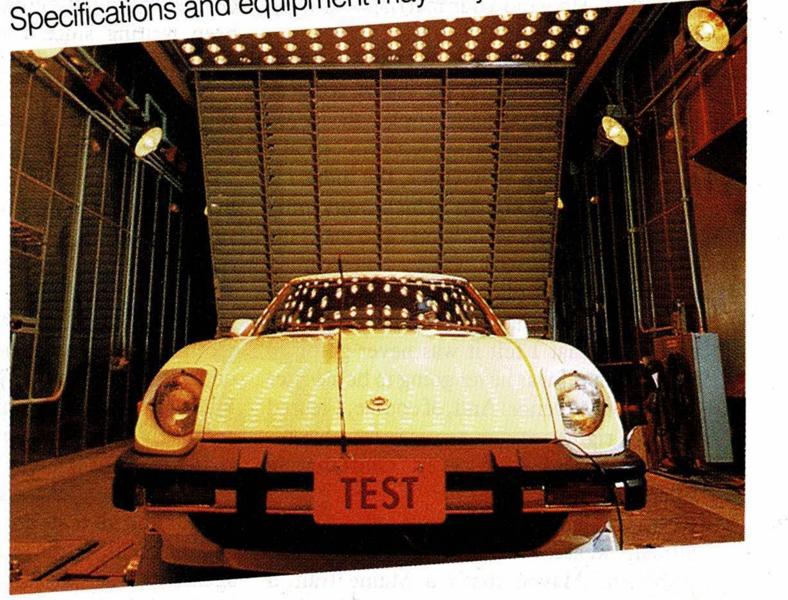

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KING

(continued from page 38)

Wasn't it Mencken who said that suicide is a belated acquiescence in the opinion of your wife's relatives?

before *Carrie* was even accepted by Doubleday. And believe me, after a day of teaching and then coming home and watching Tabby gamely juggle her way through a mountain of unpaid bills, it was a positive pleasure to squeeze into that cramped furnace room and do battle with a horde of bloodthirsty vampires. Compared with our creditors, they were a fuckin' relief!

PLAYBOY: Were you selling any of your work at that time?

KING: Yes, but only short stories, and only to the smaller-circulation men's magazines. The money was useful, God knows, but if you know that particular market, you know there wasn't much of it. Anyway, the payment for my stories wasn't enough to keep us out of the red, and I was getting nowhere with my longer work. I'd written several novels, ranging from awful to mediocre to passable, but all had been rejected, even though I was beginning to get some encouragement from a wonderful editor at Doubleday named Bill Thompson. But as gratifying as his support was, I couldn't bank it. My kids were wearing hand-me-downs from friends and relatives, our old rattletrap 1965 Buick Special was rapidly self-destructing and we finally had to ask Ma Bell to remove our phone.

PLAYBOY: How did your marriage stand up under those strains?

KING: Well, it was touch and go for a while there, and things could get pretty tense at home. It was a vicious circle: the more miserable and inadequate I felt about what I saw as my failure as a writer, the more I'd try to escape into a bottle, which would only exacerbate the domestic stress and make me even more depressed. Tabby was steamed about the booze, of course, but she told me she understood that the reason I drank too much was that I felt it was never going to happen, that I was never going to be a writer of any consequence. And, of course, I feared she was right.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever contemplate suicide?

KING: Oh, no, never. I have my share of human weaknesses, but I'm also bone-stubborn. Maybe that's a Maine trait; I don't know. Anyway, wasn't it Mencken who said that suicide is a belated acquiescence in the opinion of your wife's relatives? But what did worry me was the effect all that was having on my marriage. I was also experiencing a range of nasty emotions from resentment to anger to occasional outright hate, even surges of mental violence, that, thank God, I was able to suppress. I'd say to myself, "Shit, King, face it; you're going to be teaching fuckin' high school kids for the rest of your life." I don't know what would have happened to my marriage and my sanity if it hadn't been for the totally unexpected news, in 1973, that Doubleday had accepted *Carrie*, which I had thought had very little chance of a sale.

PLAYBOY: What was more important to you — the money from *Carrie* or the fact that you had finally been recognised as a serious novelist?

KING: Both, actually, though I might question how serious a novelist Doubleday took me for. It wasn't about to promote *Carrie* as that year's answer to *Madame Bovary*, that's for sure. Even though there's a lot I still like and stand behind in the book, I'm the first to admit that it is often clumsy and artless. But both creatively and financially, *Carrie* was a kind of escape hatch for Tabby and me, and we were able to flee through it into a totally different existence. Hell, our lives changed so quickly that for more than a year afterward, we walked around with big, sappy grins on our faces, hardly daring to believe we were out of that trap for good. It was a great feeling of liberation, because at last I was free to quit teaching and fulfil what I believe is my only function in life: to write books. Good, bad or indifferent books, that's for others to decide; for me, it's enough just to *write*. I'd been writing since I was 12, seriously if pretty badly at first, and I sold *Carrie* when I was 26, so I'd had a relatively long apprenticeship. But that first hardcover sale sure tasted sweet!

PLAYBOY: As you've indicated, that compulsion to be a writer has been with you since you were a boy. Was it a means of escape from an unhappy childhood?

KING: Maybe, though it's generally impossible even to remember the feelings and motivations of childhood, much less to understand or rationally analyse them. Kids, thank God, are all deliciously, creatively crazy by our desiccated adult standards. But it's true that I was prey to a lot of conflicting emotions as a child. I had friends and all that, but I often felt unhappy and different, estranged from other kids my age. I was a fat kid — husky was the euphemism they used in the clothing store — and pretty poorly coordinated, always the last picked when we chose teams.

At times, particularly in my teens, I felt *violent*, as if I wanted to lash out at the world, but that rage I kept hidden. That was a secret place in myself I wouldn't reveal to anyone else. I guess part of it was that my brother and I had a pretty shirt-tail existence as kids. My father deserted us when I was two and David was four and left my mother without a dime. She was a wonderful lady, a very *brave* lady in that old-fashioned sense, and went to work to support us, generally at menial jobs because of her lack of any professional training. After my father did his moonlight flit, she became a rolling stone, following the jobs around the country.

PLAYBOY: Did living on the edge of poverty leave any lasting scars?

KING: No, and I didn't think of it in terms of poverty, either then or now. Ours wasn't a life of unremitting misery by any means, and we never missed a meal, even though prime sirloin was rarely on our plates. Finally, when I was about 10, we moved back to Maine, to the little town of Durham.

PLAYBOY: Has your father ever contacted you in the years since he walked out, out of either guilt or — in view of your new-found wealth — greed?

KING: No, though I suspect the latter would be his more likely motivation. Actually, it was a classic desertion, not even a note of explanation or justification left behind. He said, *literally*, that he was going out to the grocery store for a pack of cigarettes, and he didn't take any of his things with him. That was in 1949, and none of us has heard of the bastard since.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're a multi-millionaire with more resources at your command than your mother could have dreamed of, have you ever considered launching your own investigation to track down your father or, at least, to determine whether he's alive or dead?

KING: The idea has crossed my mind now and then over the years, but something always holds me back. Superstition, I guess, like the old saw about letting sleeping dogs lie. To tell the truth, I don't know how I'd react if I ever did find him and we came face to face. But even if I ever did decide to launch an investigation, I don't think anything would come of it, because I'm pretty sure my father's dead.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KING: From everything I've learned about my father, he would have burned himself out by now. He liked to drink and carouse a lot. In fact, from what my mother hinted, I think he was in trouble with the law on more than one occasion. He used aliases often enough — he was born Donald Spansky in Peru, Indiana, then called himself Pollack and finally changed his name legally to King.

He'd started out as an Electrolux salesman in the Middle West, but I think he blotted his copybook somewhere along the way. As my mother once told me, he was the only man on the sales force who regularly demonstrated vacuum cleaners to pretty young widows at two o'clock in the morning.

PLAYBOY: So you're not exactly eager to be taken for a chip off the old block?

KING: Let's hope heredity takes second place to environment in my case. From what I'm told, my father certainly beat hell out of me in the Lothario department, where I'm monotonously monogamous, though I do have a weakness for booze that I try to control, and I love fast cars and motorcycles. I certainly don't share his wanderlust, which is one among many reasons that I've remained in Maine, even though I now have the financial freedom to live anywhere in the world. Oddly enough, the only point of similarity may be our literary tastes. My father had a secret love for science fiction and horror tales, and he tried to write them himself, submitting stories to the major men's magazines of his day, such as *Bluebook* and *Argosy*. None of the stories sold and none survives.

PLAYBOY: Considering what you write about, have you every thought of going to a seance or of finding some other supernatural way to communicate with him?

KING: Are you kidding? I've never even attended a seance. Jesus, no! Precisely because I know a little bit about the subject, that's the last thing I'd ever do. You couldn't drag me to one of those things, and the same thing goes for a Ouija board. All that shit — stay away from it!

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of the dark?

KING: Of course. Isn't everybody? Actually, I can't understand my own family sometimes. I won't sleep without a light on in the room and, needless to say, I'm very careful to see that the blankets are tucked tight under my legs so I won't wake up in the middle of the night with a clammy hand clutching my ankle. But when Tabby and I were first married, it was summer and she'd be sleeping starkers and I'd be lying there with the sheets pulled up to my eyes and she'd say, "Why are you sleeping in that crazy way?" And I tried to explain that it was just safer that way, but I'm not sure she really understood. And now she's done something else I'm not very happy with: she's added this big fluffy flounce around the bottom of our double bed, which means that before you go to sleep, when you want to check what's hiding under there, you have to flip up that flounce and poke your nose right in. And it's too *close*, man; something could claw your face right off before you spotted it.

PLAYBOY: What, besides your own imagination, scared you?

KING: A movie I'll certainly never forget is *Earth Vs. the Flying Saucers,* starring Hugh Marlowe, which was basically a horror flick masquerading as science fiction. It was October 1957, I'd just turned 10 and I was watching it in the old Stratford Theatre in downtown Stratford, Connecticut — one of those quarter-a-shot Saturday-afternoon matinees for kids. The film was pretty standard stuff, about an invasion of Earth by this deadly race of aliens from a dying planet; but toward the end — just when it was reaching the good part, with Washington in flames and the final, cataclysmic interstellar battle about to be joined — the screen suddenly went dead. Well, kids started to clap and hoot, thinking the projectionist had made a mistake or the reel had broken, but then, all of a sudden, the theatre lights went on full strength, which really surprised everybody, because nothing like that had ever happened before in the middle of a movie. And then the theatre manager came striding down the centre aisle, looking pale, and he mounted the stage and said, in a trembling voice, "I want to tell you that the Russians have put a space satellite into orbit around the earth. They call it Sputnik." Or *Spoot*nik, as he pronounced it.

There was a long, hushed pause as this crowd of '50s kids in cuffed jeans, with crewcuts or ducktails or ponytails, struggled to absorb all that; and then, suddenly, one voice, near tears but also charged with terrible anger, shrilled through the stunned silence: "Oh, go show the movie, you liar!" And after a few minutes, the film came back on, but I just sat there, frozen to my seat, because I knew the manager wasn't lying.

PLAYBOY: Kids do, as you say, have active imaginations, but wasn't yours unhealthily overheated?

KING: I think most kids share some of my morbid preoccupations, and there's probably something missing in those who don't. It's all a matter of degree, I guess. An active imagination has always been part of the baggage I've carried with me, and when you're a kid, it can sometimes exact a pretty gruelling toll. But many of the fears I had to learn to cope with had nothing to do with the supernatural. They stemmed from the

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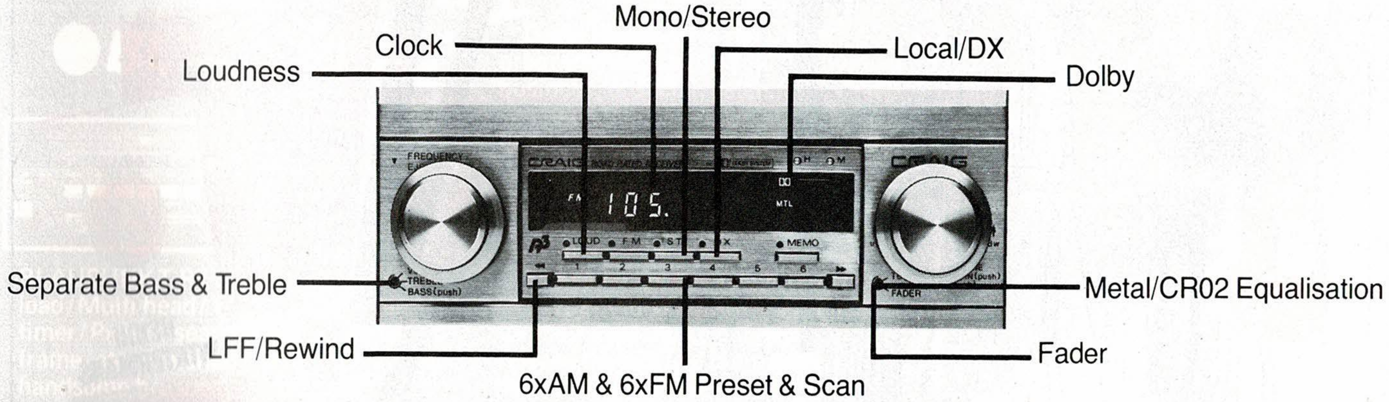

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same day-to-day anxieties and insecurities a lot of children have to come to terms with. For example, when I was growing up, I'd think a lot of what would happen if my mother died and I were left an orphan. Now, a kid with relatively little imagination, the kind with a great future in computer programming or the chamber of commerce, will say to himself, "So what, she's not dead, she's not even sick, so forget it." But with the kind of imagination I had, you couldn't switch off the images once you'd triggered them, so I'd see my mother laid out in a white-silk-lined mahogany coffin with brass handles, her dead face blank and waxen; I'd hear the organ dirges in the background; and then I'd see myself being dragged off to some Dickensian workhouse by a terrible old lady in black.

But what really scared me most about the prospect of my mother's death was not being shipped off to some institution, rough as that would have been, but I was afraid it would drive me crazy.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any doubts about your sanity?

KING: I didn't trust it, that's for sure. One of my big fears as I was growing up was that I was going to go insane, particularly after I saw that harrowing film *The Snake Pit*, with Olivia de Havilland, on TV. There were all those lunatics in a State mental institution tormenting themselves with their delusions and psychoses and being tormented, in turn, by their sadistic keepers, and I had very little trouble imagining myself in their midst. In the years since, I've learned what a tough, resilient organ the human brain is and how much psychic hammering it can withstand, but in those days, I was sure that you just went crazy all at once; you'd be walking down the street and — *pffft!* — you'd suddenly think you were a chicken or start chopping up the neighborhood kids with garden shears. So, for a long time, I was very much afraid of going nuts.

PLAYBOY: Is there any history of insanity in your family?

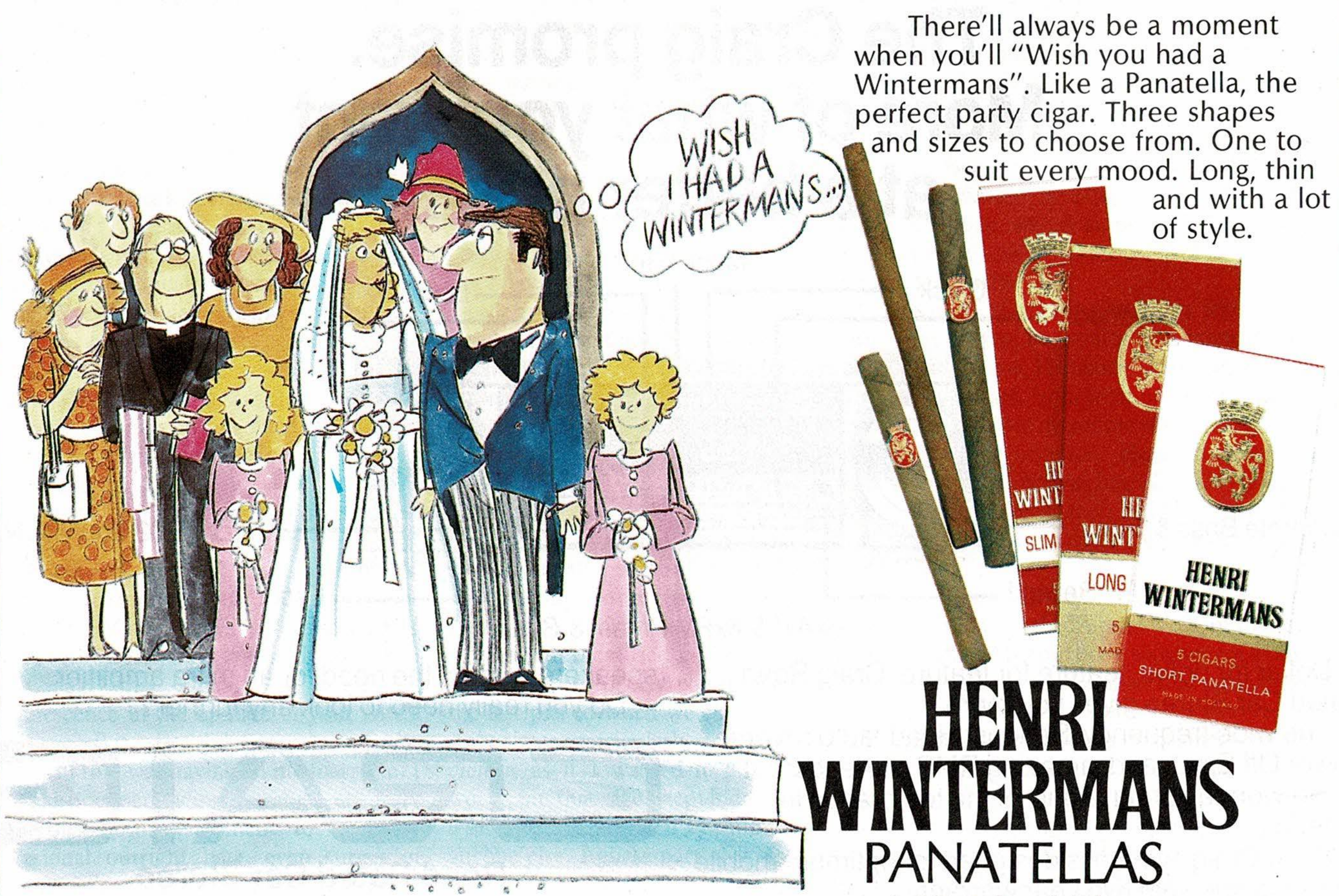
KING: Oh, we had a ripe crop of eccentrics, to say the least, on my father's side. I can recall my aunt Betty, who my mother always said was a schizophrenic and who apparently ended her life in a loony bin. Then there was my father's mother, Granny Spansky, whom David and I got to know when we were living in the Middle West. She was a big, heavy-set woman who alternately fascinated and repelled me. I can still see her cackling like an old witch through toothless gums while she'd fry an entire load of bread in bacon dripping on an antique range and then gobble it down, chortling, "My, that's *crisp!*"

PLAYBOY: What other fears haunted you in your childhood?

KING: Well; I was terrified and fascinated by death — death in general and my own in particular — probably as a result of listening to all those radio shows as a kid and watching some pretty violent TV shows, such as *Peter Gunn* and *Highway Patrol*, in which death came cheap and fast. I was absolutely convinced that I'd never live to reach 20. I envisioned myself walking home one night along a dark, deserted street and somebody or something would jump out of the bushes and that would be it. So death as a concept and the people who dealt out death intrigued me. I remember I compiled an entire scrapbook on Charlie Starkweather, the '50s mass murderer who cut a bloody swath through the Midwest with his girlfriend. God, I had a hard time hiding that from my mother. Starkweather killed nine or ten people in cold blood, and I used to clip and paste every news item I could find on him, and then I'd sit trying to unravel the inner horror behind that ordinary face. I knew I was looking at big-time sociopathic evil, not the neat little Agatha Christie-style villain but something wilder and darker and unchained. I wavered between attraction and repulsion, maybe because I realised the face in the photograph could be my own.

PLAYBOY: Have the fears and insecurities that plagued you in childhood persisted into adult life?

KING: Some of the old faithful night sweats are still with me, such as my fear of darkness, but some of the others I've just exchanged for a new set. I mean, you just can't stick with yesterday's fears forever, right? Let's see, now, updated phobias. Okay, I have a fear of choking, maybe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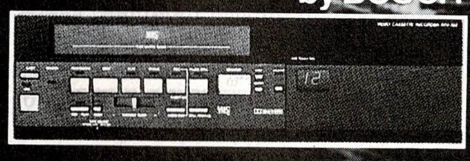
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because the night my mother died of cancer — practically the same minute, actually — my son had a terrible choking fit in his bed at home. He was turning blue when Tabby finally forced out the obstruction. And I can see that happening to me at the dinner table, and everybody panics and forgets the Heimlich manoeuvre and I'm polished off by half a Big Mac. What else? I don't like bugs in general, though I came to terms with the 30,000 cockroaches George Romero's roach wranglers imported from Costa Rica for a segment of our film *Creepshow*. But I just can't take spiders! No way — particularly those big hairy ones that look like furry basketballs with legs, the ones that are hiding inside a bunch of bananas, waiting to jump out at you. Jesus, those things petrify me.

PLAYBOY: What's your darkest fear today?

KING: I guess that one of my children will die. I don't think I could handle that. There are a lot of other things, too: the fear that something will go wrong with my marriage; that the world will blunder into war; shit, I'm not even happy about entropy. But those are all wolf-hour thoughts, the ones that come when you can't sleep and you're tossing and turning and it becomes quite possible to convince yourself that you have cancer or a brain tumor or, if you're sleeping on your left side and can hear your heart pounding, that you're on the verge of a fatal coronary. And sometimes, particularly if you're overworked, you can lie there in the dark and imagine that you hear something downstairs. And then, if you really strain, you can hear noises coming *up* the stairs. And then, Jesus, *they're here,* they're in the bedroom! All those dark night thoughts, you know — the stuff that pleasant dreams are made of.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned your insomnia, and throughout this interview, you've been popping aspirin like jelly beans. Do you also suffer from persistent headaches?

KING: Yes, I have very bad ones. They come and go, but when they hit, they're rough. Aspirin helps, but when they're really out of control, all I can do is go upstairs and lie in the dark till they go away. Sooner or later, they do, all at once, and I can function again. From what I've read in the medical literature, they're not traditional migraines but "stressaches" that hit me at points of tension or overwork.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of writer's block?

KING: Yes, it's one of my greatest fears. You know, earlier, we were discussing my childhood fear of death, but that's something with which I've pretty much come to terms. I mean, I can comprehend both intellectually and emotionally that a day will come when I'll have terminal lung cancer or I'll be climbing a flight of stairs and suddenly feel an icy pain run down my arm before the hammer stroke hits the left side of my chest and I topple down the stairs dead. I'd feel a little surprised, a little regretful, but I'd also know that it was something I'd courted a long time and it had finally decided to marry me. On the other hand, the one thing I cannot comprehend or come to terms with is just drying up as a writer.

PLAYBOY: You've been candid in discussing your innermost fears and insecurities, but one area we haven't touched upon is the sexual. Do you have any hang-ups there?

KING: Well, I think I have pretty normal sexual appetites, whatever the word normal means in these swinging times. I mean, I'm not into sheep or enemas or multiple amputees or marshmallow worship or whatever the latest fad is. God, I was walking through a porn shop recently and saw a glossy magazine with a guy on the cover vomiting all over a naked girl. I mean, *chacun a son gout* and all that, but *yucchhh!* I'm not into the sado-masochism trip, either, on which your competitor *Penthouse* has built an entire empire. Hell, you can shoot a photo spread of a nude girl in a diamond-studded dog collar being dragged around on a leash by a guy in leather and jackboots, and despite all the artistic gloss and the gauzy lens and the pastel colors, it's still sleaze; it still reeks corruptingly of concentration-camp porn. There's a range of sexual variations that turn me on, but I'm afraid they're all boringly unkinky.

PLAYBOY: So there are no bogeymen hiding in your libido?

KING: No, not in that sense. The only sexual problem I've had was more functional. Some years ago, I suffered from periodic impotence, and that's no fun, believe me.

PLAYBOY: What brought it on?

KING: Well, I'm really not good enough at clinical introspection to say for sure. It wasn't a persistent problem. Drinking was partially responsible, I guess — what the English call the old brewer's droop. Henry Fielding points out that too much drink will cause a dulling of the sexual appetite in a dull man, so if that's the case, I'm dull, because if I knock them down too fast, I'm just too drunk to fuck. Booze may whet the desire, but it sure louses up the performance. Of course, part of it has to be psychological, because the surest way I know for a guy to become impotent is to say, "Oh, Christ, what if I'm impotent?" Fortunately, I haven't had any trouble with it for quite a while now. Oh, shit, why did I get on to this subject? Now I'll start thinking about it again!

PLAYBOY: Have you always been faithful to your wife?

KING: Yes, old-fashioned as it may sound, I have been. I know that's what you'd expect somebody to say in print, but it's still true. I'd never risk my wife's affection for some one-night stand. I'm too grateful for the unremitting commitment that she's made to me and the help she's given me in living and working the way I want to. She's a rose with thorns, too, and I've pricked myself on them many times in the past, so apart from anything else, I wouldn't *dare* cheat on her!

PLAYBOY: Did you feel at all threatened when your wife began to pursue her own writing career and published her first novel, *Small World?*

KING: I sure did. I felt jealous as hell. My reaction was like a little kid's: I felt like saying, "Hey, these are *my* toys; you can't play with them." But that soon changed to pride when I read the final manuscript and found she'd turned out a damned fine piece of work. I knew she had it in her, because Tabby was a good poet and short-story writer when we started dating, in my senior year at college, and she'd already won several prizes for her work. So I was able to come to terms with that childish possessiveness pretty quickly. Now, the first time she outsells me, that may be another story!

PLAYBOY: Why is explicit sex so conspicuously absent from your work? Are you uncomfortable with it?

KING: Well, Peter Straub says, "Stevie hasn't discovered sex," and I try to dispute him by pointing to my three kids, but I don't think he's convinced. Actually, I probably am uncomfortable with it, but that discomfort stems from a more general problem I have with creating a believable romantic relationship. Without such strong relationships to build on, it's tough to create sexual scenes that have credibility and impact or advance the plot, and I'd just be dragging sex in arbitrarily and perfunctorily — you know, "Oh, hell, two chapters without a fuck scene; better slap one together."

PLAYBOY: Along with your difficulty in describing sexual scenes, you apparently also have a problem with women in your books. Critic Chelsea Quinn Yarbro wrote, "It is disheartening when a writer with so much talent and strength and vision is not able to develop a believable woman character between the ages of 17 and 60." Is that a fair criticism?

KING: Yes, unfortunately, I think it is probably the most justifiable of all those levelled at me. In fact, I'd extend her criticism to include my handling of black characters. Both Hallorann, the cook in *The Shining,* and Mother Abagail in *The Stand* are cardboard caricatures of superblack heroes, viewed through rose-tinted glasses of white-liberal guilt. And when I think I'm free of the charge that most male American writers depict women as either nebbishes or bitch-goddess destroyers, I create someone like Carrie — who starts out as a nebbish victim and then *becomes* a bitch goddess, destroying an entire town in an explosion of hormonal rage. I recognise the problems but can't yet rectify them.

PLAYBOY: Your work is also criticised for being overly derivative. In *Fear Itself,* a recent collection of critical essays on your novels, author Don Herron contends that "King seems content to rework well-worn material. . . Rarely in King's stories are there supernatural creations that do not at least suggest earlier work in the genre [and] usually they are borrowed outright." Would you contest the point?"

KING: No, I'd concede it freely. I've never considered myself a blazingly original writer in the sense of conceiving totally new and fresh plot ideas. Of course, in both genre and mainstream fiction, there aren't really too many of those left, anyway, and most writers are essentially re-working a few basic themes, whether it's the angst-ridden introspection and tiresome identity crises of the aesthetes, the sexual and domestic problems of the John Updike school of cock contemplators or the traditional formulas of mystery and horror and science fiction. What I try to do — and on occasion, I hope, I succeed — is to pour new wine from old bottles. I'd never deny, though, that most of my books have been derivative to some extent, though a few of the short stories are fairly *sui generis,* and *Cujo* and *The Dead Zone* are both basically original conceptions.

PLAYBOY: You're universally identified as a horror writer; but shouldn't such books as *The Stand,* which is essentially a futuristic disaster novel, really be classified as science fiction?

KING: Yes, technically, you're right. In fact, the only books of mine that I consider pure unadulterated horror are *'Salem's Lot, The Shining* and now *Christine,* because they all offer no rational explanation at all for the supernatural events that occur. *Carrie, The Dead Zone* and *Firestarter,* on the other hand, are much more within the science-fiction tradition, since they deal with psionic wild talents. It's not always easy to categorise these things, of course, but basically, I do consider myself a horror writer, becaue I *love* to frighten people. Just as Garfield says "Lasagna is my life," I can say, in all truth, that horror is mine. I'd write the stuff even if I weren't paid for it, because I don't think there's anything sweeter on God's green earth than scaring the living shit out of people.

PLAYBOY: How far will you go to get the desired effect?

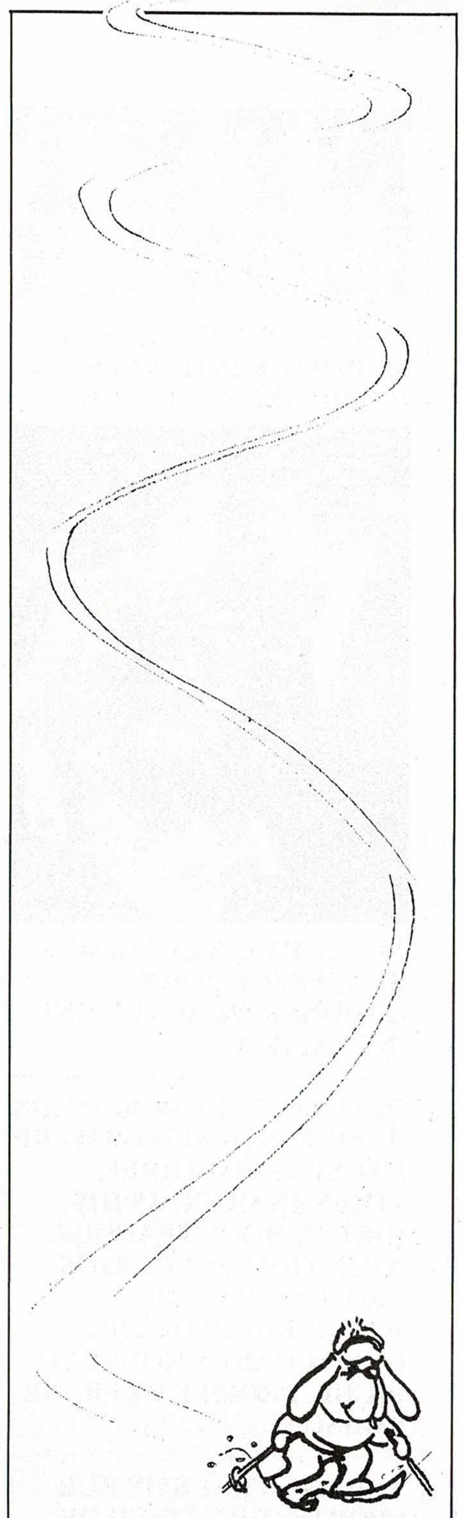
KING: As far as I have to, until the reader becomes convinced that he's in the hands of a genuine, gibbering, certifiable homicidal maniac. The genre exists on three basic levels, separate but interdependent and each one a little bit cruder than the one before. There's terror on top, the finest emotion any writer can induce; then horror; and, on the very lowest level of all, the gag instinct of revulsion. Naturally, I'll try to terrify you first, and if that doesn't work, I'll try to horrify you, and if I can't make it there, I'll try to gross you out. I'm not proud; I'll give you a sandwich squirming with bugs or shove your hand into the maggot-churning innards of a long-dead woodchuck. I'll do *anything* it takes; I'll go to any lengths, I'll geek a rat if I have to — I've geeked plenty of them in my time. After all, as Oscar Wilde said, nothing succeeds like excess. So if somebody wakes up screaming because of what I wrote, I'm delighted. If he merely tosses his cookies, it's still a victory but on a lesser scale. I suppose the ultimate triumph would be to have somebody drop dead of a heart attack, literally scared to death. I'd say, "Gee, that's a shame," and I'd mean it, but part of me would be thinking, Jesus, that really *worked!*

PLAYBOY: Is there anywhere you'd draw the line — at necrophilia, say, or cannibalism or infanticide?

KING: I really can't think of any subject I wouldn't write about, though there are some things I probably *couldn't* handle. There *is* an infanticide scene in *'Salem's Lot,* in which the vampire sacrifices a baby, but it's only alluded to, not described in any detail, which I think heightens the obscenity of the act. As far as cannibalism goes, I have written a story about a kind of cannibalism. It's called *Survivor Type* and deals with a surgeon who's in a shipwreck and is washed up on a tiny, barren coral atoll in the South Pacific. To keep alive, he's forced to eat himself, one piece at a time. He records everything meticulously in his diary, and after amputating his foot, he writes, "I did everything according to Hoyle. I washed it before I ate it." People claim I've become such a brand name that I could sell my laundry list, but *nobody* would touch that story with a ten-foot pole, and it gathered dust in my file cabinet for five years before it was finally included in a recent anthology. I will admit that I've written some awful things, terrible things that have really bothered me. I'm thinking now mainly of my forthcoming book *Pet Sematary,* and one particular scene in which a father exhumes his dead son. It's a few days after the boy has been killed in a traffic accident, and as the father sits in the deserted graveyard, cradling his son in his arms and weeping, the gas-bloated corpse explodes belches and farts — a truly ghastly sound and smell that have been described to me in grim detail by mortuary workers and graveyard attendants. And that scene still bothers me, because as I wrote it — in fact, it almost wrote itself; my typewriter raced like automatic writing — I could see that graveyard and I could hear those awful sounds and smell that awful smell. I still can. *Brrr!* It was because of that kind of scene that Tabby didn't want me to publish the book.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever censored your own work because something was just too disgusting to publish?

KING: No. If I can get it down on paper without puking all over the word processor, then as far as I'm concerned, it's fit to see the light of day. I thought I'd made it clear that I'm not squeamish. I have no illusions about the horror genre, remember. It may be perfectly true that we're expanding the borders of wonder and nurturing a sense of awe about the mysteries of the universe and all that bullshit. But despite all the talk you'll hear from writers in this genre about horror's providing a socially and psychologically useful catharsis for people's fears and aggressions, the brutal fact of the matter is that we're still in the business of



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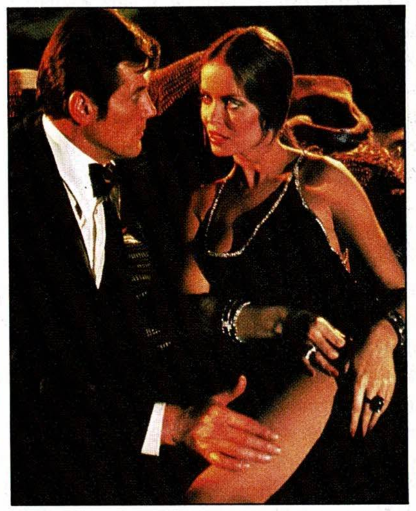

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PLAYBOY: Are you ever worried about a mentally unstable reader's emulating your fictional violence in real life?

KING: Sure I am; it bothers me a lot, and I'd just be whistling past the graveyard if I said it didn't. And I'm afraid it might already have happened. In Florida last year, there was a homosexual-murder case, in which a famous nutritionist known as the Junk-Food Doctor was killed in a particularly grisly way, tortured and then slowly suffocated while the murderers sat around eating fast food and watching him die. Afterward, they scrawled the word REDRUM, or murder spelled backward, on the walls, and, of course, that's a word I used in *The Shining*. Not only should the dumb bastards be fried or at least put away for life but they should be sued for plagiarism, too!

There were two other cases in a similar vein. In Boston in 1977, a woman was killed by a young man who butchered her with a variety of kitchen implements, and the police speculated that he'd imitated the scene in the film version of *Carrie* in which Carrie kills her mother by literally nailing her to the kitchen wall with everything from a corkscrew to a potato peeler. And in Baltimore in 1980, a woman reading a book at a bus stop was the victim of an attempted mugging. She promptly whipped out a concealed knife and stabbed her assailant to death, and when reporters asked her afterward what she'd been reading, she proudly held up a copy of *The Stand,* which does not exactly exhort the good guys to turn the other cheek when the bad guys close in. So maybe there is a copycat syndrome at work here, as with the Tylenol poisonings.

But, on the other hand, those people would all be dead even if I'd never written a word. The murderers would still have murdered. So I think we should resist the tendency to kill the messenger for the message. Evil is basically stupid and unimaginative and doesn't need creative inspiration from me or anybody else. But despite knowing all that rationally, I have to admit that it is unsettling to feel that I could be linked in any way, however tenuous, to somebody else's murder. So if I sound defensive, it's because I am.

PLAYBOY: John D. MacDonald, a big fan of yours, has predicted that "Stephen King is not going to restrict himself to his present field of interest." Is he right? And if so, where will you go in the future?

KING: Well, I've written so-called mainstream stories and even novels in the past, though the novels were pretty early, amateurish stuff. I'll write about anything that strikes my fancy, whether it's werewolves or baseball. Some people seem convinced that I see horror as nothing more than a formula for commercial success, a money machine whose handle I'm going to keep pulling for the rest of my life, while others suspect that the minute my bank balance reaches the right critical mass, I'm going to put all that childish nonsense behind me and try to write this generation's answer to *Brideshead Revisited.* But the fact is that money really has nothing to do with it one way or the other. I love writing the things I write, and I wouldn't and *couldn't* do anything else.

PLAYBOY: You indicated earlier that you're a superstitious person. Do you ever fear that things are going just *too* well for you and that suddenly, some malign cosmic force is going to snatch it all away?

KING: I don't fear it, I *know* it. There's no way some disaster or illness or other cataclysmic affliction isn't already lurking in wait for me just down the road. Things never get better, you know; they only get worse. And as John Irving has pointed out, we are rewarded only moderately for being good, but our transgressions are penalised with absurd severity. I mean, take something petty, such as smoking. What a small pleasure that is: you settle down with a good book and a beer after dinner and fire up a cigarette and have a pleasantly relaxed 10 minutes, and you're not hurting anybody else, at least so long as you don't blow your smoke in his face. But what punishment does God inflict for that trifling peccadillo? *Lung cancer, heart attack, stroke!* And if you're a woman and you smoke while you're pregnant, He'll make sure that you deliver a nice, healthy, dribbling baby Mongoloid. Come on, God, where's Your sense of proportion? But Job asked the same question 3000 years ago, and Jehovah roared back from the whirlwind, "So where were you when I made the world?" In other words, "Shut up, fuck face, and take what I give you." And that's the only answer we'll ever get, so I know things are going to go bad. I just *know* it.

PLAYBOY: With anyone else, this final question would be a cliche. With you, it seems just right. What epitaph would you like on your gravestone?

KING: In my novella *The Breathing Method,* in *Different Seasons,* I've created a mysterious private club in an old brownstone on East 35th Street in Manhattan, in which an oddly matched group of men gathers periodically to trade tales of the uncanny. And there are many rooms upstairs, and when a new guest asks the exact number, the strange old butler tells him, "I don't know, sir, but you could get lost up there." That men's club really is a metaphor for the entire storytelling process. There are as many stories in me as there are rooms in that house, and I can easily lose myself in them. And at the club, whenever a tale is about to be told, a toast is raised first, echoing the words engraved on the keystone of the massive fireplace in the library: IT IS THE TALE, NOT HE WHO TELLS IT. That's been a good guide to me in life, and I think it would make a good epitaph for my tombstone. Just that and no name.

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